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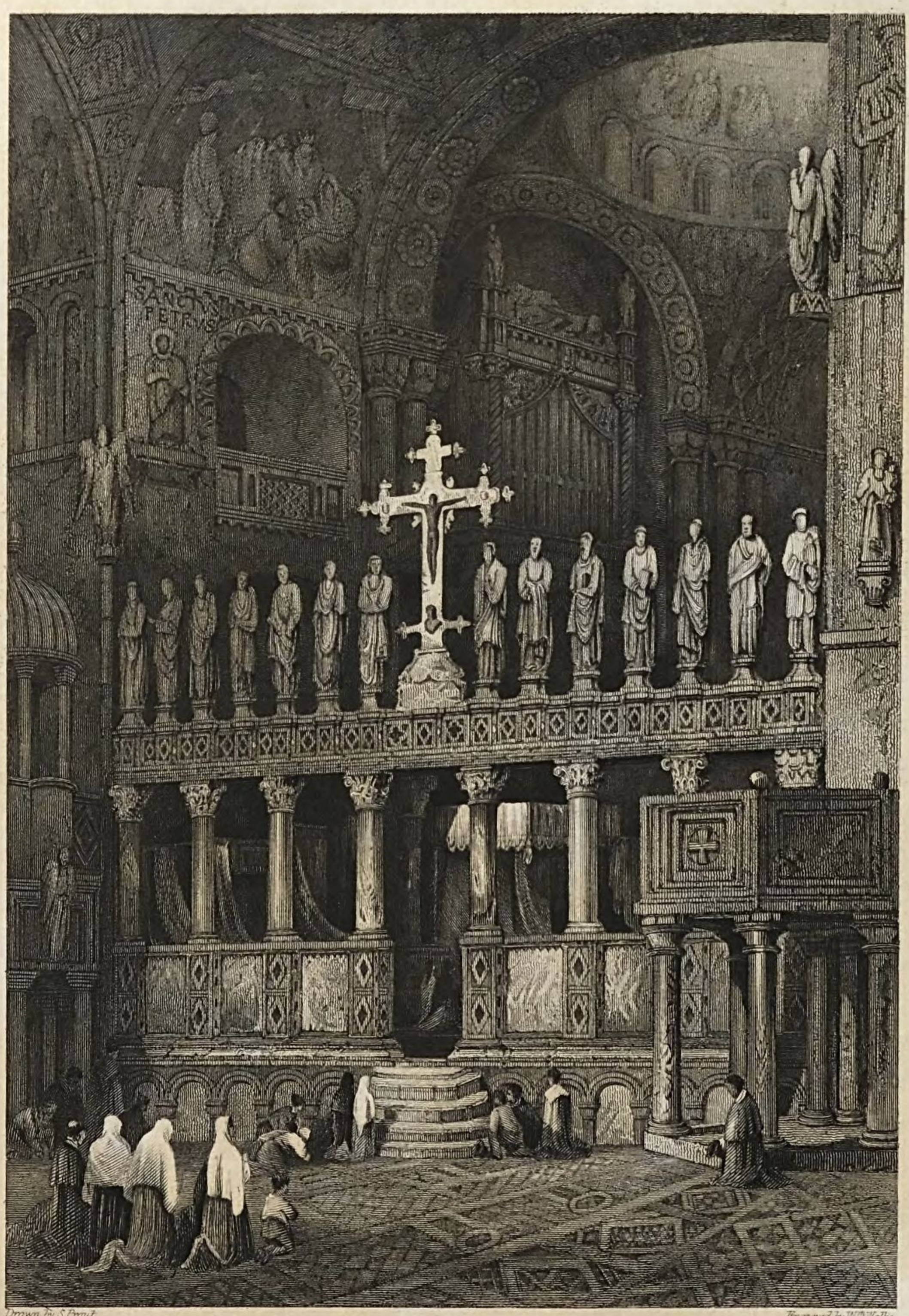


Drawn by S. Prout.

Engraved by Wm. Wallis.

# ST MARKS CHURCH, VENICE.

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THE LANDSCAPE ANNVAL

1831

TEMPLE OF PALLAS.

Drawn by S. Prout.

Engraved by J.B. Allen.

LONDON. PUBLISHED BY JENNINGS & CHAPLIN, 62 CHEAPSIDE

Printed by Benner Sears & Cº

# THE TOURIST

IN

# ITALY.

BY

## THOMAS ROSCOE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY

## S. PROUT, ESQ. F.S.A.

PAINTER IN WATER COLOURS TO HIS MAJESTY.

LIBRARY

Voi cui fortuna ha posto in mano il freno
Delle belle contrade,
Di che nulla pietà par che vi stringa,
Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade?
Perche 'l verde terreno
Del barbarico sangue si dipinga?

PETRARCH.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
BY ROBERT JENNINGS AND WILLIAM CHAPLIN,
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LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

THE HONOURABLE LADY GRANTHAM,

THIS VOLUME

OF

THE LANDSCAPE ANNUAL,

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

# TO THE READER.

If Italy has been beautifully and appropriately termed the garden of Europe, Rome and Venice may lay no less fair a claim to be regarded as the two noblest conservatories of its choicest productions. They teem with exhaustless treasures—the fruits of its intellectual clime; unrivalled specimens of that supremacy of genius whose vigorous germ and rapid growth half realize our dreams of the glory and fascination of the old Grecian and Roman worlds. The revival and perfection, indeed, of art and learning in Rome and Venice vied with their influence over the spiritual and temporal fortunes of mankind.

It is for this—the early and exalted fame of Italy in the intellectual race of nations—the cherished hopes of that Italy we love to picture as great in freedom as she has shone in arms and arts—that the author presumes to offer no apology to English tourists for recurring to the same consecrated scenes—to the same high names,—nor impugns the sincerity of their regard for what is most lofty and ennobling in classic and heroic recollection, by hurrying too rapidly over Italian ground. What eye but still loves to linger upon that land of the south—its sky, its waters, its

olive groves, its sunny hills, covered with vines and flowers; and still more, its monuments of past and mightier ages—wonders of art no longer to be equalled—fragments of an older and greater world! Or where may we beguile pleasanter hours, or indulge loftier aspirations, than amidst the scenes where genius and valour carried their patriotic daring and achievements to the highest summits of human greatness and devotion?

On the Forum, or on the Bridge of Sighs—among the deserted fanes or ruined palaces of the crownless queens of the earth and of the ocean, the thoughts of the tourist still dwell with melancholy pleasure; and "Time, war, flood, and fire" have vainly dealt their fury upon cities whose recollections present us with all that is most splendid and daring in thought and action—in the arts of peace or the exploits of war.

Rome and Venice are not places to be passed over in a season. Mirrors of wisdom to future ages—as full of moral doctrine as of monuments of mightier days—the utter extremes of human power and weakness are typified in their history and their doom:

> "Their doors sealed up, and silent as the night
> The dwellings of the illustrious dead!"

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# LIST OF PLATES,

## ENGRAVED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. CHARLES HEATH.

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1. VENICE.
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24. FALLS OF TERNI.
25. BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS, NARNI.
26. TOWN AND LAKE OF LUGO.

*Drawn by S. Prout.*

*Engraved by Higham.*

VENICE.

Printed by Fenner Sears & Co.

# VENICE.

> See Venice rise with endless beauties crown'd,
> And as a world within herself is found:
> Hail, Queen of Italy; for years to come
> The mighty rival of immortal Rome!
>
> SANNAZARO.

To the eye of the stranger the aspect of Venice first presents itself like some vision of the deep, while her history fills the mind with awe and wonder at the stern and fearful realities and heroic recollections with which it abounds. She stands alone and unparalleled in the annals of Italy's tempestuous republics,—those hypocrites of liberty, which recoiled from foreign despotism only the more effectually to exalt themselves, by harassing and oppressing each other. While torn by internal factions and successive revolutions, the rest of Italy wielded at will their fierce democracies, Venice preserved unshaken her "high and palmy state," based on the deep, invisible foundations of her more than Machiavellian system,—the combination of petty tyrants, which, unlike that of slaves, seldom fails to accomplish the objects it has in view.

The splendour and the power of aristocracy were never more terribly developed than when the noon-tide of Venetian prosperity brought into serpent vigour and activity the policy of her secret tribunals, and carried terror into the hearts at once of her children and her foes. To the inquiring and philosophic reader no government supplies

more singular materials for speculation: a government in which poets, painters, orators, and historians, vied with its statesmen and its warriors in carrying patriotism to the loftiest mark of ambition and renown.

> In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
> Her very by-word sprung from victory,
> The "Planter of the Lion," which through fire
> And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
> Though making many slaves, herself still free,
> And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;
> Witness Troy's rival, Candia! vouch it, ye
> Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
> For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

Thus, distinct alike in its political as in its natural features from all other cities of the earth, Venice—the "Rome of the Ocean"—might well awaken the admiration and enthusiasm of England's noble poet. Its devoted love to Tasso, and its having afforded a sanctuary to the great Dante, were sufficient in his eyes to make it hallowed ground. He gazed upon her lofty towers, her spires, her palaces, with those splendid cupolas, seen rising from the bosom of the waves, with a degree of veneration that seems to have been early inspired:

> I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
> Was as a fairy city of the heart,
> Rising like water columns from the sea,
> Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
> And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
> Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
> Although I found her thus we did not part,
> Perchance even dearer in her day of woe
> Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

Nor was the actual grandeur of her edifices, or the imposing

effect of their pictorial embellishment, less in unison with the associations which history and romance had conferred upon her in Byron's eyes. All that is most magnificent, heroic, or appalling; the Rialto, St. Mark's, and its brazen steeds, and the Bridge of Sighs, have been commemorated in his immortal verse. But these are familiar to our readers; and we now proceed to present them with a rapid view of some of the most memorable events and achievements in Venetian story.

The Venetians arrived at their highest national glory when the capital of the eastern empire acknowledged them its conquerors. The wealth which that event poured into their treasuries made them the richest people in Europe—the fame which they acquired by it made them the most respected and renowned. But it is doubtful whether it was not the forerunner of the worst disasters which the republic was destined to suffer. In less than a century after this triumph, which rendered it in the eyes of Europe the great barrier against the power of the infidel, it had to support three sharp and bloody contests with the increasing strength of the Turks, and had suffered a disheartening defeat in all.

The celebrated Selim the First, and his son, Soliman the Second, carried on successful wars with both native and foreign enemies; and the Ottoman power, every year acquiring fresh force, began more imminently to threaten the proud republicans. After forcing them to pay tribute for Cyprus, Selim the Second conceived the project of regaining entire possession of that rich and valuable island. While he was carrying on preparations for this enterprise, the Venetians were still further discomfited

by the explosion of their arsenal, which, in the night of September 13th, 1569, tore up their walls and towers, part of their streets, and four churches. The nobles, astonished, and not knowing the cause of the frightful tumult, ran to arms, and the whole population of the city believing that an enemy had forced and thrown down the fortifications hastened to secure themselves by flight.

The storm at length broke forth, and the Venetians found themselves opposed to the whole strength of the Moslem, whose forces were seen covering the neighbouring shores of the gulf. The siege of Famagouste immediately followed, and the noblest spirit of the republic was manifested in the defence. After a desperate conflict, Bragadino, the chief of the garrison, having neither the means of subsisting his people, nor of supporting any further attacks, accepted the capitulation offered by Mustapha, the Ottoman leader. A few days were spent in settling the preliminaries; and the Moslem, expressing his high admiration of the Venetian captains, invited them to his tent. Bragadino accordingly, and several of his officers, proceeded one evening to the entrenchment; the former on horseback, clad in the scarlet robes of a Venetian magistrate, and shaded by a parasol of the same colour. The pacha received them with great courtesy, but demanded hostages to secure the fulfilment of the capitulation. The chief haughtily replied, that the honour of Venice might be well trusted in; on which Mustapha, in a burst of fury, instantly ordered several of the officers to be strangled, only sparing Bragadino for greater cruelties. After the unfortunate captain had been forced to see the execution

of his friends, his ears were cut off, and he was led through the town as a malefactor. He was then placed on a scaffold, fastened to a stake, and flayed alive, the infamous Mustapha enjoying the spectacle from a balcony, and afterwards causing the skin of the brave Venetian to be stuffed and paraded about the streets with all the insignia of the magistracy.

The battle of Lepanto shortly followed this event, and modern history records few engagements which it does not surpass in celebrity. It was in the same situation that the fate of Rome was decided by the battle of Actium; and though the latter was productive of the most important consequences, and the former was followed by none, it is doubtful to which warlike fame would give the greater glory. Certainly never had greater courage or skill been displayed in naval warfare than in this engagement. During the chief part of the day the combined Venetian and Spanish forces and the whole strength of the Ottoman fleet were opposed in close and incessant combat, and when the latter fled from the strife, it had lost near two hundred vessels and thirty thousand men. Venice, whatever glory she had acquired by this victory, reaped no advantage from it, and finding that the confederacy she had formed would not effectually aid her in the principal object she had in view, the government made peace with the Ottoman, and ceded the disputed possessions.

In mentioning this peace with the Turks, we are reminded of the strict line of policy which the Venetians invariably pursued, in spite of the opinions which were at the time prevalent among their neighbours. The wor-

ship of their churches was conducted with costly grandeur; their religious profession was devout and orthodox, but they would never let the church interfere with their public acts, and it was but once, says M. Daru, that they made any concession to the Pope, and that once was when they could only effect their political views by these means. Their conduct in respect to the jesuits serves well to illustrate this feature in the character of the republic. They suffered them to reside in the state, but the decree which admitted them was to be renewed every three years or cease, and they were only permitted to inhabit the convent which they had purchased with their own wealth. In every respect, it is said, they were branded with the same marks of suspicion as the Jews, and in all public processions were obliged to march between the banners of St. Mark and St. Theodore, emblems, it was said, of the two columns between which malefactors were executed. The most careful watch, at the same time, was kept over their proceedings. The mother of a young man, who had professed his intention of entering the order, found that he had, at the same time, made a promise of all he possessed to the fathers. She accordingly came before the magistrates and acquainted them with the circumstance; an order was immediately despatched to the rector to appear before them, and on his not attending to it, he was thrown into prison, and made to repent his conduct in chains.

The elevation of Camillo Borghese to the pontifical chair under the name of Paul V. gave birth to the most remarkable struggle which the republic had ever sustained. The new pope was determined to exercise his

power to the utmost, and the Venetians were resolved to follow their usual customs in all ecclesiastical matters.

Paul had been known to say, that if he were pope, and the Venetians gave him any cause of uneasiness, he would at once launch against them the thunders of the church : "and I," said the ambassador Leonardo Donato, "if I were doge, would despise your anathemas." It was remarkable enough that they were now both in the situations alluded to, and both prepared for putting their respective threats into execution. The first cause of complaint with the pope was the two fundamental laws of the republic which forbad the building of churches without the permission of the government, and the alienation of estates in favour of ecclesiastics. He next took offence at the imprisonment of a monk who had violated a female under circumstances of great atrocity, and demanded that he should be judged by his own order, which the council not only refused, but shortly after arrested the abbé of Nervese for similar dissoluteness of manners. To revenge himself for these affronts, the pope protested against the election of Leonardo Donato to the ducal throne, and the contest began with a violence unknown before. At last the pope put the whole state, 17th April, 1606, under the ban of excommunication. Venice was astonished but not terrified at the announcement. The council ordered the religious services to continue as usual, and were obeyed by all the secular clergy, but not by the monks, or the jesuits, who were immediately expelled in consequence of their endeavour to evade the decree. After a long contest, well supported on both sides, the combatants found

it necessary to enter into negotiations for peace. Various states offered to act as arbitrators, and, by the mediation of the French, the republic was induced to resign the two priests to the judgments of the church, and the ill-satisfied pontiff to accept of this tribute to his authority, and agree to remove the excommunication, though Venice retained all her laws and boasted independence undiminished. Thus

> Thro' many an age in the mid-sea she dwelt,
> From her retreat calmly contemplating
> The changes of the Earth, herself unchanged.
> Before her passed, as in an awful dream,
> The mightiest of the mighty. What are these,
> Clothed in their purple? O'er the globe they fling
> Their monstrous shadows; and, while yet we speak,
> Phantom-like, vanish with a dreadful scream!
> What—but the last that styled themselves the Cæsars?
> And who in long array (look where they come;
> Their gestures menacing so far and wide)
> Wear the green turban and the heron's plume?
> Who—but the Caliphs? followed fast by shapes
> As new and strange—Emperor, and King, and Czar,
> And Soldan, each, with a gigantic stride,
> Trampling on all the flourishing works of peace
> To make his greatness greater, and inscribe
> His name in blood—some, men of steel, steel-clad;
> Others, nor long, alas, the interval,
> In light and gay attire, with brow serene
> Wielding Jove's thunder, scattering sulphurous fire
> Mingled with darkness; and, among the rest,
> Lo, one by one, passing continually,
> Those who assume a sway beyond them all;
> Men grey with age, each in a triple crown,
> And in his tremulous hands grasping the keys
> That can alone, as he would signify,
> Unlock Heaven's gate.
>
> ROGERS.

But the severe and determined policy out of which this resistance sprung was not a sufficient safeguard against the evils which were about to assail the republic. So splendid hitherto had been her condition, that even the cities through which a portion of her wealth had to pass were regarded by other states with wonder and envy. The citizens of Bruges, it is said, emulated the pomp and luxury of the proudest courts; and when Joanna, wife of Philip le Bel, visited them, she angrily exclaimed, at seeing the costly dresses and ornaments of the merchants' wives, "I thought that I had been the only queen here, but I find that there are many hundreds more." The same observation would have applied to other cities as well as to Bruges; and if it was thus with places into which only the drops fell from the golden vessel of Venetian wealth, how are we to estimate the prosperity of Venice herself? The advantages thus enjoyed were also supported by the determined feeling of the people. They saw the true principles on which alone their grandeur could be permanently fixed, and they followed them too often, it is melancholy to add, to the violation of truth and freedom; but at other times with a keen, foreseeing wisdom, which has never since been so long and uniformly practised by a whole people. Thus, when threatened by the league of Cambray, they came forward and lent the best part of their fortunes to the state; and while the king of France had to pay forty-two per cent. for the money he expended in the war, Venice could raise millions at five per cent. When attacked by the Genoese, they practised a still greater generosity, and voluntarily brought sufficient to the public treasury to raise

additional forces; and when the struggle with Ferrara pressed hard upon the usual revenues of the state, they not only cheerfully obeyed the first demands of the senate, but offered their jewels, their gold and silver, and other articles of luxury, to aid the cause of their country. And thus supported by a deep, fearless, and unsparing policy on the one side, and by so wise a patriotism on the other, Venice might fairly hope to withstand every enemy, whether spiritual or temporal—whether the banded princes of Europe, or the fierce and ambitious Moslem. But Columbus and Vasco de Gama humbled a power which neither popes, princes, nor sultans could unsettle or overthrow. Their discoveries tore away its pomp and glory, as the diffusion of knowledge in a subsequent age humbled those of Rome.

Thus did Venice rise,
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
From India, from the region of the Sun,
Fragrant with spices—that a way was found,
A channel opened, and the golden stream
Turned to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing, yet awhile maintained
Her state, her splendour; till a tempest shook
All things most held in honour among men,
All things the giant with the scythe had spared,
To their foundations, and at once she fell;
She who had stood yet longer than the last
Of the Four Kingdoms—who, as in an Ark,
Had floated down, amid a thousand wrecks,
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New,
From the last glimpse of civilized life—to where
Light shone again, and with the blaze of noon.

ROGERS.

At the period when the state was engaged in a war with the Archduke Ferdinand, and regarded with a most jealous eye the inclination which Spain had manifested to assist the prince in his operations, a singular scene occurred at Venice, for which neither contemporary nor subsequent writers were able to account. One day, about the middle of the month of May, in the year 1618, a great number of persons, totally unknown in the city, were publicly executed in the Place of St. Mark; numbers more were brought to the scaffold the day after, and no one was able to say either whence they came, or for what crime they were punished. At length rumours were afloat that a frightful conspiracy had been formed, in which measures were taken for exterminating the nobility, burning Venice to the ground, and overthrowing the republic. Hundreds of the traitors, it was said, were confined in the dungeons of the Council of Ten. Besides those who had suffered in the Place of Saint Mark, several were supposed to have been executed during the night, while bodies seen floating about on the canals and near the shores rendered it certain that numbers had been drowned, or otherwise put to death and cast into the water. All Venice was filled with terror at the idea of the perils which had been so narrowly escaped; and citizens of every rank were occupied with investigating the circumstances which might lead to the discovery of the truth: but the Council of Ten preserved a mysterious silence. It resisted every inquiry which the painful curiosity of the public prompted, and the people were suffered to decide as they might on the real origin of this strange affair.

Thus left free to conjecture, the populace was not long in determining on whom to fix their suspicions, and the Spanish ambassador was obliged to save himself from their fury by a precipitate flight. His escape served to confirm them in this opinion of his guilt, and whether the idea was false or true, the council still left them without any clue to resolve the mystery. To increase, however, both their wonder and their doubt, another Spanish ambassador was allowed to settle in Venice—the whole affair remained unexplained, and no public documents appeared to record its occurrence; but when the agitation caused by the circumstance had nearly subsided, and about five months after it happened, the senate gave orders for a public thanksgiving to Providence for having saved the republic from destruction.

This extraordinary occurrence, it is strange to relate, was never cleared up, and what is still stranger, many of the politicians of the time believed it to be altogether a fabrication of the Council of Ten to favour its secret policy with regard to Spain, and its other suspected allies. In a letter from the French ambassador to his brother, quoted by the historian of Venice, in his relation of these events, we find him broadly asserting his belief, that no conspiracy whatever had existed, and that the council had only suffered the report to gain ground to colour its own barbarous acts.

But the deep and hitherto successful projects of this mysterious government were in a few years to be proved altogether unequal to meet the new spirit of enterprise then abroad in the world. The instability of the government, and an universal corruption of manners, con-

tributed still more to the changes on the eve of taking place, and which were to reduce the once magnificent Venice to the lowest rank among nations. The degradation of the nobles at the commencement of the eighteenth century may be proved by the fact that the Ridotto, an immense building devoted to games of hazard, was the privileged resort of the patricians. Seventy or eighty tables were placed in its vast halls, at which the nobles only had the right of playing. Seated there, clad in their robes of state and with their faces uncovered, the especial privilege of these honourable gamesters, they not only played for themselves, but were the capitalists of others, who wished to engage in such enterprises, and were paid either by the year, month, or hour for the accommodation they thus rendered to inferior speculators.

Such was the state of manners in Venice when it had to meet the shock of the French revolution. For many years past, the favourite maxim of its statesmen had been, to preserve peace at any sacrifice, and they had in consequence suffered their fortifications to decay, their arsenal to remain without defence, and their fleet in the same condition as when they had to fear no enemy or rival. When the war between France and the other states of Europe commenced, they would fain have acted on the maxim they had thus devoutly embraced, and determined to preserve a strict neutrality. But they were quickly undeceived in their hopes; and Verona and Padua had no sooner yielded to the French than they saw them approach within sight of their own shores. On the 30th of April, 1797, a memorable day

for Venice, the Doge summoned all the different departments of the government to deliberate on the situation of the state. Various were the opinions advanced on the occasion: midnight had already past, and they had formed no determination as to what measures they should pursue, when a letter was delivered from the commander of their flotilla, announcing that the French had already commenced preparations for a blockade. Consternation was visible in every countenance; and the doge, agitated and trembling, walked up and down the apartment, exclaiming, "This night even we are not sure of sleeping tranquilly in our beds!" How changed was the Venetian spirit from what it was when the blind old Dandolo faced the batteries of Constantinople! It was at first decided that the operations of the French should be resisted, but a counter resolution reduced this determination to nothing; and the procurator Pesaro, almost the only member of the state who seemed to feel the degradation of his country, sighed deeply, and said, with tears in his eyes, "I see the fate of my country!—I cannot succour it; but a brave man finds a home any where: I must seek mine in Switzerland."

In a subsequent meeting it was debated whether a change in the constitution might not serve to remove some of the evils which were hanging over the state. The grand council was assembled to deliberate on the project. The palace on this occasion was surrounded with troops and cannon; the workmen of the arsenal, and different companies of citizens, were all under arms; while patrols hastening along the streets, their faces displaying signs of fear and amazement, served to spread

apprehension through every quarter of the city. Six hundred and nineteen senators met in this hour of terror to resolve on such measures as their situation allowed them to take. The doge, bowed with affliction, read a proposition, the purport of which was, to consider, with Bonaparte, what changes might be most profitably made in the government. A mournful silence succeeded; the measure was put to the vote, and four hundred and ninety-eight members of the council declared themselves in its favour. When the report of this determination was presented to Napoleon, he replied, that unless the death of his captain Laugier, and some others who had fallen in a late affair with the Venetian fleet, were revenged by the immediate punishment of those who had authorized the assault, he would in fifteen days enter Venice sword in hand. Neither the doge nor his councillors had any means of resistance to propose, and they therefore gave their commissioners full power to treat with the general on his own terms. They found Bonaparte at Milan, and there a treaty was entered into that put an end to the sovereignty of the great council, which was thenceforth to reside in the whole body of the citizens.

On the 12th of May, while the council was holding its final session, and the doge was lamenting the miserable condition to which he was reduced, the sound of musquetry was heard near the palace. The most frightful confusion immediately prevailed throughout the chamber. Every one believed himself on the point of being massacred; and without further debate, and more like madmen than senators debating for the good of their

falling country, they hastily gave their suffrages and departed.

The people who surrounded the palace, seeing a signal displayed at the windows, which announced to them the termination of the debate, expressed their feelings on the occasion in loud and contradictory vociferations. While some uttered exclamations in favour of the French, others were as eager in their lamentations over the fall of their ancient constitution; but all united in contributing to the confusion of the moment, by abandoning themselves to pillage or licence. The night approached, and still these disorders remained unrepressed, till, about two hours after midnight, a small detachment of soldiers assembled on the Rialto, and some cannon being posted there, the mob was dispersed. In the morning a proclamation was issued, prohibiting, under pain of death, any opposition to the decree which had been passed.

On the 16th of May, 1797, three thousand French troops disembarked on the Place Saint Mark, in the midst of the wild shouts of one part of the population, and the mournful tears and lamentations of the other. The demolition of the prisons of the inquisition was the first act of the new government; the burning of the book of gold, consecrated to the enrolment of the nobility, was the next; while the Lion of Saint Mark, instead of the inscription which designated his sacred character, was now made to bear the motto of "THE RIGHTS OF MAN."

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;

But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not *bridled?*—Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

But Venice was not yet reduced to its lowest stage of degradation. It had fallen beneath a conqueror, but it had never yet been made an object of barter between one master and another. To this, however, it was now reduced. By the treaty of Campo Formio, Venice was ceded to Austria, whose forces entered the city on January 18, 1798. The state inquisition was re-established, and Pesaro, who had made such a display of his patriotism in the scenes which preceded the final humiliation of his country, actually reappeared in the character of an Austrian commissary. It was before him that the humbled patricians had to take the oaths of allegiance to their new master; and the ex-doge, who, though too weak and undecided for the situation he held, had the love of his country deep at heart, fell, as he pronounced the words of the oath, senseless on the ground. Thus sunk the free and queenly Venice, and true in every line are these words of her epitaph:

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored—
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go,
Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's belt;
Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

ON THE GRAND CANAL VENICE

Drawn by S.Prout. Engraved by Sam.t Fisher.

# VENICE.

## THE BALBI PALACE.

Questi palazzi e queste logge, or colte
D'ostri, di marmi, e di figure elette,
Fur poche e basse case insieme accolte
Deserti lidi, e povere isolette.

GIOVANNI DELLA CASA.

AMONG the hundred noble palaces which confer a peculiar air of splendour and magnificence on the city of the sea, there is scarcely one that has been less frequently described, and to which fewer associations attach, than the Balbi. Of comparatively modern character, like the Grimani and a few others, it belongs to the tasteful and elegant style in which Palladio so much excelled. Chasteness and beauty of design, with a picturesque and dignified appearance, are its characteristics. It is situated on the Canal Grande, or, as described by Sansovino, "on the left hand a little beyond the Canale Picciolo, leading towards San Pantaleone;" he also adds, "that it is an extremely beautiful edifice belonging to the Balbi family, and had been erected very recently (late in the sixteenth century) in a style of architecture at once graceful and noble." Still fewer recollections remain of the family. Among these, however, the portrait of Agostino Barberigo, proveditore of Venice, is preserved in Tintoretto's grand historical painting of the victory

achieved over the Turks in the year 1571. While in the act of performing prodigies of valour, he was mortally wounded by an arrow in the eye, from which are seen to flow drops of blood. This production of Tintoretto is one of the few grand compositions free from his usual exaggeration, and confers lasting celebrity on his genius. There is also some mention, in the histories of the period, of several of the name connected with public commotions, and conspiracies entered into against other members of the government. But these are without interest; and in Sansovino's very full description of Venice, there is only casual reference to a Pietro Balbi, who was elected general of an expedition in the year 1509, and who died while preparations were making for a campaign in the Morea.

In this dearth of historical materials the reader, it is hoped, will hardly complain if we diverge a little into traditional recollections, and call the genius of poetry and fiction for a brief interval to fill up the break in our historical and anecdotical narrative.

The following story will, perhaps, be thought not less adapted to the scene of the Balbi Palace, inasmuch as it is on record that the splendid festivals and most imposing spectacles to celebrate the naval glory of the Venetians, as exhibited on the Adriatic, commenced their solemn ceremonies, headed by the reigning doge, from the Balbi walls.

The annals of Venice record that towards the conclusion of the sixteenth century there arrived at that celebrated city a lonely stranger, who speedily purchased

one of the most gorgeous palazzi, near the Rialto, on the Grand Canal, and hired a train of domestics, whom he attired in the most splendid manner.

At that time a new doge was just elected, and a sumptuous feast was prepared on the occasion. In some of the old chronicles a very minute account is given of the riches of the masquerade, the delicacies of the banquet, the exquisiteness of the music, and the consequent approbation of the numerous guests. Amongst these was our mysterious stranger. He wandered about amidst the crowds of splendid masques with a vacant and careless air, till he approached the lovely Bianca di Gonzaga, at that time the loadstar of all the eyes of Venice. At the sight of her his hitherto listless features were animated with a dark and fiery glance, and he bent on her a look in which the most powerful interest was deeply expressed.

Bianca di Gonzaga was indeed a lady never to be passed without interest. Even if her figure had been less faultless, her countenance less heavenly, the mournful circumstances of her sad story would have fixed attention. The descendant of a line of the most powerful nobles in Italy, she had at one time been duchess of Pisa. A rebellion had arisen in her dominions, and a young baron had driven her from her throne to seat himself upon it. Alone, deserted by all her former friends, she had fled to Venice; where her misfortunes met with sympathy, while her beauty excited admiration. But the kindness of friendship could not efface the remembrance of love. Whilst in possession of her ducal dig-

nity, she had been affianced to a prince whose dominions bordered on her own, and it weighed on her heart that he should coldly desert her when surrounded by her enemies: hence arose the air of sadness that clouded her marble brow when the stranger first surveyed her in the halls of Venice. It was true she had never seen the prince; that he had never knelt at her feet to breathe his passion; but from infancy she had heard him spoken of as one who was to be her future husband, and in that belief had hung on every tale of his growing valour which had reached the court of Pisa. Report spoke him generous, feeling, enthusiastic, noble, and Bianca was in love with his image.

The stranger approached her, and commenced a discourse to divert her melancholy, in which he displayed powers of conversation but seldom rivalled. Bianca's eyes were soon lightened with a smile, and she replied, on her part, in a manner at once natural, easy, and graceful. A young Venetian noble, who had in vain pressed his suit with her since her arrival at the city, was offended at the evident gratification with which she listened to the words of a stranger, and, approaching, joined in the conversation, in a manner which partook of the nature of insult. Bianca blushed with indignation; the stranger levelled at the young patrician a biting sarcasm, which, unable to answer in any other way, he replied to with a blow. Swords were drawn, and ere the gay crowd around them could separate the combatants, the Venetian received a wound in his right arm that disqualified him for fighting for a year at least.

Such hazard undergone in her cause rendered it impossible for Bianca to refuse giving the stranger a general invitation to her palazzo, even if she had been previously indisposed to the measure. It was given, and the stranger, for the next month, was always at her side. Her partner in the dance, her companion in the song, he displayed a perfection in these accomplishments which few could boast. In a week or two his songs, however, began to turn always on love; his guitar was never touched but to some plaintive tune, in which a despairing knight was the subject, who accused the cruelty of his lady. Bianca began to repent her encouragement of him, for, knowing nothing of him save his person and accomplishments, and being betrothed to another, she was by no means pleased at such close attention.

One evening as she was seated at a window overlooking the Grand Canal, on which many busy gondolas, in their black coverings, might be seen gliding past, the stranger approached on his usual visit. A short conversation ensued; and, after a few minutes, bending one knee on the velvet footstool of Bianca, he made a declaration of love. The suddenness of the address surprised her: in a hurried manner she stated the many objections to the match; her want of knowledge of his family, his fortune, and his character; the espousals which at an early age had made her the affianced bride of the prince Adorno. At the end of her speech the stranger's eyes flashed with joy; he implored her to pardon the deception that love alone had caused, and avowed himself the prince.

That single word overruled every objection. It at

once silenced every doubt as to his birth—he drew it from one of the loftiest lines in Italy; and though his fortune consisted but of a paternal estate, and a sword that had already gleamed in numerous battles, his fame far outweighed every paltry objection on that account. As soon as Bianca knew that she saw before her the young hero whom she had loved before she saw him, she at once resigned herself to joy, and consented to become his bride.

"And yet," said she, as she surveyed the manly figure before her, "they did not picture thee to me as thou art. They spoke of blue eyes—thine are black as the raven's wing; of light fair hair—how jetty is thine!"

"Doubtest thou that I am the prince?" said the stranger reproachfully: "behold, then, these proofs!" As he spoke, he produced a letter to the prince Adorno, and another signed with his name. The former was from a friend, and informed him of the rebellions by which Bianca had been driven from the ducal throne, concluding with an earnest request that he would return instantly from his travels and assert her rights; the latter stated his determination of replacing her in her dominions. "This," said the stranger, as he presented it, "I have yet found no means of forwarding."

After a few moments spent in the examination of the documents by Bianca, who recognized the hand-writing, the stranger, again addressing her, besought her to consent to a plan he had formed for the nuptials. As there were so many of her lovers at Venice, he wished to spare them the mortification of seeing her become his bride, and besought her to consent to set out for his castle. A

lingering consent was wrung from Bianca, and it was agreed that next day they should sail down the river, and, landing at some point near his domains, proceed thither as fast as possible.

The next morning was one of exquisite beauty. Never was there a more cloudless sky or a brighter sun. The blue waves of the Adriatic seemed bluer than ever; the river, with its banks clothed with trees and verdure, was a perfect paradise. Embarked in a gallant gondola, with a numerous train of domestics, the stranger and Bianca sailed down towards Pisa; and when evening was approaching, the lady half trembled as she saw, rising on one side of the stream, the domains of which she had once been duchess. At length they approached where, from the rocks that frowned above, a descent of a hundred steps, hewn in the solid stone, conducted to a broad landing-place. At the sight of this spot the stranger turned from Bianca, with whom he had been conversing, and wound a bugle-horn that hung by his side. A strange suspicion crossed the mind of the Lady di Gonzaga, as, in reply to this sound, another of a precisely similar nature was heard above, and a hundred men came tramping down the rocky pass, fully armed and weaponed. Alas! these suspicions were but too true! The stranger caught hold of her in one arm, as he drew his sword with the other, and leaped on shore from the prow of the gondola. Safe on the land, he flung Bianca to the newly-arrived soldiers, with a command to load her with chains. "Farewell!" he exclaimed to the domestics in the boat; "and back to Venice as fast as you can. There, if the Doge asks you the reason of my conduct, tell him, that for a

month, without his knowledge, his deadliest enemy dwelt within his walls—tell him, to plunge him in despair, that he might have seized, but did not, Malvezzi, Duke of Pisa!"

The wretched Bianca had been at first petrified at the conduct of the pretended prince; his concluding avowal opened her eyes to the misery of her situation. The villanous Malvezzi, so glittering without and so evil within; the unprincipled usurper of a throne to which he had not the slightest claim; had in reality, as she conjectured, intercepted some real letters of Prince Adorno's, declaring his intention of exciting a struggle in her favour. In the fear of being intercepted, Malvezzi had determined to attempt to gain her affections in disguise, and thus at once destroy every future idea of resistance to his power. A month had he spent in this task, and he imagined that Bianca's heart must have been melted by his numerous attractions. In this belief he declared his love. What was his surprise to hear her confess her affection for Adorno! The strongest dissimulation, a vice which Italian statesmen at that period almost considered a virtue, could alone prevent the hatred he instantly conceived for the duchess from glaring in his deceitful countenance. His presence of mind suggested the thought of counterfeiting the prince. The intercepted letters which he still bore about him readily furnished him with the means of strengthening the imposture, in which he was unhappily but too successful. Information had instantly been dispatched to Pisa, to cause a band of spearmen to await him that day at the hundred steps. The result was such as has already been detailed.

The outlines of this dark and iniquitous scheme flashed

across the mind of Bianca, as chains were placed upon her delicate hands, and, guarded by the band of Pisan soldiers, she mounted the hundred steps. As the villanous Malvezzi followed, she darted at him a glance that almost, like that of the fabled basilisk, possessed the power to kill, but not a word of complaint burst from her lips, though her heart was full of torture. To what dark dungeon was she now to be borne by her rebellious subjects? Her eye asked the question, though her lips moved not. Malvezzi, as they attained the summit of the lofty rock, pointed to a gigantic castle glooming over the distant woodland landscape, elsewhere splendidly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and said, in an accent of scorn, "There is your prison."

Bianca recognised the time-worn fortress. In her youth, her father had once shown her the castle, from battlement to donjon keep. It contained the most loathsome dungeons in Pisa—dwellings, where the wretched state-prisoners, who were confined there, clasping the duke's knees, implored, as a mercy, to be led to execution. Melting with pity, she had implored and obtained that they should be removed to more lightsome prisons, and that no one should henceforth be confined there. How little at that time had she thought that it would ever be her own lot to be immured in these dreary dungeons! Her heart sank within her as they approached, and she burst into tears. From the mountain which they were descending, the palace of Prince Adorno was visible, and the reflection that perhaps he might at that very moment be within her ken, unknowing her fate, made her tears flow still faster.

Malvezzi, meanwhile, was conversing with a soldier, who gave him some important information. The Prince Adorno was in reality returned—report said that he was assembling his vassals to invade Pisa—that he had sent a messenger to Venice to inform Bianca of his arrival and intentions. "The lagging fool!" said Malvezzi, with scorn; "had he but been a day sooner, my plans had fallen to nought—perhaps I might at this moment have been crossing the Bridge of Sighs. By this time the Council of Ten must know Bianca's disappearance, and be conjecturing the cause—they shall soon be informed."

Night was now sinking, and the heavy walls of the castle were almost towering above them. As they rode up the rocky path, at whose summit frowned its black battlements, the warder's voice echoed through the pass "Who comes there?"

"A friend from Venice," cried Malvezzi, exultingly.

"Welcome!" said the warder; "you have been impatiently expected. By 'r Lady, your expedition is miraculous."

The heavy drawbridge dropped sullenly over the moat, the portcullis was raised with a grating sound, and Malvezzi entered, leading Bianca, trembling, with him. As his band were following he heard a struggle behind.—The portcullis was dropped—the drawbridge raised.—"Some idle quarrel," fiercely muttered Malvezzi. "This garrison is the worst disciplined in Pisa." And so saying, he strode haughtily onward through the dark passage that led to the great hall of the frontier garrison.

In the hall a large table was spread, and torches were placed in the immense iron candlesticks, that shed a broad

flashing light through the apartment. But no one was as yet assembled at the banquet. "Fellow!" cried Malvezzi to an attendant, striding into a neighbouring room, "send your commander hither."

The miserable Bianca, whom Malvezzi had never, from the moment of the warder's challenge, suffered to escape from his grasp, sunk, overpowered, into a chair, whilst the villain, scarcely concealing his pleasure, surveyed from the great window the rising moon, that, having emerged from the black clouds which had for some minutes obscured it, now cast a bright radiance into the room. Exulting in the success of his treacherous plans, he scarcely heard the door open behind him; but the step of an armed foot in the room aroused him from his reverie. Hastily turning round, what was his astonishment to behold a warrior, in complete steel, stand between him and the entrance, indignation and surprise painted in his noble countenance. At the same moment that the exclamation of "Malvezzi" burst from the lips of the stranger, Malvezzi himself, starting back a few paces, uttered with astonishment the word "Adorno."

"Yes! Adorno," cried the prince, "Adorno, who comes to wrest the throne of Pisa from the usurper."

"By heavens! this exceeds my hopes," shouted the treacherous bravo: "yield thyself, for it is impossible to escape. My guards are all around."

"They *were* this morning," said the prince, "but the strong detachment sent off to the hundred steps enabled me to attack the castle with success. It is now in the possession of Bianca di Gonzaga. Yield thee, or die!"

The astonished Malvezzi, fixed like a statue, heard

the fatal intelligence. At length, suddenly rushing forward, he endeavoured to stab Adorno; but the prince, wrenching the dagger from his grasp, laid him prostrate at his feet. With a groan of agony the wretch expired, whilst Adorno supported the fainting Bianca.

The news of Malvezzi's death opened the gates of Pisa to the duchess. She long and happily swayed the sceptre of her paternal dominions, and was not the worse princess that she had once known adversity. There are few persons who cannot picture to themselves, without assistance, the festivities attending her entrance into the city, and the magnificence of her nuptials with the Prince Adorno, still more worthy in reality than fame proclaimed him.

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We have the pleasure of here subjoining, as most appropriate to the site of a palace, from whose banks sped over the blue waves many a pleasure-party and many a lover's gondola to explore the beauties of Adria's tributary isles, some lines to the able illustrator of this work from a well known and admired pen.

## TO SAMUEL PROUT, ESQ.

AFTER RECEIVING HIS "BRIDGE OF SIGHS."

THE Bridge of Sighs! the Bridge of Sighs!
Lie down, and, by its waters dreaming,
Lament no more thy colder skies,
Thy mountain peaks, thy torrents streaming!
Look—where the bluest, sunniest sea
Now bares its breast for thee and me!

Come on, fair girl, and let us skim
  The ocean's bright blue heaving bosom,
Forgetting old November dim,
  The winter pale, the snow-drop's blossom;
Wild myrtles and the palms are near us,
So thither let our boatman steer us.

What, ho! row on, our gondolier!
  Row on across the shining waters!
Behold where Mestre's lands are near,
  And near are Padua's dark-eyed daughters.
Row on!—yet stay; we will not leave
A place where love has learned to grieve.

Look! through that carved arch, that binds
  The palace to the dungeon's heart,
(Like ties which link unfitted minds),
  Hath pass'd how many a trembling heart!
Brave picture 't is! Fine marriage made
Between the sunshine and the shade!

Is 't then a picture? Ay; but such
  As men strike out in glittering hours;
*This* side dashed in with stormy touch,
  *That* flooded with the sunset hours:
A picture?—ay, 't is one divine;
PROUT wrought it, and he made it—*mine!*

B. C.

# TITIAN'S HOUSE.

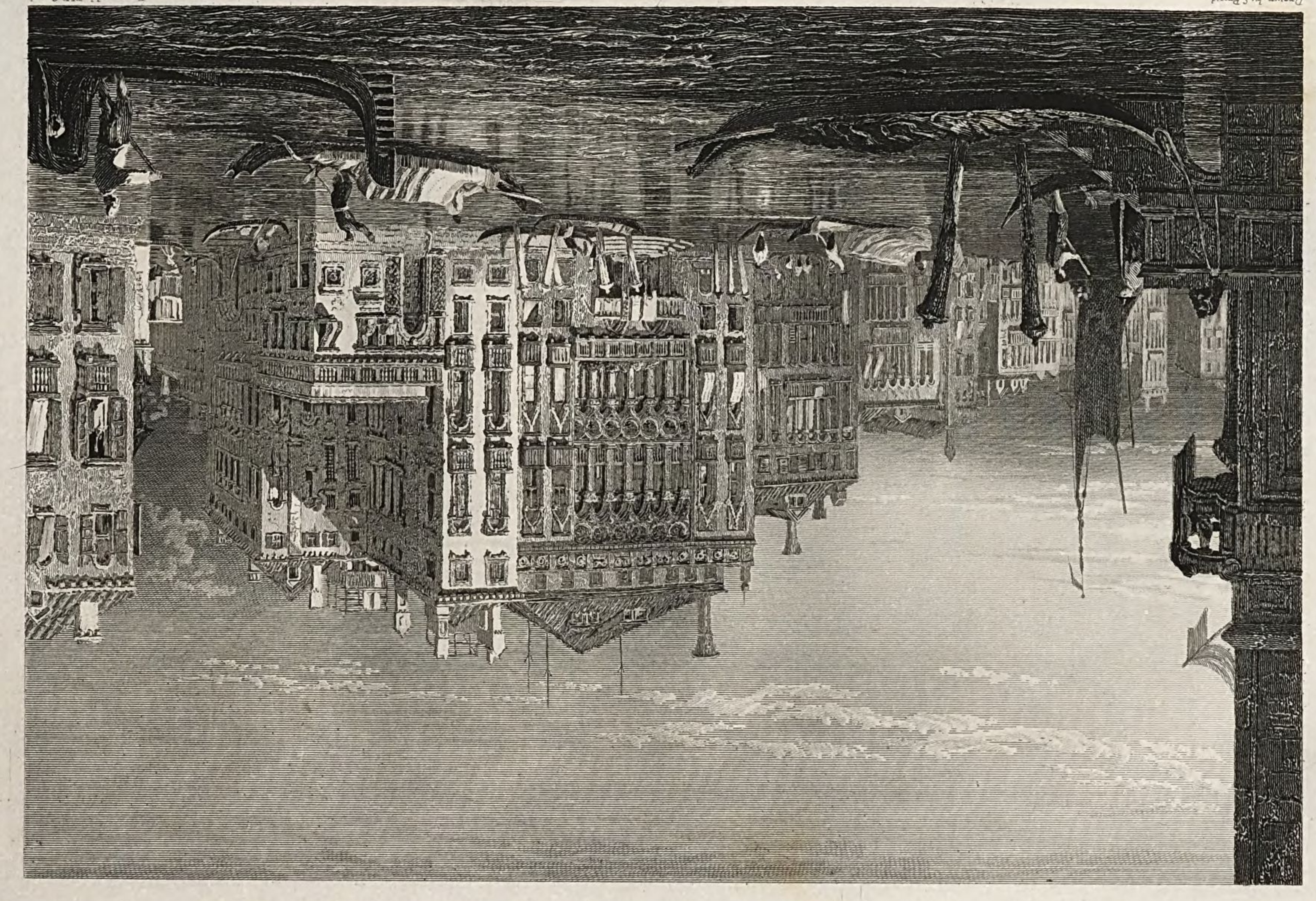
> The beings of the mind are not of clay;
> Essentially immortal, they create,
> And multiply in us a brighter ray,
> And more beloved existence.
>
> CHILDE HAROLD.

GENIUS alone has the power of conferring splendour upon the humblest abode, the most obscure spot of earth, and wheresoever its footsteps have been impressed becomes hallowed ground. Too seldom indeed is intellectual exaltation combined with the heritage of palaces, though it exercise the holiest and most invincible of all despotisms —the only one to which we willingly bow—the sway of creative and immortal mind. It would seem as if Providence, in return for the worldly scorn and oppression of many of its most gifted children, had endued their memories with perpetuity of fame; an empire over the intellect and passions of ages—over the fortunes of future generations, interwoven with the best principles and the loftiest hopes of humanity. Like martyrs to their religion, their glory is rarely of this life; they look to a higher guerdon, and, like the martyrs, their faith is anchored on the foundations of imperishable truth.

It thus becomes the peculiar privilege of lofty genius and worth to bid us pause, after passing by the gorgeous mausoleum, the palace walls, or the battle-fields of kings and conquerors—as we approach the shrines containing all that was earthly of the inheritors of a purer and

BARBARIGO AND FISANI PALACES, VENICE.

Drawn by S.Prout. Engraved by W.R.Smith.



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nobler renown: we tremble and we burn as we contemplate the high example their history holds up, and traverse the abode once familiar with their voice, where their eye kindled and their hand wrought, with a feeling of devotion akin to that of the pious pilgrim pouring out the worship of the heart and spirit in the sanctuary where rest his dearest hopes.

Among the few splendid examples of the felicitous career of genius is recorded that of the master-painter of his country—the first colourist in the world—the great Titian. He was the architect of his own fortunes,—invested with noble titles, the resident of a palace, attended by an almost princely retinue from court to court, the honoured companion of monarchs, and the envy of their courtiers. What is still rarer, he maintained the high reputation and dignity he had acquired, during a long and laborious life, up to its close.

The noble edifice in which this celebrated man passed the latter years of his life is situated on the Canal Grande, next to that of the more splendid Pisani, as seen in the plate. The latter, besides being admired for the beauty of its external appearance, is recommended to notice by the era in which it was constructed. It is adorned with some of the finest paintings of Paul Veronese, among which is that of the family of Darius at the feet of Alexander the Great. The general effect of the richness and frequency of the cornices, the form of the balustrades, and, above all, the magnificent entablature by which it is decorated, are regarded by the most skilful architects as so many evidences of the improvement which had taken place in the arts at the period of its

erection. Some decorations in the morisco style are still to be seen about the arches of the windows, and elegant minutely wrought pilasters, corresponding to the basement, support the angles of the edifice. The size and massy strength of the capitals are also conspicuous, and carry the reader back to the era immediately preceding that in which the great masters of the modern school were preparing to exercise their genius—the celebrated precursors of the yet more celebrated Palladio. Titian's house, adjoining the Pisani, formerly belonged to the Barberigo family, several of whose members rose to the dignity of doge. One of the most distinguished of these was Marco Barberigo, who succeeded the still more celebrated Mocenigo in 1483. He was a man of high talents and great popularity, and is stated by Sansovino to have been the first doge on whom was conferred the honour of a public coronation on the grand staircase of the ducal palace, where he was harangued by a Turkish orator, sent on that special mission by the grand signor, to congratulate the head of the republic. Venice enjoyed perfect tranquillity under his government. He built the façade of the ducal palace, which surmounts the grand staircase, covered with marble ;—was a politic lover of peace, revered religion, was just and liberal, and blest with a family of noble sons. Over his tomb was inscribed the following rare and honourable testimony to his worth :

Servavi morbo patriam, belloque fameque,
Justitiam colui, plus dare non potui.

" From the Rialto," observes a celebrated living poet in his private book, obligingly shown to the writer, " I

took a gondola and went to the Palazzo Barberigo, where I saw the room in which Titian is said to have painted some of his best pictures. Many of them are in their original state—nothing at least but time has touched them. The other chambers are filled with the portraits of doges and cardinals, ancestors of the Barberigo family. The ceiling is deeply channelled, as are most in Venice, and richly painted with small Japan-like ornaments in bronze and gold. The walls are of a light green. I went next to the church of Santa Maria de' Frari, where I saw the vault of the Pesaro family, and over it a magnificent picture of Titian's—the Virgin and Child. Near the wall, on the other side, is a small slab of white marble in the floor, which is of the rhomb or lozenge-shape, and is thus inscribed :

Qui giace il gran Titziano de' Vecelli,
Emulator de' Zeusi e degli Apelli."

The windows of the apartment in which Titian died, as may be seen in the plate annexed, are still closed; and his painting-room is said to be preserved, with proper feeling, exactly in the state in which he left it. It is decorated with his own productions, consisting chiefly of his latest works, among which are the Magdalen and the Salvator Mundi (so often to be seen in prints), and also an unfinished sketch of St. Sebastian, the subject on which he was engaged at the period of his death. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-nine, and is known to have taken his own portrait in the very year of his decease; a copy of which, once in the collection of Charles I., in-

correctly, we believe, pronounced to be an original, the writer of the present account had the gratification of having submitted to his inspection, while thus engaged in recalling some of the leading features of his life and works. It represents him in extreme old age, dressed in his furred gown, with a white sleeve appearing from under it, and with the light velvet cap he is known to have worn. But a still finer portrait is that introduced into the splendid picture of the Marriage of Cana, by Paul Veronese, now in the select and admirable collection of Mr. Rogers. It has been thought not unworthy of mention that the apartment in the palace of Titian, stated to have been his painting-room, opens upon a southern aspect. Whether or not this be deserving the attention of artists, the merit of the pictures it contains by him and by others before the æra in which he flourished, can admit of no question; and cold indeed must be the spirit that in Titian's palace—in the very room in which he embodied his magnificent conceptions and power of colours—can fail to mark it as a proud event, a white day, in the artist's or the tourist's life.

Tiziano Vecellio, sprung from the family of the Vecelli —a name of some repute and antiquity—was born in the year 1477, at the little town of Cadore, on the confines of the Friuli. His father, whose name was Gregorio, procured for him, before the age of ten, his earliest instructions in that art by which he was to shed lustre on his country. He first studied under a native artist of Cadore, whose name, on the best authority*, is said to

* The Abate Gei of Cadore. Lanzi, vol. iii. pp. 101.

have been Antonio Rossi. Of this old master a few specimens yet remain, pronounced by critics to be inferior only to those of Giovanni Bellini and his more illustrious scholars, among whom Giorgione and Titian ranked at the head, before the latter, as is reported, became the pupil of his great contemporary.

Having imbibed, under the learned Giovanni Egnazio, a taste for letters as well as the arts, during his education at Cadore, he was subsequently placed under the direction of Sebastiano Zuccati, a mosaic painter of Trevisi, settled at Venice, whither he was permitted by his father to resort, about 1495; and where he is stated to have studied, first under Gentile Bellini*, and next under his brother Giovanni, the latter of whom stood high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. For some period Titian executed works in the yet cold and hard style of his master, from whose example, however, he acquired that diligence, close observation, and minute study of nature so perceptible even in his most splendid and mature productions, and which enable the critic to distinguish them from those of his illustrious contemporaries. Such at first was Titian's proficiency in this minute and studied style, as to induce him to try his skill in competition with Albert Durer; and he painted at Ferrara the Christ, to whom the Pharisee is seen in the act of offering the piece of coin†. He succeeded in surpassing the model he had in view, the whole being so exquisitely and highly wrought, that, in the words of Lanzi,

* Ridolfi and Felebien, Vies des Peintres. Trevoux, 1725.

† A painting now in the Dresden collection. Copies only are to be met with in Italy.

the very hairs of the head, the pores of the flesh, and the reflection of objects in the pupils of the eyes, may be seen and almost numbered;—all, too, without detracting from the general effect, which is not the case with the productions of Albert Durer, when placed at a distance. Titian, however, never repeated the experiment; but with the confidence of exalted genius soon burst through the shackles of early custom and those conventional rules imbibed under his first masters, to study nature in her real forms and highest attributes, to commune with her in the recesses of his own subtle and capacious mind. He had already commenced several altar-pieces for himself, in which he introduced a number of portraits of living persons, agreeably to the prevailing custom. Though younger than his fellow-pupil and rival Giorgione, he had now adopted a free and bold style of his own, before he so much devoted himself to the broader manner of that great master, and in 1507 he completed his picture of Tobias and the Angel, for the church of S. Marziale. To compete, as he now eagerly prepared, with the master-pieces of one whose fame had already gone widely abroad—extolled as the prince of Venetian painters—is an honourable proof of the rapid development of Titian's powers. A keen and well maintained competition ensued, and so closely did the young painter of Cadore tread upon his elder rival's steps, that his portraits in a short time were not to be distinguished by the best critics from those of Giorgione himself. What served to render this noble emulation more warm and declared, was the fact of Giorgione being one day highly applauded for a painting in fresco on the façade of the

Merchants Hall of the Germans, but really from the hand of Titian, while the other side nearest the Canal was the work of the former, who from this moment became so extremely jealous of Titian's growing reputation that he would no longer meet or receive him as usual at his house; although these two great men had studied together, and always evinced for each other the most cordial regard. Endowed, perhaps, with a loftier and more exuberant genius, Giorgione had taken the lead, and he now felt mortified, after having chalked out a new and splendid path in Venetian art, to be rivalled, if not surpassed, by the skilful and well-directed efforts of so young yet formidable a competitor, who seemed to possess an intuitive knowledge of the power and effect of colours. But this was not Titian's object . he would only have been an imitator, if not a mere plagiarist of his great contemporary; and he aspired to a yet higher fame than his. To have successfully rivalled an Albert Durer and a Giorgione could have brought him no lasting reputation; it formed part only of his own matured and enlarged education, previous to striking out for himself a purer and more perfect style, combining the truth of nature with the dignity of ideal grandeur and beauty, exhibited with a force and brilliancy of colouring in which he stands alone and unrivalled. Less broad and flowing than that of his great rival, but more pleasing and natural, it enchanted the beholder by its novel and striking representation of beautiful reality.

The reputation of Titian daily increasing as his new manner became better appreciated, he shortly obtained commissions from the republic upon a considerable scale.

Among these was the grand altar-piece for the church of the Frari, in which he introduced the figure of the Eternal Father, remarkable for its fine and majestic expression, while that of the Redeemer is seen in mature youth, seated upon a splendid throne, in the act of receiving his virgin mother. This was speedily followed by other noble specimens, both for public and private exhibition, in which equal dignity, elegance, and study of nature are conspicuously manifest, and which soon placed him at the head of the most splendid school in the world. The fame of Albert Durer's engravings now inspired Titian with the ambition of vindicating for his country that excellence in an art for which she had been early remarkable; and in 1508 he designed and executed on wood his Triumph of Faith, a work which astonished the public by its infinite variety of composition, and its bold clear style, surpassing even that of the Flemish artists.

Titian next repaired to Vicenza, on an invitation to decorate the Palace of Reason, in which he produced his Judgment of Solomon, a work which considerably added to his reputation by its superior grandeur and power of composition. Proceeding to Padua, he there painted for the school of San Antonio three histories relating to the life of that saint, with the figures as large as life. They surpassed all that had before appeared, although Campagnola and Contarini, men of considerable celebrity, were engaged with him in decorating the edifice. In a large space over the door of the sacristy he painted, in fresco, the miracle of the youth, who having had one of his feet severed from his body for some grievous offence, was again made whole by the patron saint. It is asserted by Ri-

dolfi that he here also painted his Triumph of Faith, engraved, as we have seen, some time before.

On his return to Venice, Titian decorated the façade of the Grimani palace, and completed a number of works left unfinished by Giorgione, who died, it is said, of a broken heart, on hearing of the seduction of his wife by Morto de Feltre, but by Vasari and other writers his death has been attributed to the plague. Amongst the chief of these was an historical painting of the Emperor Frederick I. at the feet of Pope Alexander III., in which Titian introduced a vast number of portraits of persons belonging to the court of the emperor, of the pope, and of the seignory of Venice, painted in the costume of various ages. About this period (1511) he is reported to have contracted a marriage with a Venetian lady named Lucia, by whom he is known to have had two sons and a daughter; but by most writers the marriage ceremony is not mentioned. When Francis I. returned from his expedition into Italy he passed through Venice, where he desired to be introduced to Titian, and sat for his portrait, though extremely anxious to hasten his arrival at Paris.

After completing the grand historical composition above mentioned, it is stated that an annual sum of 400 crowns was conferred on Titian by the senate. He then painted the portrait of the reigning doge, Leonardo Loredano; and from that period continued the custom with his successors until the election of the doge Lorenzo Priuli, who, in consideration of Titian's then advanced age, freed him from a state duty attended with the perquisite of only eight crowns. He next repaired to the court of Ferrara, where he completed, by desire of Al-

phonso I., the works left imperfect by Giovanni Bellini, who died in 1514. The most beautiful among these was the famous group of the Bacchanals; the same, we believe, which is now seen in the Villa Aldobrandina, at Rome. The landscape introduced into it is so extremely beautiful that Fresnoy, when at Rome, became anxious to obtain a copy, which he at length carried home with him to Paris, as the richest trophy of his tour. He also took the portraits of the duke and of his duchess Eleonora, besides that of the celebrated Ariosto, his acquaintance with whom ripened into a lasting friendship. The great poet is represented as large as life, dressed in a black velvet cloak splendidly ornamented, and in return the painter's name is celebrated in Ariosto's immortal poem, as

Tizian che onora
Non men Cador, che quei Venezia e Urbino.

Being in habits of familiar intercourse, Titian learnt that the poet was preparing to give his great work to the world, and he then painted a smaller portrait of him, which was engraved and placed in the frontispiece of his Orlando Furioso. In the time of Ridolfi, the first of these portraits was to be seen in the house of Nicolo Renieri, himself a celebrated painter.

In the year 1515 Titian returned to Venice, having obtained the esteem of some of his most distinguished contemporaries; and so much endeared himself to the duke, that in his visits to the republic he was in the habit of inviting Titian to return with him in his Bucentaur to Ferrara. During these visits we are informed

that he was often invited by Messer Ludovico Ariosto, who would read to him various passages of his divine poem before it was given to the world. It is asserted that the poet thus derived some valuable hints, which added to the beauty of his enchanting descriptions, and the charms of his Alcina and Angelica.

Besides the magnificent picture for the Pesaro family, painted in the grand church of the Frari, Titian undertook, by public commission, in 1523, the decoration of the grand hall of council. Among the subjects he there executed was that splendid and highly laboured representation of the great battle fought between the Venetians and the Imperialists; but it now exists only in the prints of Fontana. He had before been engaged to paint twelve portraits of the first Cæsars, eleven only of which are by his hand, although the whole have been erroneously attributed to him. A number of other works were executed for the same prince, and for his brother the cardinal, during his visit to the court of Mantua.

But Titian's great work, produced in the maturity of his powers, was the St. Peter Martyr, which formerly adorned the church of S. Giovanni and Paolo; a work, observes Algarotti, in which the greatest masters declared that they were unable to detect a shadow of defect. Fresnoy, however, is of opinion that his designs of men are not always correct, and that the drapery is too scanty; but that his women and boys, both in colour and design, are perfect. Mengs and Lanzi confirm the opinion of Fresnoy; and it is observed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that though his style is not so chaste as that of some other Italian schools, it exhibits a sort of senatorial

dignity, and that in portrait he was a consummate master.

In the year 1530, when the Emperor Charles V. was crowned by Clement VII. at Bologna, Titian was invited by Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici to be present at the ceremony. He was received with marked attention, and the emperor sat to him for his portrait, with which he was so highly gratified, that from that moment fortune as well as fame crowned the noble and unrivalled efforts of this indefatigable artist. All the chief personages assembled at the court vied with each other, at whatever price, in obtaining their portraits from the hand of Titian. When Charles, in 1532, arrived a second time in Bologna, he had again the honour of taking his portrait, and it was on this occasion that the emperor conferred on him the dignity of a count palatine. During his absence from Venice Pordenone had risen into high reputation, and ventured to compete with Titian in the church of S. Giovanni; but his genius, by popular consent, soon quailed before that of his mighty rival. Besides a number of works executed for different churches, and other portraits of the doges, Titian, in 1441, painted that of Don Diego di Mendoza, the celebrated Spanish writer and statesman, at that period ambassador from Charles V. at Venice. He is drawn standing, at full-length, with an air of peculiar dignity; and it is asserted by Vasari that this was the first occasion of introducing the whole person on the canvas. Nor was it only in portrait that Titian opened a nobler path and more extended field to his successors; he was equally a model to Parmegiano and others in the painting of his heads of infant angels,

women, and children, and especially in the beautiful and magnificent landscapes which embellished his historical compositions, deserving the best study of every artist.

About this period, being in more affluent circumstances, Titian began to enjoy more of the society of his numerous connexions and friends. Among the latter, the poet Aretino and Sansovino held a high place, and, by one of the artist's biographers, we are informed that their social meetings were not unfrequent, and that he was accustomed to give suppers to a select few. It is also stated that he made occasional excursions into the adjacent islands, where, attracted by the mingled charms of poetry, painting, and music, added to those of friendly intercourse, he would unbend his mind, and linger there for days.

Titian is said, indeed, to have owed to Aretino his first introduction to the Emperor Charles, to the Dukes of Mantua and of Urbino, and to the Cardinal de' Medici; and on one of these occasions it was, that, in passing through Parma, he is supposed to have seen the famous cupola of S. Giovanni, painted by Correggio, and, by his commendation, to have induced the canons of the cathedral farther to avail themselves of their great artist's talents, not till then duly appreciated.

In the autumn of 1545 Titian was invited by the Cardinal Farnese to Rome. To the wishes of the pope and the cardinal were added those of his friends Aretino and Quirini, and the desire he had long entertained of seeing that splendid and ancient capital. He was then in his sixtieth year, and was accompanied by his son Orazio, already an artist of high repute. He first went to Ur-

bino, where he painted the Venus, since placed in the Tribune of the Royal Florentine Gallery, taken from the portrait of the duke's mistress. He was thence accompanied to Pesaro by the duke, whose retinue attended him to Rome, where he was received with the highest honour. Magnificent apartments were assigned him by the Cardinal Farnese in the Palazzo Belvidere, and he was surrounded by persons of the first eminence, eager to gratify his curiosity by displaying the wonders of the eternal city. Vasari was in the train of those who accompanied him, and he relates, that one morning Michel Angelo and he visited him at the Belvidere, where they saw a beautiful figure, intended to represent Danäe with Jove transformed into a shower of gold; and, that being in the presence of Titian, they commended it. On their departure, however, speaking of Titian's composition, Bonaruoti bestowed much praise on his style and colouring, but added, that it was a pity the artists of Venice did not begin by studying design, and observe a better method in their studies;—that he had the noblest spirit, and a beautiful, animated manner; and had the art of design only a little more assisted one to whom Nature had been so lavish, Titian would indeed have attained perfection.

At Rome he again painted the portrait of the reigning pontiff, Paul III., a full-length figure, in which he seemed to surpass all he had before done. In a letter from Vasari, dated 1547, to his friend Varchi, there is the following passage:—"We have seen many instances of ocular deception in our own days, as in the portrait of Paul III., which being placed to dry on a terrace in the sun, those who suddenly came by and saw it, mistaking

it for the pontiff himself, made their obeisance to it*." As this assertion, however, is not repeated in Vasari's Lives, it may be doubted, as well as his criticism upon the Danäe and the *Ecce Homo*, painted and presented by Titian to the pope. But the decoration of the Farnese Palace was his chief object, where he is said to have produced that master-piece of Venus and Adonis, which called forth the plaudits of the great professors of the Roman school.

An anecdote is related of Titian's being conducted, while at Rome, to see the paintings in the apostolic palace, where some heads by Raphael had been partially defaced, and which Sebastiano del Piombo was commissioned to restore. This artist was himself pointing them out to Titian, who, on examining them, exclaimed as he turned to him, "Whose ignorant and presuming hand has thus dared to injure heads like these?" not aware at the moment that the culprit was so near him.

The extraordinary reputation maintained by Titian in the very field which abounded with the great masterpieces of Michel Angelo and Raphael alarmed the pride of the first artists, in particular of Perino del Vaga, then the ablest colourist at Rome. He imagined that the pontiff, by his munificence to the painter of the imperial court, must have intended him to decorate the Sala dei Re, for which he was himself preparing the stuccoes, and expecting the entire commission; and such an effect did this impression produce upon his sensitive mind, that he not only refused to visit Titian, but was so affected by the disappointment, that he shortly afterwards fell sick and died.

* Lettere Pittoriche, vol. i. p. 141.

Having completed his labours at Rome, Titian, in the May following, set out on his return to Venice by way of Florence, in which city he remained a few days. He visited Poggio a Cajano, where Cosmo de' Medici was then residing, whose portrait he would have painted, had not the Florentine, either from indifference or a wish to encourage native artists, declined to press the subject. Titian hastened on to Venice, where the warm welcome of his family and his friends, and numerous engagements with the Imperial court and the Venetian senate awaited him. In vain had the pope sought to prolong his residence at Rome, by offering him the bishoprick of Ceneda for his son, and other advantages; he had already amassed a sufficient fortune, and enjoyed a handsome income from the emperor and the seignory of Venice. Though in his seventieth year, he was in vigorous health, and still enthusiastically devoted to his art. When he was eighty years old he lost his old friend Aretino, and, thirteen years afterwards, Giacomo Sansovino, to whom he had been so long attached.

While his parents survived, Titian had been in the habit of paying regular visits to Cadore, and he always maintained the same mild and affectionate demeanour towards his sons, his brother, and other relatives. From the year 1530, when he visited the different courts of Italy, he was induced to live on a more liberal and extended scale, though without relinquishing his simple habits and his extreme attachment to his beloved art.

Besides the pleasant residence he possessed at San Canciano, he took another, with delightful orchards and gardens, situated in that part of Venice that overlooks

the isle of Murano, the most frequented of any during the summer months. There, and sometimes at the houses of Aretino and Sansovino, he was accustomed to sup with his friends, chiefly belonging to the academy; and these evenings passed agreeably away in pleasant discourse, or in learned and philosophical discussions. In the letters of Aretino and others, we are presented with abundant details respecting these social and learned conferences; of the individuals who composed them; the exquisite wines and viands they afforded, with the aid of distant friends, whose frequent presents were the best proof of the estimation in which they held the illustrious artist, and the terrible pen of Aretino and his companions. Of this a curious proof may be cited from Aretino's letters, showing the able manner in which he catered to the tastes of the select few.

TO FRIEND PIGNA NICCOLÒ—greeting.

"As I am well assured you are not a prince, and therefore not bound to forget your promises in the very hour they are made—to say nothing of days and weeks afterwards, I believe you will find in some corner of your memory that, when you sent me the great jar full of Ferrara *finocchi,* you observed—Pray eat them quickly with your friends, because I have more at home. This being so, it happens that Titian, Sansovino, and myself, after having relished the first, begin to feel our appetites return, and we long for the arrival of a second, with a budget of good news; and I can tell you our anxiety is little less than that of the good cardinals about the

Purple; I mean about the pope's life—as to when, like our beloved jar, it is likely to arrive at its journey's end.

From Venice, 11th November, 1541."

To Titian himself, whom he styles *compare,* or gossip, he writes—

"We are all eagerly expecting you to-night at supper. Sansovino will certainly be there, and also that gentleman who talks so much.

December, Venice, 1546."

### THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"A brace of pheasants, and I know not what else, are expecting you to supper this evening. There will also be the Signora Angiola Zaffetta and myself. So come, in order that by continually keeping ourselves alive, we may keep old age, that spy of old death, at a respectable distance. Come quickly therefore, and if Anichino like to lend you his company bring him; he will be most welcome.

December, Venice, 1547."

### TO MESSER ALESSANDRO, THE SCULPTOR.

"The pears you sent me from Vicenza are very fine and savoury; indeed, I think you show no less taste in making presents than you do in marble itself. You may believe that our grand Titian has eaten no less of mine than of his own; because it is well known that we almost continually sup together, as Sansovino well knows,

who is often with us, as you have seen, and praises your pears.

December, 1552."

TO MESSER PIGNA.

"Most gracious, pleasant, and excellent Messer Niccolò, it is the opinion of our Titian, the soul of colours—and of Sansovino, the breath of marbles—that it would be ungrateful in me alone to thank you for the present of the *finocchi* preserved in vinegar, and the *mostacciate* in spices. Both add the testimony of their keen appetite for such delicious food to that of my own, confessing that they owe you an obligation—rather over much than little.

Venice, Jan. 1552."

From the date, however, of this letter it would appear that the jar of fennel had been something more than ten years on its journey. We shall extract one more specimen from the letters of Titian's singular friend, and content ourselves with referring the more curious lover of anecdote to the work itself.

TO MESSER GIOVAN JACOPO DA ROMA.

"For the beautiful and excellent eating guinea-fowl, which the humane impulse of your real courtesy despatched to me hither from Padua, I thank you as many times as the noble bird had feathers in his tail and wings. I thank you more particularly, since it has afforded me the pleasure of treating with it the most beautiful, pleasing, and excellent-mannered lady of whom Cupid ever made boast in his court. Yes! the bird,

that if it do not surpass the peacock is little inferior, was served up to La Spadara Angela; while the ambassador of Mantua, my Lord Torquato Bembo, Sansovino and Titian, entertained the divine creature at table, and went away rejoicing in the fulness of the honour and of the feast. At every mouthful, both the lady and my guests bestowed blessings upon the giver . . . . and if only you, the model of gallant personages, had been present, as every one desired, the ornaments of the table would have been complete.

March, Venice, 1552."

We shall not attempt to follow Titian in his reputed tour into Germany, for the purpose of attending the court of Charles V. at Augsburg. It was on this occasion, while again painting the emperor's portrait, that the anecdote is related of his dropping his pencil, when the emperor stooped and picked it up, observing, "Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar." Nor can we stop to notice the traits of generosity and liberality attributed to him, when he had surmounted the difficulties of his profession—omitting no opportunity of obliging his former companions and friends. During the latter years of Charles V. Titian enjoyed much of his confidence, and is stated not to have returned from Augsburgh till the summer of 1548. In the two succeeding years he produced a great variety of works, both at Venice and other places; he subsequently took portraits of the Doges Trevisani and Venieri, and executed numerous commissions for Philip II., though he never, as erroneously stated, went into Spain.

When Henry III. of France passed through Venice, on his return from Poland, he went to visit Titian at his own house. Titian returned this high honour by entertaining several of the king's suite at his mansion, with a liberality becoming a noble of the empire, hitherto a rare occurrence in the lives of artists. While conversing with the king, and displaying his collection, with those pictures on which he was then engaged, he alluded with grateful emotion to the munificence of Charles V. and his successor. He then presented the king with several fine pictures, to mark, he said, his sense of the honour conferred upon him. There were, indeed, few distinguished personages of his times, in a succession of pontiffs, emperors, and princes, from whom Titian had not received marks of favour and regard. He was no less esteemed by his friends, among whom he counted some of the most distinguished literary characters of the period. Next to those already mentioned were Marcolini, Sperone Speroni, Pigna, Torquato Bembo, Lodovico Dolce; besides a number of learned and accomplished ladies; as Paola Sansovina, La Marcolina, Angiola Zaffetti, La Franceschini, La Violante. In the earlier portion of his protracted career he was intimate also not only with Ariosto, but with Casa, Navagero, Bernardo Tasso, Fracastoro, Geraldi Cintio, the celebrated novelist, and a crowd of other writers.

Fortunate in his life, crowned with honour and fulness of days, Titian died, aged 99 years, in 1576. Though carried off by an epidemic resembling the plague, public testimony was rendered to the brilliant genius and merit of such a man by the respect shown to his remains.

While he lived the senate had exempted him from a tax imposed upon all other citizens, and at his death he was excepted from the rule which denied the honours of burial to those who died of the plague. He was interred in the church of the Frari, for which more than one of his master-pieces had been produced.

In Ridolfi is contained an account of the proposed honours that were to have been bestowed on his obsequies by the entire body of Venetian artists, had not the calamitous state of the city prevented them. The insignia of his order were laid in his tomb, but no stone marked the spot where reposed the ashes of him who had conferred immortality on his name and country. At the distance of nearly half a century, the younger Palma erected a monument to the common fame of Titian, of his predecessor Giacomo Palma, and of himself. It is in the church of S. Giovanni and Paolo, and is inscribed thus:

TITIANO. VICELLIO.
JACOPO. PALMA. SENIORI. JUNIORIQUE.
AERE. PALMEO.
COMMUNI. GLORIA.
MDCXXI.

Few painters have lived who produced such a variety of works, and so admirably finished as Titian. His extended career, combined with extreme assiduity and despatch, enabled him to effect so much and so perfectly. Spain boasts many of his productions; Rome, Venice, and other Italian cities more; while France, Germany, and, in particular, England, are enriched with them.

Perhaps some of the most beautiful specimens are to be seen in the royal cabinet at Paris. Besides his numerous paintings, Titian is said to have left behind him many designs, particularly in landscape, beautifully sketched in ink. Nor was his genius less excellent in frescoes, and in those cartoons he produced for the workers in mosaic. He also made designs of many works for engraving upon wood; and when Cornelius Cort went to Venice in 1570, he was received by Titian into his house, by whom he was engaged some time to make engravings from his pictures and designs, and many of these plates are still met with.

# THE DOGANA.

> Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
> There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
> Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
> Or as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
> Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
> That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
> As they fly by them with their woven wings.
>
> MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THIS noble edifice was erected in the year 1682, after the designs of Giuseppe Benoni. Its front is adorned with a magnificent colonnade of marble pillars, and over these rises a small but beautiful tower, the summit of which supports a statue bearing a large golden globe, to represent the world. Above the sphere stands a figure of fortune, so placed as to turn with every change of the wind, and thus teach the moral most necessary to the frequenters of the Dogana. It is in this building that the customs are paid by foreign ships and on merchandize from abroad. A sort of council was early appointed to assemble here, and take cognizance of every thing pertaining to the commerce of the state; but the structure has lost much both of its importance and elegance; and though it is still a beautiful and striking object when observed from the sea, it owes its present interest principally to the connexion of its design with the earlier glory of the city.

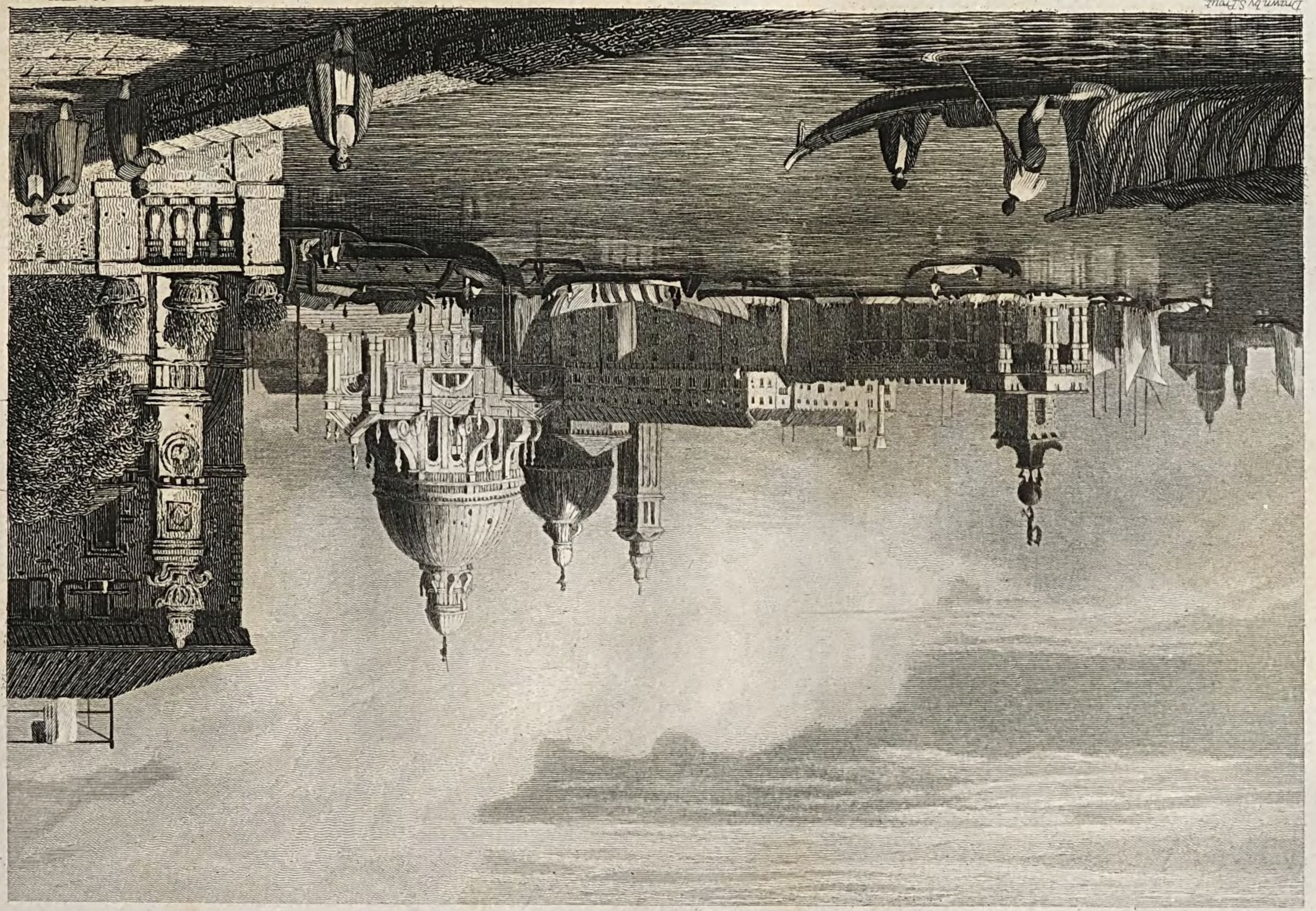
The commerce of Venice is invested with a traditional

Drawn by S.Prout.

Engraved by J.Harwood.

DOGANA, AND CHURCH OF S.M.DELLA SALUTE, VENICE.

Printed by Henry Sears & Co.



lustre, which renders its history as interesting to the imagination of the poet as to the mind of the philosophical politician. Trade, which in other states ministers only to the comfort or support of the people, poured a flood of wealth through every avenue of the Venetian republic. It was the magician which converted her humble cabins into palaces of marble—which awoke the minstrelsy of her light-hearted, festive population, and which fixed her standards on the towers of many a noble city and island, till they at last floated on the walls of Constantinople itself. Even the melancholy splendour which still surrounds the fallen Venice calls up visions of her commercial grandeur. The richest ornaments of her halls and temples were brought from lands which her merchants had rendered tributary. The genius of Titian was nursed into immortality by their luxurious taste; and his paintings, and those of Tintoret, Paul Veronese, and Giorgione, are as precious monuments to the memory of these traders.

It is not so much for a spirit of romantic enterprise as for the comprehensive ability of their designs, that the Venetian merchants deserve renown. They became acquainted with the sea and its storms from hard necessity. They passed an apprenticeship of centuries before they could anchor without fear in the ports of foreign lands; and when they had gained strength by an increase of wealth and the conquest of new territories, they retained the cautious and calculating prudence of their parsimonious forefathers. But by the mere extent of their transactions—by the enormous wealth which resulted from their ordinary profits, and the success which attended

their expeditions, begun in a spirit of the most dispassionate policy, they became a community which realized, in the magnificence of its habits, the pomp of its ceremonies, and the far-stretching influence of its sceptre, some of the most brilliant dreams of romance. In the fine lines of one of Italy's most classic tourists, familiar with each ancient spot as household words, and a poet whose genius seems to glow only the brighter with the flight of time,—

Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean-waves;
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north or south—where they that came,
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast metropolis, with glistering spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorn'd;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.
"And whence the talisman whereby she rose,
Towering? 'twas found there in the barren sea.
Want led to enterprise; and, far or near,
Who met not the Venetian?—now among
The Ægean isles, steering from port to port,
Landing and bartering; now, no stranger there,
In Cairo, or without the eastern gate,
Ere yet the cafila came, listening to hear
Its bells, approaching from the Red Sea coast;
Then on the Euxine, and that smaller sea
Of Asoph, in close converse with the Russ
And Tartar; on his lowly deck receiving
Pearls from the Persian Gulf, gems from Golcond;
Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love,
From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round,
When in the rich bazaar he saw, display'd,
Treasures from climes unknown, he asked and learnt,
And, travelling slowly upward, drew, ere long,

From the well-head, supplying all below,
Making the imperial city of the east,
Herself, his tributary.

ROGERS.

The traveller will find in these considerations a sufficient reason for regarding every quarter of Venice which reminds him of its former commerce with more than ordinary interest. It is hence that the Dogana comes in for its full share of respect in this city of merchants; and though it possess not so original a claim to notice as either the Rialto or the religious structures of Venice, it may give rise to recollections little less captivating. The means by which a number of mere fishermen, enjoying few or none of those advantages by which other communities have risen into notice, effected these objects, are well worthy of attention, and the history, consequently, of Venetian commerce has exercised the curiosity of many a talented antiquary. It is not the least surprising circumstance in the narrative, that their progress was made in the midst of domestic broils, and while they were exposed to the ferocious attacks of their piratical neighbours. In the middle of the tenth century, when they had acquired some degree of wealth and consideration, their situation may be learnt from the recital of an incident which still makes a figure in the chronicles of the republic.

It was the custom of the principal citizens at that period so to arrange their intended marriages, that several might take place at once. The time usually chosen for these public nuptials was some grand festival of the church, when the popular gaiety of the city and the

prayers of the faithful might combine with their own to hallow the happy ceremony. On the present occasion, the feast of the purification was appointed for the solemnization of the marriages, and on the eve of that day the intended brides repaired, according to custom, to the cathedral. A numerous band of the noblest and most beautiful of Venetian damsels accompanied them to the church, and before each was borne the casket of jewels, the rich vests, and other bridal presents, which they had received from their friends. But the city was scarcely hushed in repose, when a bark anchored close to the shore, and a body of corsairs from Trieste landed, and concealed themselves in the neighbourhood of the cathedral. With the first break of day, the city presented signs of the gay festival about to take place, and the sun had no sooner arisen than citizens of every rank and degree rushed to behold the highest born of their youth interchange their nuptial vows.

> It was St. Mary's eve, and all pour'd forth
> For some great festival. The fisher came
> From his green islet, bringing o'er the waves
> His wife and little one; the husbandman
> From the firm land; with many a friar and nun,
> And village-maiden, her first flight from home,
> Crowding the common ferry. All arrived;
> And in his straw the prisoner turn'd and listen'd,
> So great the stir in Venice. Old and young
> Throng'd her three hundred bridges; the grave Turk,
> Turban'd, long-vested, and the cozening Jew,
> In yellow hat and thread-bare gaberdine,
> Hurrying along.

The lovers were speedily ranged round the altar; parents and friends were preparing to give them their

final blessing, and the words of the priests were already mingling with those of the brides and bridegrooms, when suddenly a cry was heard at the door of the church; the gazing multitude fled in terror, and the pirates, with threatening aspects and naked swords, rushed up to the altar. The fathers and new-made husbands of the terrified girls, unprepared for such an interruption, were instantly dispersed; and the corsairs, seizing the damsels, with all their bridal treasures, bore them unopposed to their vessel. After the first stupor, which surprise and terror had occasioned, was over, the city resounded with clamour and lamentations:

> Now hadst thou seen along that crowded shore
> The matrons running wild, their festal dress
> A strange and moving contrast to their grief;
> And through the city, wander where thou wouldst,
> The men half arm'd and arming—every where
> As roused from slumber by the stirring trump;
> One with a shield, one with a casque and spear;
> One with an axe severing in two the chain
> Of some old pinnace. Not a raft, a plank,
> But on that day was drifting: in an hour
> Half Venice was afloat. But long before,
> Frantic with grief and scorning all control,
> The youths were gone in a light brigantine,
> Lying at anchor near the Arsenal;
> Each having sworn, and by the holy rood,
> To slay or to be slain.

The tumult at length reached the palace of the doge, Piero Candiano, who was distinguished for his courage, and the love he bore his people. No sooner, therefore, had he learnt the cause of the disturbance than he ordered some galleys to be manned, and putting himself at

the head of a band of the boldest sailors, he instantly set sail in pursuit of the pirates. The most fearful anxiety reigned through Venice when they saw him depart—but terror was speedily exchanged for the most vivid delight. After a rapid pursuit, the doge had come up with the corsairs on the coast of Friuli, and there giving them battle had cut them nearly all in pieces, and delivered the brides in perfect safety from their hands. An annual festival was instituted in commemoration of this event.

Thus were the brides
Lost and recover'd; and what now remain'd
But to give thanks? Twelve breast-plates and twelve crowns,
By the young victors to their patron saint
Vow'd in the field, inestimable gifts
Flaming with gems and gold, were in due time
Laid at his feet; and ever to preserve
The memory of a day so full of change,
From joy to grief, from grief to joy again,
Through many an age, as oft as it came round
'T was held religiously. The doge resign'd
His crimson for pure ermine, visiting
At earliest dawn St. Mary's silver shrine;
And through the city, in a stately barge
Of gold, were borne with songs and symphonies
Twelve ladies, young and noble. Clad they were
In bridal white with bridal ornaments,
Each in her glittering veil; and on the deck,
As on a burnish'd throne, they glided by;
No window or balcony but adorn'd
With hangings of rich texture, not a roof
But cover'd with beholders, and the air
Vocal with joy.

Nothing can better prove the condition in which Venice must have long continued, when such a hardy

attempt could be made by a handful of men, and nearly carried to a successful termination.

Nor are there wanting numerous incidents to prove, how fierce and turbulent a spirit ruled at Venice, while in all that regarded the increase of its wealth and commerce, the people were distinguished above every other in the world for prudence, regularity, and forbearance. Candiano the Fourth was the son of the third doge of that name, and his youth was disgraced by the most atrocious profligacy and violence. To the admonitions of his father he opposed the menaces and the swords of a desperate band of freebooting companions; and so intolerable at length became his conduct, that the people rose, and having seized him were about to inflict the summary punishment of death. From this danger, however, he was delivered by the entreaties of his father, and was sent into banishment; but even in his exile he continued to threaten his friends and countrymen with destruction. Providing himself with a vessel, he attacked every Venetian ship which came in his way, and his career as a pirate only ceased when his father died of a broken heart, occasioned by shame at the deeds of his son. "But how strange is the uncertainty of human passions," exclaims M. Daru; "this pirate, this madman, this exile, who they had sworn should never return, was the candidate who, in the election for doge, was called by their suffrages to the throne. Three hundred barks were sent to Ravenna to bring him home, and his return to Venice was a triumph."

A very short period, however, had passed before the new prince manifested all his former dispositions; and

while he made advantageous treaties, and increased the commercial relations and importance of Venice, his conduct was marked by a rude, barbaric fierceness. He repudiated his wife, and forced both her and his son to embrace a monastic life. He then married the granddaughter of the King of Lombardy, introduced a guard into his palace, which no previous doge had done, and prepared to wage war with states which the citizens regarded as their friends and allies. No remedy appears to have been thought of by the Venetians but that of opposing violence to tyranny. Rising in a mass, they proceeded towards the palace, but finding it too strongly defended for their force, they set fire to the buildings which surrounded it. Three hundred houses, it is said, together with the church of St. Mark, and other public buildings, were soon in flames. Thus enveloped in the midst of a burning city, the palace could not long escape, and the populace waited at every little avenue which the conflagration offered, to seize their prey. At length the palace was in flames, and the doge was seen hurrying from one side to the other with an infant son in his arms, vainly seeking an unguarded opening. No other chance was left him but that of moving the people to pity. As the flames, therefore, pressed fast upon him, he threw himself, with his child, at the feet of the foremost, and both were instantly torn limb from limb by the unrelenting multitude.

This is but a single specimen of the scenes amid which Venetian commerce effected its early triumphs; nor does its later history present a less tumultuous aspect. Through every age we see the same strange contrast in the cha-

racter of the people, as they were merchants and citizens; the one exhibiting, as we have before observed, all the marks of the coldest and most calculating disposition; the other, a fury and turbulence which have not been surpassed by the most licentious republics.

The trade of Venice flourished in its greatest vigour during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. Navigation had, to the end of that period, made none of those vast discoveries by which human courage itself became endowed with new and mightier attributes. The advantageous situation of the city, and the experience which its inhabitants had acquired on the neighbouring seas, thus secured them a natural pre-eminence in the commercial transactions of Europe. The most necessary, as well as the most useful, productions of Asia necessarily passed through their hands. By the admirable political skill which they employed through the whole course of the crusades, they not only rendered their alliance necessary to the proudest monarchs of Europe, but filled their treasury with riches, and their ports with vessels and seamen unequalled in the world. When the empire of the East fell under its numerous enemies, Venice was the first in the field to secure and demand the richest portion of the spoil; and on that occasion the actions of her people, under the blind old Dandolo, were not surpassed in splendour or heroism by the proudest knights of England or France.

But the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and the successive improvements in navigation, deprived her of the superiority she enjoyed over

other maritime states. Her commerce from that period gradually declined, and with the loss of wealth and the spring of popular activity and enterprise, she lost the only power which had enabled her to grow into grandeur, and continue great amid domestic broils, and under a government essentially tyrannical.

Connected with views of the Dogano da Mare: "I love," says an old traveller, "to contemplate, as I float along, that multitude of palaces and churches, which are congregated and pressed as on a vast raft." "But who can forget his walk through the Merceria, where the nightingales give you their melody from shop to shop, so that, shutting your eyes, you would think yourself in some forest glade, when, indeed, you are all the while in the middle of the sea. Who can forget his prospect from the grand tower, which once, when gilt, and when the sun struck upon it, was to be descried by ships afar off? or his visit to St. Mark's church, where you see nothing, tread on nothing, but what is precious? Yet all this will presently pass away; the waters will close over it; and they that come row about in vain to ascertain exactly where it stood."

*Drawn by S Prout.* *Engraved by R Wallis*

THE RIALTO, VENICE.

Printed by Penner Sears & Co

# THE RIALTO.

There is a glorious city in the sea;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

ROGERS.

A THOUSAND grand remembrances and splendid visions of the past await us on the old Rialto. It was from the island of the Rialto that queenly Venice first raised her yet undiademed head; and it is on the bridge of the Rialto that she seems to have laid aside her glory, and sits deserted amid her palaces. Like the daughter of Zidon in ancient days, the harvest of the river was her revenue. She was the "crowning city," and her traffickers were the honourable of the earth. Like her, too, she has lost the girdle of her strength, and become forgotten among the nations of which she was the heart and the treasury.

There is no spot, on which the European traveller can rest his foot, more fruitful in the most interesting of historical associations than the noble bridge we are contemplating; and both the simple beauty of its broad span, the magnificent line of marble palaces which adorn the canal over which it is thrown, and its antiquity, render it in picturesque effect, and moral and romantic interest, one of the grandest monuments of past ages.

The oldest chronicles of the country ascribe the origin

of the Venetian states to the exiled inhabitants of the neighbouring lands, whom the ravages of the Gothic barbarians drove in terror from their homes. In those days of darkness and lawless violence, the rocky fastness, the marshy plain, or the low uncultivated island, was the only safe retreat of the few and the weak; and the small spots of land, which were seen just rising above the salt lagunes of the Adriatic coast, offered, in the third and fourth centuries, the securest asylum that could be found in Italy. In one of the green and oozy islands, therefore, of that little nest of cyclades, a few exiles from the Roman states raised some rude cabins, and supported themselves by fishing and by occasional barter with the neighbouring people. By degrees, the other islands became covered with huts, and the little community enjoyed a considerable degree of comfort and tranquillity. But the inhabitants were as yet unprovided with any place for religious worship; and it seemed as if they had almost forgotten the faith of their fathers, and the holy rites they had practised in the land whence they had fled. Year after year passed away in this manner, when they were suddenly roused from their indifference by an awful calamity. "By the will of God," says an old chronicler, "a fire broke out in the Rialto," or the Rivoalto, as it was then called. It began in the house of a master of a ship, and having speedily reduced this building to ashes, it seized on the adjacent ones, when the wind rushing from every quarter with great violence, the whole cluster of islands was covered with a dense mass of fiery vapour. In vain did the terrified Venetians exert their strength against the fury of the storm and

the flames. The fire rose triumphantly above the ruins of their houses, and seemed to take the form of a destroying angel, riding in scornful magnificence over the waste. It was then that, as if by sudden inspiration, one of the multitude who stood trembling at the spectacle raised his hands to heaven, and exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Father of heaven and of the revolving stars! thou great Creator, to whose empire all things are subject! restrain the madness of this fire; command these flames that they may no longer rage! We have sinned in not having had respect to thy holy church: pardon thy humble suppliants!—Neither water nor the strength of man any longer avails us, for the wind and the fire still increase, conspiring to our destruction. Save us, then, ere we be driven wanderers again from the place of our refuge!—Deliver us, and we swear to build a temple for thy holy worship!"

This prayer and vow were repeated by the rest of the assembly;—sobs and expressions of wild despair accompanying their words. But scarcely had devotion thus revisited the hearts of the Venetians, when the wind all at once ceased, the flames rose with less fierceness, the gloomy volumes of smoke, which seemed twisted like monstrous fetters about the clouds, dispersed, and the thick, sulphury air melted into copious showers of rain. The conflagration was thus subdued, and the grateful people fulfilled their vow by building the church of St. James, the first religious structure of which Venice could boast.

After this event, the Rialto and the other islands rapidly increased in populousness, and the inhabitants

are described by cotemporary witnesses as the most secure and contented of mankind. The famous Cassiodorus, who lived in the early part of the sixth century, and was the minister of the emperor Theodoric, wrote an epistle to the little republic, in which he enumerates the advantages of their situation, and gives them directions for their future conduct. "Consisting partly of islands and partly of the main land, their territory," says he, "is formed more by human art and industry than by the hand of nature. They have a soil which is always abundant—the waters, namely, which are full of fish. The poor and the rich there live on equal terms; the same food and the same humble habitations serving for all. No one, therefore, can envy another; and by avoiding this vice they escape all those sources of discord which disturb the rest of the world. Their whole care consists in working the salt-pits which provide them with the means of obtaining some commodities of life from their neighbours. Every one is thus kept industrious; for though there may be persons in other countries who care not to labour for gold, there is no one in these islands that neglects to seek for salt." "Be careful, therefore," continues the prefect, "to preserve your present enviable condition; protect yourselves within the fortifications with which nature has provided you, as certain animals within their shells, and be always ready with your vessels for whatever service the emperor may require assistance."

Other testimonies of a similar kind remain to illustrate the ancient frugality and simple manners of the Venetians. No people were more laborious, and none more

careful and parsimonious in treasuring up the small revenues they possessed. They bore heat and cold with equal indifference, fed on the coarsest fare, and, despising every kind of ornament, clothed themselves in the meanest kind of raiment. But, frugal and careful as they were, neither avarice nor usury had yet appeared among them, and the golden age, it is said, would have again visited and been the lot of the humble islanders, had it not been for the anarchy and envy of other states. The coast of Italy was every where infested with numerous corsairs, some of whom were private adventurers, and others belonging to the petty marine towns, which were principally supported by their marauding expeditions. From these lawless wanderers the Venetians suffered severely, being sometimes attacked by them in their houses, and at others losing their vessels, freighted with their humble merchandise, in which the wealth of their republic consisted.

But notwithstanding this drawback to their felicity, the infant state continued to increase in strength, and the virtue and devotion of the people kept pace with the growth of the republic. Religion, it is reported, had become, since the fire in the Rialto, a distinguishing trait in the Venetian character, and the reason alleged to account for this circumstance, is the danger to which the principal men of the state were exposed by the attacks of the corsairs. Not a bark could traverse the lagunes without the crew's being in peril of a bloody engagement with the pirates. The service of the sea, therefore, and it was that to which most of this merchant-people were devoted, was one of extreme hazard. It was sel-

dom, consequently, that a vessel set sail, before the whole of the crew had put up solemn prayers in the church for a safe voyage, and when they were departed, the parents, wives, and other relatives of the sailors would be seen pressing round the altars, and offering vows for the safe return of their friends.

The affairs of the republic continued in this state till the time of Pepin, when that ambitious monarch turned his attention to the Venetian islands, and a desperate conflict took place, in which great numbers of the inhabitants were destroyed, and the islands desolated. But the courage and resolution of the people prevailed. The king, in endeavouring to gain the Rialto, after losing his fleet and several hundreds of his bravest soldiers, was at length obliged to retreat. The country, however, after this event presented a miserable prospect to the afflicted Venetians; they were surrounded by a melancholy waste instead of the numerous houses which rose as monuments of their industry, and the sea threatened soon to regain its ancient domain, and cover the islands and every mark of human labour with its waves. The only spot which had escaped the effects of the invasion was the Rialto; thither, therefore, the remnant of the people repaired, and as soon as they were recovered from their panic they began to examine what resources they still possessed. It was soon finally determined that the Rialto should be the seat of government, and that for the present the whole strength of the people should be employed in constructing edifices for their residence there, and in rendering it fit to be the centre and citadel of the Venetian republic.

The industry and frugal habits of the people enabled them rapidly to overcome their late disasters—the Rialto was shortly crowded with houses and a flourishing population. A bridge was then built over the lagune which divided it from the opposite island, and though at first only of wood, was destined to be one of the most celebrated in the world. The inhabitants in a short time became too numerous for the Rialto, and the city, for Venice then began to assume that form, gradually spread into the rest of the islands. In this early period of its history the government was strictly popular; twelve magistrates, chosen from the same number of the principal tribes, constituting the executive part of the republic. About the year 697 the Commonwealth was greatly disturbed by the divisions of its rulers, and to add stability to the constitution, a chief magistrate was chosen under the title of doge, whose office possessed all the characteristics of sovereignty, and was to continue for life. Subsequent revolutions diminished the authority of these princes, but towards the end of the tenth century, the doge, Peter Urseolo the Second, an extraordinary man for his age, gave a new turn to the affairs of Venice, and has been honoured as the founder of its glory and riches. Extending the views of his countrymen, he taught them to look for wealth from wider enterprises than they had hitherto ventured to undertake; to estimate aright the advantages of their situation, and establish their government by alterations adapted to the present wants of the republic on a more solid foundation than that on which it now stood.

The advice of Urseolo was followed, and many a sub-

sequent age remembered and acted upon the sage counsel he had offered. Venice from that early period presented signs of her future greatness, and commerce might be seen rising from her lagunes crowned with wealth and victory.

The present bridge of the Rialto was commenced in the year 1588, and completed in 1591;—Pasquale Cicogna, whose arms appear in the centre of the arch, being then doge of Venice. The design has been attributed by Vasari to Michel Angelo; and his assertion is supported by other authorities, although Michel Angelo died upwards of twenty years before the completion of the bridge. According to Vasari the design was made at the request of Andrea Gritti, at that time doge of Venice. Many, indeed almost all the great architects of Italy, appear to have furnished designs for this celebrated bridge. The genius of Palladio and Scamozzi was exerted upon it, and Sansovino is said to have presented a design to the Venetians, which was prevented from being carried into execution by a war between the republic and the Turk. Sansovino, however, was the architect of the building or exchange adjoining the bridge of the Rialto, known by the name of the Fabbriche Nuove.

Besides the historical recollections attaching to the old Rialto, it is known to have been the scene of many a strange and tragic event—many an act of appalling vengeance for private injury or hate. Hence has it offered so fertile a field of incidents for the genius of the dramatist, the novelist, and the poet; and not only to its own but to almost every European people. The most remarkable of these, like the plots of Othello, the Merchant of Venice,

Venice Preserved, and many of those in our old dramatists, are already familiar to us; but the following incident, of a wholly domestic character, has, we believe, never yet been appropriated to scenic representation, though presenting abundant sources of interest.

The beautiful and accomplished wife of Antonio de' Ricci had long resisted the dishonourable proposals of a rich and powerful noble, allied to the family of the reigning doge. Accidentally discovering the seducer's designs, and his ceaseless importunities, the lady's husband being known to many of their common friends, publicly charged the tempter of her honour with his base and unmanly perseverance in such a pursuit. Relying on his rank and influence, the patrician, in place of offering the least apology, declared before the assembled merchants, on the Rialto, that whether agreeable or not, he was determined to persevere until he had carried his point; it was an affair between the lady and himself. This reply stung Antonio to the quick, and drawing his sword swift as lightning, he flew on his enemy and laid him dead at his feet. He then effected his escape; but a reward was offered for his head; and such were the misfortunes that befel his wife and family as to reduce them to the last stage of destitution. Learning their extreme misery, and determined to afford them relief, the father and the husband secretly returned to Venice, and accompanied by his wife, two daughters, and his young son, delivered himself up bound to the officers of justice, claiming at the same time from the Council of Ten the sum due to those who brought him there, alive or dead. "That," he exclaimed, "is now due to this woman and her daugh-

ters." Their tears and cries, however, too truly evinced the kind of interest they took in the prisoner; and so struck were the members of the council with the boldness and magnanimity of the action, that turning to Antonio, after hearing his tale of wrongs and sufferings endured from his powerful rival, they recalled the edict against his life, and restored him to his family and his friends.

In the year 1587, a stranger suddenly appeared in Venice, and addressing a noble on the Rialto, inquired if he wished to view an admirable collection of paintings. He went; and after admiring them for some time, happened to cast his eyes over the chamber-door, where hung a portrait of the stranger: he gazed on it. "This is your portrait, sir," said the noble. The other signified his assent. "Yet," exclaimed the noble with surprise, "you look only about fifty! this picture is known to be Titian's hand, who died a hundred and fifty years ago. Good God! how strange!—who are you?—is it possible?" "It is not easy to know what is possible, or who I am," replied the mysterious being gravely: "it is no crime to resemble Titian's picture."

The noble retired; but was haunted with the idea of the stranger. He went next day, and was told he had taken his departure.

*Drawn by S. Prout.*

*Engraved by R. Wallis.*

MOCENIGO PALACE VENICE.

Printed by Fenner Sears & Co

# LORD BYRON'S PALACE.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but beauty still is here.
States fall—arts fade—but nature doth not die.
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth; the masque of Italy.

CHILDE HAROLD.

THE opposite page presents a view of the palace occupied by Lord Byron during his residence in Venice.

When, after his unfortunate marriage, and the destruction of those hopes which he at one period entertained of becoming, under the mild influence of a virtuous and sensible woman, a better and a happier man, Lord Byron once more left England in search of that peace of mind, which was destined never to be his, Venice naturally occurred to him as a place where, for a time at least, he should find a suitable residence. He had, in his own language, "loved it from his boyhood;" and there was a poetry connected with its situation, its habits, and its history, which excited both his imagination and his curiosity. At the same time the melancholy with which his heart was filled was soothed and cherished by the associations which every object in Venice inspired. The prospect of dominion subdued, of a high spirit humbled, of splendour tarnished, of palaces

sinking into ruins, was but too faithfully in accordance with the dark and mournful mind which the poet bore within him. Nor were other motives, of a nature wholly different, wanting to draw him to Venice. He still imagined that he could find gratification in that which he called pleasure; and that the false lights of dissipation, and the broad glare of passion, could waken life and light in the cold solitude of his wasted and desolate heart. But he was mistaken. His residence at Venice was far from contributing to his happiness. It brought out the worst parts of his character. The society of the place stimulated his vanity and egotism, while its pleasures roused and kept awake this spirit of dissipation. He expressed to Captain Medwin, in strong language, the painful remembrances to which his Venetian residence gave rise. "I asked him about Venice. 'Venice!' said he, 'I detest every recollection of the place, the people, and my pursuits. I there mixed again in society, trod again the old round of conversaziones, balls, and concerts; was every night at the opera, a constant frequenter of the Ridotto during the carnival, and, in short, entered into all the dissipation of that luxurious place. Every thing in a Venetian life, its gondolas, its effeminating indolence, its siroccos, tend to enervate the mind and body. My rides were a resource and stimulus, but the deep sands of Lido broke my horses down, and I got tired of that monotonous sea-shore. To be sure I passed the Villegiatura on the Brenta. I wrote little at Venice, and was forced into the search of pleasure—an employment I was soon jaded with the pursuit of.'"

Of the dissipations of Lord Byron's Venetian life some

anecdotes are preserved by Captain Medwin. It was here his lordship's misfortune to form an acquaintance with "the most troublesome shrew and termagant he ever met with." The lady insisted on taking up her residence at his lordship's palace, a proposal to which he gave little encouragement. Upon one occasion, while his lordship was at dinner, she forced her way into the room, and snatching a knife from the table, threatened to stab herself, if he did not consent to her remaining. Finding her menace disregarded, she ran into the balcony and threw herself into the canal, whence she was rescued by a gondola uninjured. The Venetians, of course, imagined that Lord Byron had thrown her into the canal. During his residence at Venice his lordship had the imprudence to serenade an unmarried lady. "I had been one night under her window serenading, and the next morning, who should be announced, at the same time, but a priest and a police officer, come, as I thought, either to shoot or marry me again, I did not care which. I was disgusted and tired with the life I led at Venice, and was glad to turn my back on it."

The pursuits of Lord Byron in Venice were very different from those so eloquently described by Mr. Shelley, as forming his own pleasures, while resident in that city.

> If I had been an unconnected man,
> I from this moment should have formed the plan
> Never to leave fair Venice; for to me
> It was delight to ride by the lone sea;
> And then the town is silent; one may write
> Or read in gondolas by day or night,
> Having the little brazen lamp alight,

Unseen, uninterrupted: books are there,
Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair
Which were twin-born with poetry; and all
We seek in towns, with little to recal
Regrets for the green country; I might sit
In Maddalo's great palace.

During his visit to Venice, Lord Byron performed one of those aquatic feats in which he appears to have so greatly prided himself. "When I was at Venice," he said to Mr. Medwin, "there was an Italian who knew no more of swimming than a camel, but he had heard of my prowess in the Dardanelles, and challenged me. Not wishing that any foreigner, at least, should beat me at my own arms, I consented to engage in the contest. Alexander Scott proposed to be of the party, and we started from Lido. Our land-lubber was very soon in the rear, and Scott saw him make for a gondola. He rested himself, first against one and then against another, and gave in before we got half way to St. Mark's Place. We saw no more of him, but continued our course through the grand canal, landing at my palace stairs. The water of the lagunes is dull, and not very clear or agreeable to bathe in."

The Countess Albrizzi, in her character of Lord Byron, has mentioned another incident of the same kind. "He was seen, on leaving a palace situated on the grand canal, instead of entering into his gondola, to throw himself, with his clothes on, into the water, and swim to his house. On the following day, in order to avoid the risk he had on the former evening run, of being hurt by the numerous oars of the gondoliers, who, in their swift barks, were conveying home their masters, as one impa-

tient of every obstacle, he was seen swimming across the same canal with his right arm, and holding, raised in his left hand, a small lamp, with which to illumine his way. At the view of so strange a wanderer, it is not possible to describe what was the astonishment of the peaceable gondoliers, who, stretched along the decks of their barks, waited, singing the beautiful verses of Erminia and Biondina, until the watchful cock should salute the morn, the hour at which the night-wandering Venetian ladies are wont to betake themselves to their homes in summer."

Ravenna appears to have afforded Lord Byron his happiest and most tranquil residence in Italy. "I found," he says, "at Ravenna much education and liberality of thinking among the higher classes. The climate is delightful. I was unbroken in upon by society. It lies out of the way of travellers. I was never tired of my rides in the pine forest; it breathes of the Decameron; it is poetical ground. Francesca lived and Dante was exiled and died at Ravenna. There is something inspiring in such an air." He has also recorded in his verse his attachment to these scenes.

> Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
> Of the pine forests, and the silent shore
> Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
> Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
> To where the last Cæsarian fortress stood,
> Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
> And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
> How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!
> The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
> Making their summer-lives one ceaseless song,
> Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
> And vesper-bells that rose the boughs among.

The Countess Albrizzi, who became acquainted with Lord Byron during his residence at Venice, has given, in her character of his lordship, a few details of the mode in which he passed his time while he remained in that city. Amongst his peculiar habits was that of never showing himself on foot. "He was never seen to walk through the streets of Venice, nor along the pleasant banks of the Brenta, where he spent some weeks of the summer; and there are some who assert, that he has never seen, excepting from a window, the wonders of the Piazza di San Marco, so powerful in him was the desire of not showing himself to be deformed in any part of his person. I, however," continues the countess, "believe that he often gazed on those wonders, but in the late and solitary hour, when the stupendous edifices which surrounded him, illuminated by the soft and placid light of the moon, appeared a thousand times more lovely."

"During an entire winter he went out every morning alone, to row himself to the island of the Armenians (a small island distant from Venice about half a league), to enjoy the society of those learned and hospitable monks, and to learn their difficult language; and in the evening entering again into his gondola, he went, but only for a couple of hours, into society.—A second winter, whenever the water of the Lago was violently agitated, he was observed to cross it, and landing on the nearest terra firma, to tire at least two horses with riding."

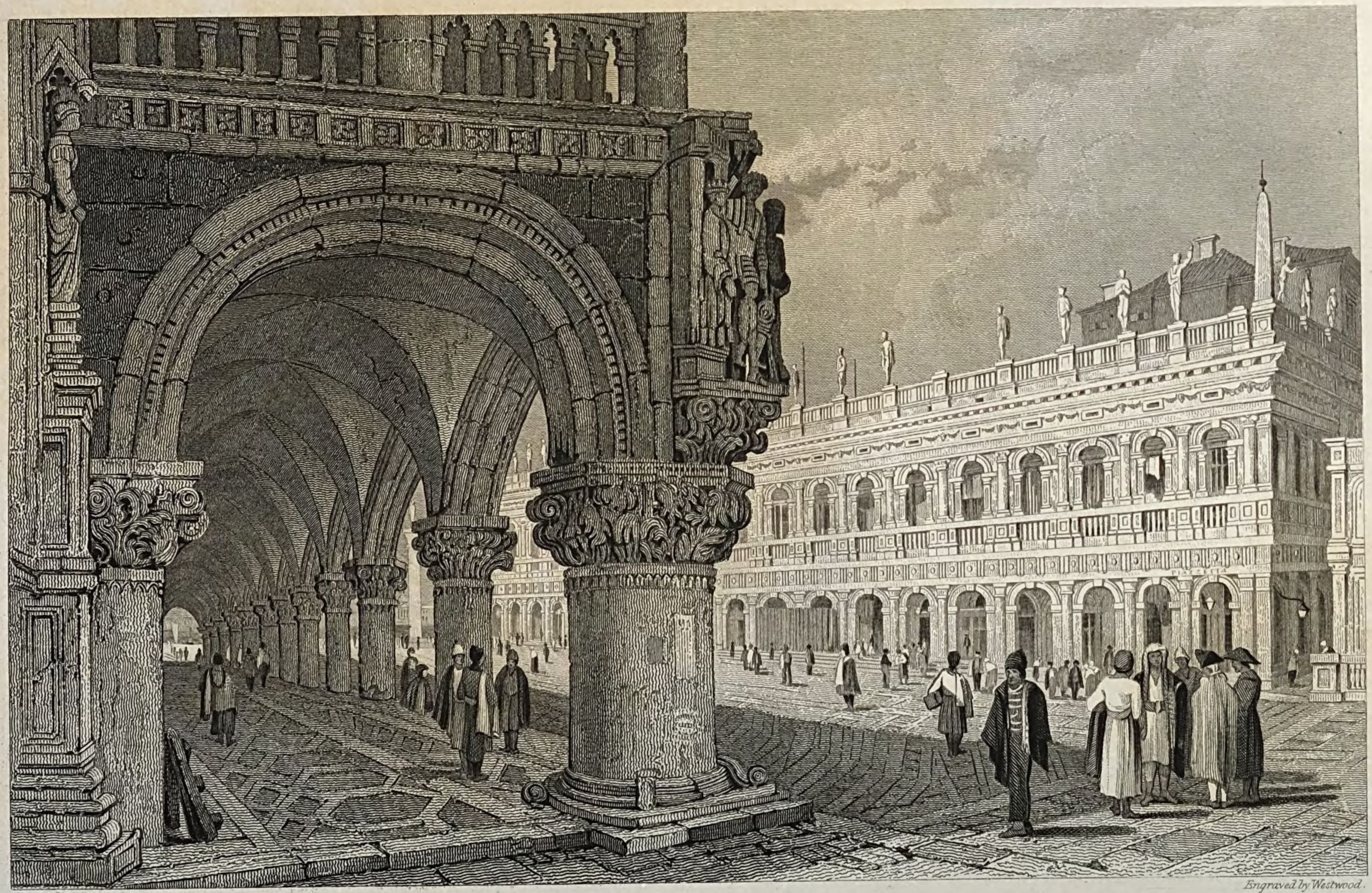
During the summer Lord Byron enjoyed the exercise of riding in the evening. "No sunsets," said he, "are to be compared with those of Venice—they are too gorgeous for any painter, and defy any poet.—My rides,

indeed, would have been nothing without the Venetian sunsets."

Those painful feelings of regret with which Lord Byron looked back upon his residence at Venice, attended, in some degree, every retrospect of his life. He had doomed himself to the most unhappy of all pursuits—that of pleasure—falsely so called. With a spirit capable of appreciating those high and exquisite gratifications which follow upon pure and noble designs; with a genius fitted to carry those designs into honourable execution, and with a thousand generous qualities of heart to adorn and illustrate the splendid exertions of his intellect, the life of Lord Byron might well have won for him the admiration, the respect, and the affection of the world. Had he dedicated to the service of others the genius which he lavished on the shrine of his own false fame, had he looked for happiness where it is alone to be found, not in the vanity of sensual pleasures, not in the race of personal ambition, but in the pursuit of those lofty duties which, while they elevate the character, fill and satisfy the heart, how widely different would have been his feelings! Shame for mispent time, and regret for misapplied powers, filled with bitterness a heart which a sense of no other ambition would have awakened to the purest pleasures.

But, unfortunately, the ambition of Lord Byron was entirely personal.—His poetry, his letters, his conversations, are filled with multiplied images of himself. In his most momentous as well as in his most trifling actions, in parliament and in the drawing-room, there was the same consciousness of personal display, the same sensi-

tive feeling of personal impression. In speaking to his confidential friends on the subject of his first speech in parliament, all his anxiety seems to have been expended on the impression of his own powers which that speech conveyed; not a word, not a thought is wasted on the suffering artisans whose interests were connected with it. In society the perpetual consciousness of his personal appearance haunted him and influenced every movement; while even in that most momentous step of his whole life—his unhappy marriage—the overwhelming idea of self was still predominant. It is only by the abandonment of every such weak, and vain, and unworthy feeling, by mortifying and subduing the falsely selfish principle, that a truly ambitious man will hope to gratify his pride, exalted in the exaltation of those whom his hand has contributed to raise, and happy in the happiness which he himself has created.



*Drawn by S Prout.*

*Engraved by Westwood.*

THE PIAZZETTA, VENICE.

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# THE PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO.

> Did you know the rare beauty of this virgin city, you would quickly make love to her, and change your Royal Exchange for the Rialto, and your Gray's-Inn Walks for St. Mark's Place.
>
> HOWELL'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.

THE Piazza di San Marco, containing within its limits the most magnificent and striking edifices in Venice, presents, both to the mind and to the eye of the traveller, a picture of no common interest. It forms an oblong rectangle, surrounded on three sides by buildings exhibiting the most varied styles of architecture. On the south side stand the Procuratorie Nuove, commenced in 1583, from the designs of Sansovino, and completed under the directions of Scamozzi and other architects in the year 1682. The Procuratorie were originally erected for the accommodation of the procurators of St. Mark, but were converted by the French into a palace for the Viceroy of Italy, and are still used by the Austrians as apartments of state when the emperor visits Venice. On the north side of the square, opposite to the Procuratorie Nuove, stand the Procuratorie Vecchie, a range of buildings erected about the year 1500. The east side is filled with the Church of St. Mark, and on the west formerly stood the Church of St. Geminiani; but as that edifice interrupted the range of arcades which extended along the north and south sides of the piazza, it was removed

by the French, who constructed in its place the grand staircase of the palace, and continued the arcades along the west side of the square.

The most striking point of view from which to examine the architectural wonders of St. Mark's Place is the eastern end of the square, whence, in addition to the edifices which surround the piazza, the eye catches, in the adjoining piazzetta, the Ducal Palace and the Library of St. Mark, one of the most celebrated labours of Sansovino, and of which a faithful representation is given in the present volume. Passing a few paces onwards towards the columns of the piazzetta, the traveller obtains a view of the Church of S. Georgio Maggiore, one of the master efforts of Palladio.

In traversing the area of the Piazza di San Marco, the mind of the stranger is almost confounded with the varied recollections which it presents. The centre of an imperious republic—the great mart of Europe for so many centuries—the inner shrine of the temple of pleasure—the scene of many a dark intrigue, and of many a deed of blood and violence—in every point of view it offers associations more striking than any other city of Christendom can afford.

> The sea, that emblem of uncertainty,
> Changed not so fast for many and many an age
> As this small spot. To-day 't was full of masks,
> And lo! the madness of the carnival,
> The monk, the nun, the holy legate, masked.
> To-morrow came the scaffold and the wheel;
> And he died there by torch-light, bound and gagg'd,
> Whose name and crime they knew not.

When Venice was the principal mart of the civilized world, the Place of St. Mark was celebrated for the singularity of the scene which it presented in the varied assemblage of persons from every quarter of the globe. "There," says Coryate, "you may see many Polonians, Slavonians, Persians, Grecians, Turks, Jews, Christians of all the famousest regions of Christendom, and each nation distinguished from another by their proper and peculiar habits—a singular show, and by many degrees the worthiest of all the European countries." Evelyn, also, was struck with the same spectacle. "Nor was I less surprised with the strange variety of the several nations which were seen every day in the streets and piazzas — Jews, Turks, Armenians, Persians, Moors, Greeks, Sclavonians; some with their targets and bucklers, and all in their native fashions, negotiating in this famous emporium, which is always crowded with strangers." Madame de Staël has described, with lively fidelity, the impressions which the varied crowd of the Piazza di San Marco produces. "L'aspect de la ville est d'ailleurs à lui seul singulièrement propre à reveiller une foule de souvenirs et d'idées; la Place de Saint Marc, tout environnée de tentes bleues, sous lesquelles se repose une foule de Turcs, de Grecs et d'Armeniens, est terminée à l'extremité pour l'église, dont l'exterieur ressemble plutôt à une mosque, qu'à un temple chretien: ce lieu donne une idée de la vie indolente des orientaux, qui passent leurs jours dans les cafés à boir du sorbet et à fumer des parfums; on voit quelquefois à Venise des Turcs et des Armeniens passer nonchalamment couchés dans des barques de couvertes et des pots de fleurs à leurs pieds."

But the palace of St. Mark was not celebrated only as the great mart of Christendom; for there did not exist in any city of Europe a spot of ground so devoted and dedicated to pleasure as the space enclosed within its arcades. Deprived as Venice is of any other considerable portion of the terra firma, the Piazza is the only place in which the population can assemble for the purposes of public festivity and enjoyment. Here were celebrated all the great triumphs of the state; and here were represented those characteristic national ceremonies with which the Venetian government was accustomed to stimulate the energies of its citizens. The effects of this system are even yet visible in the demeanour and expressions of the people, while the pageants which reminded them of their former glories have passed away. A Venetian of the lower ranks threatening to avenge himself upon his neighbour will exclaim—"I will make a war of Candia upon him." One of the most singular of the public spectacles exhibited in the Piazza di S. Marco was the annual tribute of the patriarch of Aquileia. During the twelfth century, in the time of the doge Michieli the Second, or according to some authorities of Angelo Partitiato, the patriarch of Aquileia having ventured to oppose the republic was made prisoner. In order to obtain his liberty he submitted to the payment of a singular tribute, which for centuries, as the period of its annual payment arrived, excited the pride and the derision of the Venetians. He engaged yearly to despatch to Venice a bull and twelve hogs, which were supposed to represent the patriarch and his twelve canons. After being paraded through the city the animals were

led to the Place of St. Mark, where their heads were cut off in the presence of the doge, and their quarters distributed amongst the people. In the course of time, for the sake as it is said of dignifying the spectacle, two more bulls were substituted for the hogs. In the early part of the last century the ceremony was still continued, and was witnessed by our countryman Mr. Wright.

"The grand shows are in the piazzetta, just before the doge's palace. One of them looks more like an execution than a diversion, or 'tis (if you please) a pompous piece of butchery. A decollation of three bulls, which are led there in great state, surrounded with the bombardieri, halberdiers, and a world of other armed attendants; drums beating and trumpets sounding before them. Those that perform the feat have a great sword of three or four inches broad; some assistants hold the head and others the tail of the animal, which, besides keeping him steady (for there is no block under), puts the parts of the neck to the full stretch, and with one blow the executioner separates the head from the body."

The story-tellers, so popular in Italy, the legitimate descendants of the minstrels and jongleurs of the middle ages, have always found a ready and delighted audience in the Piazza di S. Marco. Even yet, though much of the spirit which used to animate these exhibitions has vanished, a crowd of eager auditors may still be seen listening to the marvellous relations. With crossed arms and eyes fixed upon the ground, the Venetians form a silent circle round the narrator, while at their feet children of every age seat themselves in attitudes of equal attention. The skilful artist, having secured the

sympathy of his audience, works up his story to its catastrophe, which often consists in the casting away of a poniard, or the angry rejection of a letter, an act which he imitates by throwing his hat amongst the crowd, who are expected to return it filled with a remuneration suitable to the interest which its owner has excited.

Amongst the diversions formerly exhibited in the Piazza di San Marco was the barbarous sport of bull-baiting, not as practised in the Spanish bull-fights, but more nearly resembling the barbarous exhibitions of our own country. "On the Sunday following," says Mr. Wright, "the doge's palace was become a perfect amphitheatre for the Caccia del Tauro, in plain English, a bull-baiting. The poor animal is turned loose into the court of the palace, and an unmerciful number of dogs at once set upon him. You see dogs, bulls, and barkerollo all in a heap together, within his serenity's court; but this is to be taken as another instance of the Venetian liberty, where the meanest of the people may make thus free with their prince." Baretti has described a similar spectacle at Ancona. It appears that the Corsican dogs, which were accounted the fiercest in Italy, were employed in this sport.

A singular spectacle, formerly exhibited in the Piazza di San Marco, is said to have been peculiar to the Venetians. A number of men, skilled in the exercise, build themselves up, with the assistance of poles placed upon their shoulders, into a living pile or pyramid, consisting of four or five rows rising one above another. The number of persons in each tier or story is of course less than in that immediately beneath it, so that the weight of

each tier becomes less as the pyramid rises. The summit is generally formed of a little boy, who at last leaps down into the arms of one of the men below, and the whole body is in the same manner dissolved.

Addison has mentioned this exhibition as illustrating a passage in Claudian:

> Vel qui more ævium sese jaculantur in auras
> Corporaque ædeficant, celeri crescentia nexu,
> Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem
> Emicat, et vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens;
> Pendula librato figit vestigia saltu.
>
> Men piled on men in active leaps arise,
> And build the breathing fabric to the skies;
> A sprightly youth above the topmost row
> Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

Few nations have been more celebrated than the Venetians for the splendour of their public festivals. Of the magnificence with which they conducted their ridottos, even during the last century, an account was given in the former volume of this work, from the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. The following narrative of a Venetian wedding, from the pen of another very lively female writer, shows that, even so late as the close of the last century, the Venetians had not altogether forgotten their magnificence.

"I could not comply with the obliging invitations we received to two weddings, balls, and suppers: one was the marriage of the doge's son, Aloise Mocenigo, *e la nobil Donna Polissena Contarini;* the other was of *Alessandro Barziza, e Andriana Berlendis.* Though I could not partake of the amusements in the evening, I thought

I might possibly venture to see the ceremony in the church: we were accordingly present at the first of these, that of Mocenigo. I was extremely well pleased that I had not permitted so fine a show to escape me, though afflicted with a tormenting pain in my stomach the whole time. The procession of the gondolas to the church was very fine: the gondoliers, dressed in gold and silver stuffs, made a most brilliant contrast with the blackness of their boats. We got into the church before the bride and bridegroom, with their suite, arrived, where the pillars and walls were covered with crimson damask, fringed with gold, the altar richly adorned with lace and flowers, and the steps up to it spread over with Persian carpets; the whole church was illuminated with large wax tapers, though at noon-day.

"As soon as the company were disembarked from their gondolas, they formed themselves into a regular procession. The ladies walked two and two: they were all dressed in thin black silk gowns (excepting the bride), with large hoops: the gowns are strait-bodied, with very long trains, like the *robes de cour* at Versailles; their trains tucked up on one side of the hoop, with a prodigious large tassel of diamonds. Their sleeves were covered up to the shoulders with falls of the finest Brussels lace, a drawn tucker of the same round the bosom, adorned with rows of the finest pearl, each as large as a moderate gooseberry, till the rows descended below the top of the stomacher; then two ropes of pearl, which came from the back of the neck, were caught up at the left side of the stomacher, and finished in two fine tassels. Their heads were dressed prodigiously high, in

a vast number of buckles, and two long drop-curls on the neck. A great number of diamond-pins and strings of pearl adorned their heads, with large *sultanes* or feathers on one side, and magnificent diamond ear-rings.

"The bride was dressed in cloth of silver, made in the same fashion and decorated in the same manner as the other ladies; but her bosom was quite bare, and she had a fine diamond necklace, and an enormous bouquet of natural flowers. Her hair was dressed as high as the others, with this difference, that it was in curls behind as well as before, and had three curls which fell down her back from her poll, the two side ones reaching half way down her back, and the middle curl not quite so far. These three curls had a singular appearance, but not near so good an effect as the heads of the other ladies, whose hair was plaited in large folds, and appeared much more graceful. Her diamonds were very fine and in great profusion. She is but seventeen years old, is of a comely sort of beauty, and very full grown of her age. All the ladies that walked, about sixty in number, were relations or intimate friends to the young couple; many of them extremely handsome. The men appeared to me to be all alike; they were dressed in black gowns like lawyers, with immense periwigs. The bridegroom, a slender, fair, little man, seemed to be much charmed with his new wife; he very politely sent us the epithalamiums and other poems made on the occasion, elegantly covered and adorned with engravings."

The traveller who, for the first time, visits the casinos of St. Mark's Place, no doubt expects to find them filled with cicisbeos. Against this singular class of persons

the wit, the ridicule, and the indignation of the Tramontani have been lavishly poured out. Many of our own travellers have presented highly ludicrous pictures of the duties incident to the office of cicisbeo. One writer separates the class into various species: the first, the cicisbeo of dignity; the second, the cicisbeo who picks up the glove, gives the fan, pulls off or puts on the cloak, &c.; and the third, the substantial cicisbeo or real lover. Lord Coke appears to have been much scandalized at the institution. "How shall I spell, how shall I paint, how shall I describe the animal known by the name of a chichisbee (cicisbeo). He is an appendix to matrimony. Within a week after her nuptials a young lady makes choice of her chichisbee. From that moment she never appears in public with her husband, nor is ever imprudent enough to be seen without her chichisbee. He is her guardian, her friend, and her gentleman usher. He attends her in a morning as soon as she is awake; he presents to her chocolate before she rises; he sets her slippers; and as soon as his morning visit is over withdraws where he pleases. The lady admits him not to dinner; the husband only has that honour. In the afternoon he returns to attend her in her visits. When she sees company at home, he is to hand her from one end of the room to the other, from chair to chair, and from side to side. If she enters into a particular discourse with another person, the chichisbee retires into a corner with the lap-dog, or sits in the window teaching the macaw to speak Italian. If the lady sits down to play, it is the duty of the chichisbee to sort her cards. The husband (believe me, I entreat you, if you can) beholds

these familiarities not only contentedly but with pleasure. He himself has the honourable employment of chichisbee in another house; and in both situations, as husband and chichisbee, neither gives nor receives the least tinct of jealousy." Occasionally, these attachments subsist to the verge of life, which would indicate a more refined sentiment than is usually attributed to the connexion. Lady Miller has given a striking picture of an ancient cicisbeo and the lady of his love. "I felt a shock at first sight of a tottering old pair I saw entering a coffee-house the other evening. They were both shaking with the palsy, leant upon each other, and supported themselves by a crutch-stick. They were bent almost double by the weight of years and infirmities, yet the lady's head was dressed with great care: a little rose-coloured hat, nicely trimmed with blond, was stuck just above her right ear, and over her left was a small mat of artificial flowers. Her few gray hairs behind were tied with ribbon, but so thinly scattered over her forehead, that large patches of her shrivelled skin appeared between the parting curls. Her cavaliere was not dressed in the same style: all his elegance consisted in an abundance of wig, which flowed upon his shoulders. I inquired who this venerable couple were, and learned that the gentleman had been the faithful cavaliere of the same lady above forty years; that they regularly frequented the Place St. Mark, and the coffee-houses, and, with the most steady constancy, had loved each other, till age and disease were conducting them, hand in hand, together to the grave."

Amongst the changes which the close of the last cen-

tury produced in European manners, and especially in those of the Italian, was the decline of cicisbeism. The practice received a very heavy and destructive blow from the poet Parini, who flourished towards the end of the last century, and whose fame is founded more particularly on his poem entitled *Il Giorno*. This short composition, divided into four parts—*Il Mattino, Il Mezzogiorno, Il Vespero,* and *La Notte*—of which only the first two are finished, is an elegant, satirical description of the life of an Italian, or more properly, of a Milanese nobleman in the last century. The poet takes up his hero, from the moment he awakes about twelve in the morning, and leads him through the occupations of the day, till he retires to rest. The various and mighty engagements of this nobleman, *in nihil agendo occupatissimus,* are recorded with a solemn gravity which renders their absurdity doubly striking, and with an elegance of irony that makes the hero an object of compassion as well as of contempt. All the occupations, the engagements, and views of the hero of the poem are subordinate, and directed to one end—that of showing him off as the *sans-pareil* of all *cicisbei.* Whatever the poet represents him as doing or thinking (when he ventures to suppose him capable of thinking), is only part and parcel of his duty as a pattern of a *cicisbeo.* This is the main action of the poem of which a *cicisbeo* is the hero. The work produced a prodigious effect, and although it could not extirpate the evil altogether, it tended very much to its abatement. It certainly destroyed altogether the open, effeminate, and disgusting eastern slavery that a *cicisbeo* unblushingly professed to the wife of another man.

To feel the beauties of Parini's poetry, and to judge, consequently, of its extensive influence, it is requisite not only to be alive to the most recondite elegancies of the Italian language, but to the charming harmony of its blank verse, which, it is admitted on all hands, was brought by him to a pitch of perfection unknown before his time, and unequalled since. No poet is more popular in the north of Italy than Parini; and the exquisite polish and Horatian elegance of his lines so much charm the reader, that it is not uncommon to hear persons of a moderate education repeat long passages of his *Giorno* by heart. The subject has also been enlivened by the poet with stories, comparisons, and episodes, well suited to the whole, the Grecian proportions of which are perhaps its most striking feature. One of the most celebrated embellishments of this kind is the origin of *cicisbeism,* which, with the entire poem, we venture to recommend to the taste and curiosity of the reader.

During the carnival, as at our own fairs and races, the gaming tables are opened in the Piazza di S. Marco, and the Venetians, like most of the other people of the continent, attach themselves with eagerness to these destructive pursuits. In former times the noble Venetians were accustomed themselves to keep the basset tables. "Here none is to enter," says Mr. Wright, "that shows a human face, except their excellencies, who keep the bank at the basset table. In other places people *may* mask, but here they *must*. What is a privilege in other places is here turned to an obligation, perhaps for the better maintaining that appearance of equality which is requisite to the professed liberty of the

place; and thus a tinker, by virtue of his mask, may come to a basset table, and set a ducat with one of the princes of the people. Nothing, sure, can affect the stoic more than a nobleman behind one of these basset tables; they would seem unmoved either by good or bad fortune; but I have sometimes seen their apathy fail a little, and the contrary discover itself in some voluntary contraction of the muscles. All is transacted with a great deal of silence; and I have seen large sums won and lost without a word speaking." According to Evelyn, we are indebted to the Venetians for that most pernicious and absurd species of public gambling, the state lottery, which he tells us was introduced into England, from Venice, during the reign of Charles II. The general scheme of the Italian lotteries is this:—Out of ninety tickets which are put into the wheel only five are drawn; the purchaser of one of these receives fifteen times his stake, be it more or less. If he stakes upon two numbers as a combination, and both happen to be drawn, he receives two hundred and seventy times his stake; but nothing if one of them only turns up. If upon three numbers as a combination, he gets five thousand times his stake, supposing him fortunate. Mr. Blunt, in his "Vestiges of ancient Manners and Customs discoverable in modern Italy," has endeavoured to trace the practice of lotteries to classical times. A lottery, it appears, was an agreeable afternoon pastime with the Romans. Augustus was accustomed to sell tickets varying greatly in their value, and would in the same manner dispose of pictures with their faces turned to the wall, in order that he might amuse himself with the pleasure or dis-

appointment of the purchasers. Heliogabalus used also to distribute tickets amongst his guests, with such prizes as ten camels, ten flies, ten pounds of gold, ten pounds of lead, and ten eggs.

It is not with recollections of splendour and festivity alone that the Piazza di S. Marco is associated. Spectacles of terror and scenes of blood have been exhibited within its boundaries. Whenever an open and awful example of severity was judged to be necessary, this was the place in which it was displayed to the people. Sometimes the executions took place between the columns of the Piazzetta, at other times in the Piazza. It was in the latter place that the body of the unfortunate Antonio Foscarini was exposed, after he had been strangled by the order of the inquisitors. The history of this infamous transaction, which drew down a just odium upon the government of the republic, has been related with some particularity by Sir Henry Wotton, at that time ambassador from the English court at Venice.

Two men of mean condition, by name Domenico and Gerolamo Vani, inhabitants, but not natives, of Venice, tendered themselves to the inquisitors of state as evidences against certain noble Venetians, who, as they alleged, were accustomed secretly and in disguise to frequent the palaces of the foreign ministers, and particularly of the Spanish ambassador, at that time highly obnoxious to the Venetian government. The informers, having obtained the stipulated reward, delivered to the inquisitors a list of the accused, at the head of which stood the name of Antonio Foscarini, a senator of the republic, and as such strictly inhibited from all intercourse with foreign



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ministers. In support of their testimony the Vani referred to Giovanni Battista, a servant of the Spanish ambassador; but suggested the propriety of proceeding against Foscarini on their own evidence, as the examination of the servant might be the means of warning the other offenders of their danger. This course the inquisitors resolved to pursue, and Foscarini, passing at night from the senate through the ducal palace, was seized, muffled, and committed to close prison. Being examined, he denied the charge; but as that denial could not be received against the positive testimony of two witnesses, he was, by sentence of the Council of Ten, strangled in prison, and hung by one leg on a gallows in the Piazza, from sunrise to sunset, with every imaginable circumstance of infamy. His very face was so bruised by his being dragged on the ground, that his features were with difficulty recognised; an act by some considered as a brutal favour, intended to prevent his being known.

The infamous Vani, having been thus successful, proceeded with more confidence in their denunciations, and named another noble Venetian, Marco Miani. Fortunately, however, one of the inquisitors, doubtful perhaps as to the truth of their story, urged the necessity of examining Giovanni Battista, who had left the service of the Spanish ambassador, and was residing in Venice. Being secretly interrogated, he contradicted in every particular the testimony of the Vani, who being confronted with him confessed, without the application of torture, the falsehood of their accusation with regard to Miani, and were sentenced to be hanged. Before their execution the nephews of Foscarini petitioned the Coun-

cil of Ten that the informers might be again examined with regard to the guilt of their uncle; a request with which the Council, probably with the view of concealing the infamy and injustice of their proceedings, refused to comply. The criminals having, however, declared to their confessor the innocence of Foscarini, the Council could not avoid issuing a declaration to that effect, and the body of the sufferer was piously removed by his nephews from the infamous receptacle into which it had been cast to the tomb where his ancestors reposed. "Surely," says Sir H. Wotton, "in the 312 years that the decemviral tribunal hath stood, there was never cast upon it a greater blemish."

# THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK.

> In that temple porch
> (The brass is gone, the porphyry remains)
> Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,
> And, kneeling, on his neck receive the foot
> Of the proud pontiff.
>
> ROGERS.

THE church of St. Mark, one of the most celebrated temples in the christian world, was originally built in the ninth century, when Giovanni Participatio was Doge of Venice. The *breve*, or inscription, in the hall of the Great Council, recording the deeds of the doges, alludes to this fact in the following words:—"Sub me Ecclesia Sancti Marci conditur, ibique corpus deponitur."

The church thus erected, having been consumed by fire in the year 976, was replaced by the present edifice, which was completed in the time of Domenico Silvio, who was elected Doge in 1071. It exhibits a singular mixture of classical and oriental architecture, which has been severely but justly criticised by Mr. Forsyth. "Though most of its materials came from Greece, their combination is neither Greek, nor Gothic, nor Basilical, nor Saracenic, but a fortuitous jumble of all. A front, divided by a gallery, and a roof, hooded with mosquish cupolas, give it a strange unchristian look. Nowhere have I seen so many columns crowded into so small a space. Near three hundred are stuck on the pillars of the front, and three hundred more on the balustrade

above. A like profusion prevails in the interior, which is dark, heavy, barbarous, nay, poor, in spite of all the porphyry, and oriental marbles, and glaring mosaics that would enrich the walls, the vaults, and pavements. In fact, such a variety of colours would impair the effect of the purest architecture."

"Being come into the church," says Evelyn, "you see nothing and tread on nothing but what is precious. The floor is all inlaid with agates, lazulis, calcedons, jaspers, porphyries, and other rich marbles, admirable also for the work; the walls sumptuously incrusted, and presenting to the imagination the shapes of men, birds, houses, flowers, and a thousand varieties. The roof is of most excellent mosaic. But what most persons admire, is the new work of the emblematic tree at the other passage out of the church. In the midst of this rich volto rise five cupolas, the middle very large, and sustained by thirty-six marble columns, eight of which are of precious marbles; under these cupolas is the high altar, on which is a reliquary of several sorts of jewels, engraven with figures after the Greek manner, and set together with plates of pure gold. The altar is covered with a canopy of ophir, on which is sculptured the story of the Bible, and so on the pillars, which are of Parian marble, that support it. Behind these are four other columns of transparent and true oriental alabaster, brought hither out of the ruins of Solomon's temple, as they report."

The mosaic work in the church of St. Mark was introduced by the Doge Domenico Silvio, who restored the edifice, after its destruction by fire in the preceding cen-

tury; but the more splendid mosaics which adorn its walls were executed, in the year 1545, by two brothers of the name of Zuccati, who worked under the direction and from the designs of Titian.

Speaking of the mosaics which decorate this church, Lanzi says, "The art of mosaic work in stone and coloured glass at that time attained such a degree of perfection in Venice that Vasari observed, with surprise, that it would not be possible to effect more with colours. The church and portico of St. Mark remain an invaluable museum of the kind, where, commencing with the eleventh century, we may trace the gradual progress of design belonging to each age up to the present, as exhibited in many works in mosaic, beginning from the Greeks and continued by the Italians. They chiefly consist of histories from the Old and New Testament, and at the same time furnish very interesting notices relating to civil and ecclesiastical antiquity."

The singular operation of painting in mosaic is thus performed. The picture which is to be imitated in mosaic is placed at some distance behind the artist, parallel to the wall on which it is to be copied. The artist sits upon a bench with quantities of marble, stone, or glass, of various colours, on his right hand. The pieces are mostly square in shape, and larger or smaller according to the distance at which the work is to be viewed. The stones and glass are of every variety and of every different shade, and are assorted in several boxes, like the letters in a printing office. On the left hand of the artist lie the various tools necessary in the execution of his labours, and upon the bench on which he sits is fixed a

piece of iron, with the edge upwards, on which, with a hammer, he shapes the pieces of stone, &c. to a proper size, as the work requires. In the morning he spreads upon the wall a layer of cement sufficient to afford him occupation for the day; and being seated on the bench, and turning back from time to time to observe the picture, he selects pieces of suitable colours to imitate those of the picture, and fixes them in the cement. It is obvious that an art like this must require very great skill and practice.

The church of St. Mark was long celebrated as being the depository of the Evangelist's body, of the translation of which to Venice a singular account is given in one of the ancient Italian historians. The king of Alexandria having resolved to build a palace, collected the most precious materials from every side for that purpose, and did not even spare the church of St. Mark, where the body of the Evangelist reposed. It happened that at this period two Venetians, Bono de Malamocco and Rustico de Torcello, visiting the church, were struck with the grief exhibited by the attendant priests, and inquired into its cause. Learning their apprehensions of the church being despoiled, the strangers entreated from them permission to remove the relics of the saint, not only promising them a large reward, but also the lasting gratitude of their fellow-citizens, the Venetians. The priests at first met their request with a decided negative, but when they perceived the servants of the king busily employed in demolishing the sacred edifice, they yielded to the instances of the Italians. The difficulty now was to convey the body on board one of the Venetian ships, of which

there were several in the port of Alexandria, and at the same time to conceal the circumstance from the knowledge of the inhabitants, who held the remains of the Evangelist in high veneration on account of the miracles which were performed through their agency. The body of St. Luke being removed, was replaced by that of St. Claudian; but a miraculous perfume which spread itself through the church when the holy relics were brought to light nearly betrayed the removal. In transporting the body through the city to the port, it became necessary to adopt some expedient which should prevent the curiosity both of the infidels and of the Christians from being awakened. The body was accordingly deposited in a large hamper, surrounded with vegetables, and covered with pieces of pork, an article which every good Mussulman holds in abhorrence. Those who accompanied the hamper were ordered to cry *Khanzir* as they went, which, in the oriental tongue, signified pork. Having succeeded in reaching the vessels, the precious burden was suspended in the shrouds, to prevent discovery, till the ship put to sea. Scarcely had the Venetians left the port when an awful storm arose, and had not the Evangelist himself appeared to Bono de Malamocco, and advised him to furl his sails, the vessel must have been lost. On their arrival at Venice the whole city was transported with joy. The presence of the saint promised perpetual splendour to the republic. The body was received by the senate with the same words with which his Master had saluted the saint in prison: "Peace be unto thee, Mark, my Evangelist!" Venice was filled with festivals, music, and prayers, and the

holy relics were conducted, amidst hymns and incense, to the ducal chapel. The Doge, Giustiniano Participatio, dying a short time after this event, bequeathed a sum of money to build a church to the saint, which, as we have seen, was accomplished under his brother and successor, Giovanni Participatio. In allusion to these translations of the saint's body, the *breve* attached to the name of Giustiniano Participatio, in the hall of the Great Council, exhibits the following inscription :

Corporis alta datur mihi Sancti gratia Marci.

The funzioni, or great religious offices of the church, have always been performed with splendour and magnificence in the church of St. Mark. Upon one occasion, it is said, that, during the elevation of the host, the senate, who assisted at the ceremony, and the whole assembly kneeling, a scrupulous English gentleman remained standing. A senator sent a message to him, desiring him to kneel, but our countryman disregarded the intimation. The senator then going to him in person, repeated his request. " Sir," said the Englishman, " I don't hold with transubstantiation." " Ne anche io," said the senator, warmly, " però ginocchione, o fuor di chiesa." " Nor I either; but down on your knees, or get out of the church." During the performance of the same ceremony at Rome, and in the presence of the sovereign pontiff, Lady Miller ventured upon this proof of stout protestantism, which was suffered to pass unnoticed. " Whilst standing, I looked about me, and as far as I could see all were on their knees. I turned myself towards the pontiff, and caught his eye, but he did not look sour at me, and

seemed only to notice the singularity of my standing up; nor was I reprimanded afterwards, either by his Holiness or by any of the Romans."

In visiting the church of St. Mark, the treasury of the saint was always an object of great curiosity to travellers, more especially as the obtaining access to it was a matter of some difficulty. The keys of the treasury were committed to the custody of three procurators of St. Mark, the presence of one of whom was necessary whenever the doors were opened. The relics were contained in one room, and the jewels and other rich curiosities in another. The temporal treasury was formerly very rich, and the strangers who visited it were carefully watched. "At the showing of it," says Mr. Wright, "the procurator was closely present himself." It contained the *corno* or state-cap of the Doge, twelve golden breastplates, adorned with precious stones, and twelve crowns, said to have been worn by the maids of honour of the empress Helena, together with several large and valuable gems. Howell, in his "Familiar Letters," tells us, that he saw there "a huge iron chest, as tall as himself, that had no lock, but a crevice through which they cast in the gold that was bequeathed to St. Mark in legacies, whereon there was engraved this proud motto:

Quando questo scrinio s' apria
Tutto 'l mondo tremerà."

One of the most remarkable curiosities in the treasury of St. Mark is a very ancient copy of the Gospels, the handwriting of which the piety of the Venetians has attributed to their patron saint. This volume was care-

fully examined by the learned Montfaucon, who was of opinion that it was written upon papyrus, and that the language was the Latin, and not the Greek. The great antiquity of the manuscript, and its very imperfect preservation, rendered it extremely difficult to decipher any of the characters. Montfaucon, intimately acquainted as he was with MSS., tells us that he had never seen any MS. that seemed to be of greater antiquity than this. It was obtained by the Venetians from Friuli, and was conducted to the church of St. Mark amid the applause of the people and the ringing of bells.

Among the other relics which composed the celebrated treasure of this church, and which were regarded as of inestimable value by the Venetians, were a small quantity of the supposed blood of our Saviour; a cross of gold, adorned with precious stones, in the midst of which was fixed a piece of wood, said to have been part of the tree on which he suffered; one of the nails with which he was pierced; four of the thorns which composed his crown; a part of the column to which he was bound; a fragment of the skull of St. John the Baptist; besides a great variety of no less *veritable* remains. There were also deposited here a sapphire, weighing ten ounces, together with other precious stones of similar value, and a great number of candellabri and golden vases; and here was preserved the ducal crown, used only on the most solemn public festivals, and which astonished the spectators by the pearls and diamonds of inconceivable beauty with which it was covered.

While on this subject, we ought not to omit mention of the celebrated painting of a miracle of St. Mark by

Tintoret, the noblest and most masterly he ever produced. He received the commission from the governors of the fraternity. It was on an immense scale, and the subject represented Saint Mark rescuing one of his devotees from a violent and unjust death. The pious servant of a knight of Provence went, against the will of his master, to see the holy relics of St. Mark, and, on his return, the knight ordered him to be seized, to have his eyes put out, and his legs broken. Tintoret has chosen the moment when the servant is seen in bonds, surrounded by his executioners and instruments of torture. The saint is seen as having just appeared in the air; while the prisoner remains uninjured by the blows attempted to be inflicted on him. The astonishment, the terror, and confusion, amidst a host of spectators, variously and richly habited, are powerfully exprest; and one of the attendants is seen in the act of exhibiting to his master, who is seated above him, the hammer and the fragments of wood. Amongst other figures, a woman is supporting herself on a pedestal while leaning back to see the sudden miracle which seems to rivet every one to the spot. It is one of the few great triumphs of the art, and in it Tintoret surpassed himself. If we mistake not, the study for this noble production is now in the valuable collection of Mr. Rogers.

Drawn by S. Prout.

Engraved by J. Lewis.

# THE CAMPANILE VENICE.

Printed by Fenner Sears & Co.

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# THE CAMPANILE.

—— Underneath,
Where the archangel, as alighted there,
Blesses the city from the topmost tower,
His arms extended—there in monstrous league
Two phantom shapes were sitting, side by side,
Or up, and, as in sport, chasing each other,
Horror and Mirth. ——

ROGERS.

IT was mentioned in the former volume of this work that the Campanile of St. Mark was the scene of Galileo's observations while resident in Venice. It ought to be added, that when the philosopher, in the year 1609, exhibited to the Doge and to the senate his discovery of the telescope, he was munificently rewarded by a decree confirming him in his professorship for life, and by the doubling of his annual salary. A curious anecdote respecting the prosecution of philosophical studies in the Campanile is related by the author of the lately published and excellent "Life of Galileo." Sirturi describes a ludicrous violence which was done to himself, when, with the first telescope which he had succeeded in making, he went up into the tower of St. Mark at Venice, in the vain hope of being there entirely unmolested. Unluckily he was seen by some idlers in the street: a crowd soon collected round him, who insisted on taking possession of his instrument, and, handing it one to the other, detained him there for several hours,

till their curiosity was satisfied, when he was allowed to return home. Hearing them also inquire eagerly at what inn he lodged, he thought it better to quit Venice early the next morning, and prosecute his observations in a less inquisitive neighbourhood.

The loggia, at the foot of the Campanile, was built from the designs of the celebrated Sansovino, whose genius has added so much beauty to the Piazza di S. Marco. The edifice is of the Corinthian order, ornamented with very rich columns, and with four niches, in each of which stands a bronze statue of the size of life, and executed with the greatest skill. It was the original intention of the architect that the loggia should extend all round the tower, so as to form a perfect base to it, and not be confined, as at present, to one of the fronts only. The marble of which the loggia is built is allowed to be of great beauty and rarity.

About the beginning of the last century, the Campanile is said to have been the scene of a singular and fatal catastrophe, the narrative of which has never, we believe, hitherto appeared in print. In the autumn of the year 1713 two strangers arrived at Ravenna—an elderly lady with a young and beautiful girl, who appeared to be her daughter, and whose health had evidently suffered from recent illness. They only stayed at Ravenna till they could obtain possession of one of the small retired villas situated on the borders of the Pineta, or Pine Forest, which stretches over the hills almost as far as Rimini. In this retreat, attended only by a single servant, they passed their time in the most secluded manner, seldom even appearing in the open air

until the shadows of evening had begun to descend. They neither sought nor permitted any intercourse with the few persons who resided in their neighbourhood, nor were they ever known to receive any communications by letter. The whole occupation of the elder stranger appeared to be devoted to her young and suffering companion, whose health seemed to be slowly consuming under some mental disease.

In the early part of the spring which followed their arrival at Ravenna they were, as usual, taking their almost twilight walk in the Pineta, when they were suddenly confronted by one of a numerous pack of wolves, which had been driven even thus far from the mountains by the severity of the past winter. In general these animals fled at the appearance of the human figure, but the wolf which now crossed the path of the strangers was famished with hunger. As they stopped, it eyed them intently, and then crept towards them with that stealthy pace which too surely marked its design. The elder lady turned in terror and fled; but the younger, with more presence of mind and apparently with little fear for her own safety, kept her place. The wolf naturally made her who retreated his prey, and springing upon her, threw her to the ground. It needed not the shrieks of the victim to bring to her assistance her young companion, who, with a courage which the nerves of few men could have furnished, threw her delicate and weaponless arms round the body of the furious animal, and attempted to drag him from his prey. As she struggled with him for victory, her beautiful countenance, which usually wore a look of deep melancholy, assumed an ex-

pression of the most impassioned fierceness—her glittering eye, her perfectly pale cheek, and her arched and quivering lip, all bespoke the intensity and violence of the passionate terror with which her soul was stirred. The animal had just quitted his prey in order to spring upon his helpless assailant, when he suddenly received a blow from a *couteau de chasse* which cast him, writhing, to the ground. The aid thus opportunely afforded was from the arm of a young hunter, who, passing homeward from the chase, had been attracted to the spot by the cries of the elder lady.

Camillo Ranuzzi was the heir of a noble Bolognese family, and as such had been educated with that indulgence which is generally so destructive to the character. In him, however, its injurious effects were counterbalanced by a singular sweetness of temper and generosity of heart. It was only in the pursuit of objects upon which his inclinations were deeply fixed that he displayed the reckless and self-willed pertinacity of purpose which his injudicious education had fostered.

The accidental service he had rendered to the strangers led him, in despite of their retiring habits, to something like a friendly communication with them, and it was not long before the feelings of interest with which he had regarded them on their rescue were changed, towards one of them, into the deeper sentiment of admiration and love. It was impossible that a heart so ardent as that of Ranuzzi could remain insensible to the beauty of the younger stranger, heightened as that beauty was by the mystery of her situation, and the soft and tender melancholy of her manners. For some time after their

first acquaintance he was received by the strangers with the gratitude and respect due to the preserver of their lives; but no sooner had his attentions to the younger assumed a more decided character, than the conduct of both of them towards him suffered a change. The elder lady became cold and distant, while the manners of her companion exhibited a severity, and sometimes even a fierceness, strangely at variance with the usual tenor of her mind. The heart of Camillo Ranuzzi, however, was not one to be depressed by the frowns of beauty, and the position in which he stood with his friends rendered it impossible for them to dismiss him from their presence. Perhaps the ardour and sincerity which he displayed in the prosecution of his suit were not wholly without their effect, and Camillo congratulated himself in the reflection, that he had not, at all events, lost ground in the esteem of her whose heart he sought.

In the meanwhile the health of the elder lady rapidly gave way, and she who had with such assiduous tenderness watched over her young and delicate charge, was doomed to receive from her hands in return a requital of attentions. But either her young companion was less successful in her cares, or the disease under which the sufferer languished was of a more fatal character, for after an illness of only a few weeks the lady expired.

Camillo, during this season of distress, had acted the part of a judicious and constant friend, seldom encroaching upon the sufferers by his presence, but providing every thing that riches and art could command for their relief. At last, when she whom he so passionately loved was left in solitude, he again presented himself before

her, and it was in that hour of her bereavement and anguish that he first heard her allude to her past history. "Do not," she said, "imagine that I need consolation under this blow. My heart has no room for fresh suffering."

Time passed on, and the attentions of Ranuzzi were received as before, coldly and austerely. At length the vehemence of his temper would have way, and he poured forth his passion at her feet in language which seemed to warm even the coldness of her heart. Yet, at first, it was to anger only that her bosom was kindled, and she answered him with the flashing eye and the quivering lip that he had marked when he rescued her from the enraged animal with which she was struggling. But a better sentiment soon assumed the place of this passionate display of feeling, and, once more, with the melancholy kindness which generally characterized her manner, she besought him to forget her. "You know not what you ask," she said, "when you ask for my love; you cannot tread the pathway that leads to my heart." Camillo still repeated his vows and his entreaties, and the stranger at length said, "It is due to your constancy and your tenderness, that I should keep you no longer in suspense: meet me in the Pine Forest to-morrow at the twilight."

Camillo, with a heart full of anxious hope, was faithful to the appointment. The stranger was already waiting for him, with a countenance from which some strong master passion had banished all its usual bland and beautiful expression. A resolute sternness reigned over every feature. It was evidently no maidenly confession of attachment that was about to proceed from her lips, and

the heart of Camillo sank as he beheld her. She at once entered upon her story,—a story of bitter wrongs and of inhuman deceits practised upon her young and spotless heart. When she reached the catastrophe of her history, her voice sank into a scarcely audible whisper, which, approaching Camillo closely, she breathed into his ear. Her tones, though low, faltered not, and her eye was perfectly tearless. "And now," she said, "your suit is answered. In that day of extremity, when the traitor abandoned me for another, on my knees I vowed that upon him who should bring to me the sweet tidings that he lived not, I would bestow soul and body, heart and hand; but such task is not for you. Farewell for ever!"

To say that Camillo was thunderstruck would ill describe his situation. The blast of the lightning would have deadened the feelings which in him were excited to a state of tumultuous frenzy. Love, disappointment, rage, and revenge, filled his heart with an agony which almost threatened his dissolution. In the spot where the stranger had left him, he long strove with the passions which agitated him, but which, ere he left the shade of the forest, had subsided into one dark and deadly purpose.

A few days after these transactions, as the young Count Filippo Durazzo, in company with his beautiful wife, was entering the public gardens at Vicenza, under the archway of Palladio, he was suddenly confronted by a stranger, who studiously placed himself in his way. The count endeavoured to avoid him, but the stranger succeeded in rudely thrusting him from his path. Placing

his countess in the care of one of his friends, Durazzo followed the offender, to demand the cause of this insolence. "My name," said the aggressor, "is Camillo Ranuzzi; and I will repeat the insult wherever I meet you, though it were before the footstool of the pontiff's throne." Every explanation was denied, and a promise of satisfaction on the following morning was all that Durazzo could obtain. They met at daybreak in the deserted area of the ancient amphitheatre; and so eager was Ranuzzi for the encounter that he had passed the night amongst the ruins. The contest was begun in silence, till, in making a pass which he imagined would be successful, Ranuzzi exclaimed, "Traitor! remember Beatrice Monti!" The voice of Camillo produced a more deadly effect than his sword, which merely grazed the breast of his adversary. The weapon of Durazzo fell from his hand; he stood for a moment, as though irresolute, and then, opening his breast, cried, "Strike! your sword shall be welcome!" Camillo had not expected this termination of the rencontre, and the generosity of his temper was roused. He vainly entreated Durazzo to resume the combat; but finding himself defeated in his object, he passionately broke his own sword, and retreated from the theatre.

From this period Count Durazzo endured, with a patience and insensibility, which they who knew his spirit and courage could scarcely credit, a series of the most extraordinary persecutions from the hands of Camillo Ranuzzi. Taunts, threats, and provocations of the most galling description were vainly showered upon him; and even when, wrought up to a frenzy of passion, Ranuzzi struck him as he was walking, surrounded by a number

of noblemen, on the Broglio at Venice, the only answer which he gave to the blow was, "It is just!"

Foiled in his attempt to provoke his adversary to an equal combat, it seemed that the mind of Camillo Ranuzzi began to contemplate darker designs. He avoided all personal collision with Durazzo, but still continued pertinaciously to dog his footsteps. During a tour which the count was prevailed upon to take through the south of Italy, he was sedulously followed by Ranuzzi, who never suffered a day to elapse without his having a view of his victim. Early one brilliant morning Durazzo having ascended the Campanile to view the magnificent prospect which its summit affords, did not return to his palace, where his countess awaited him. Anxious inquiries into the cause of his absence were instituted, and in the evening his body was discovered on the winding ascent of the tower, pierced with seven wounds, each of which would have proved mortal.

On the following night, as Beatrice Monti stood at the door of her cottage, she heard the sound of horses' feet rapidly approaching through the Pine Forest. In a moment a horseman emerged from the shade, waving in his hand a white handkerchief stained with blood as he rode rapidly towards her. In another instant he was at her feet. Flinging her arms round him, she kissed his cheek, his lips, his eyes. Not a word had yet been spoken by either, when they were surrounded and made prisoners by several men, who had ridden rapidly upon the steps of the fugitive.

After the interval of a few weeks from this time the trial of Camillo Ranuzzi and Beatrice Monti for the mur-

der of the young Count Durazzo was expected to take place in the criminal court at Ravenna. The gaolers were despatched for their prisoners, and the populace within and without the court were anxiously expecting their arrival. But the expectation was disappointed.—The messengers returned pale and terrified.—Both the offenders were found dead in their cells.

Drawn by S. Prout.

Engraved by Jas. Carter.

SAINT MARKS PLACE, VENICE.

Printed by Penner Seare & Co.

# THE LIBRARY OF ST. MARK.

My library, a dukedom large enough!

SHAKSPEARE.

THE beautiful building in which was formerly deposited the Library of St. Mark is situated on one side of the Piazza di S. Marco. The architect was Sansovino, to whose genius Venice was indebted for many of her most magnificent structures. Jacopo Tatti, who afterwards assumed the name of Sansovino, was born at Florence about the year 1479, and became the pupil of a sculptor, Andrea Contucci da Monte a Sansovino. His labours at Florence having rendered him much celebrated, he transferred his studio to Rome, where he became known, not only as a sculptor, but also as an architect of the highest talent. On the sack of Rome in 1527 Sansovino was compelled to fly, and retreated to Venice, intending from thence to proceed to the court of France, whither he had been invited. Having been called upon to superintend the repairs of the Church of St. Mark, he executed this duty so much to the satisfaction of the senate, that he was appointed to the office of "Protomaestro de' signori procuratori di S. Marco," or chief architect of the republic. A house and a salary of 180 scudi were attached to this office. The first building erected in Venice from the designs of Sansovino was the Zecca, or Mint, which was followed by that of the Library, deservedly described by Vasari as "la bellissima e ri-

chissima fabrica della Libreria di S. Marco, con tanto ordine d'entagli, di cornici, di colonne, capitelli e mezze figure per tutta l'opera, che e una maraviglia." In the execution of this work, however, the reputation of Sansovino was greatly endangered. Owing to some unforeseen cause, the roof of the Library fell in, an accident which was attributed by the senate to the negligence of the architect, who was thrown into prison, heavily fined, and deprived of his office of protomaestro. From this confinement, however, he was soon liberated, and being restored to his official situation, he continued to ornament the city with his splendid and classical designs. The nobility of Venice, who had hitherto preserved that sameness in the architecture of their palaces which is still observable, availed themselves of the genius of Sansovino, who, in addition to his public buildings, ornamented the city with many magnificent private edifices. The first palace erected from his designs was that of Georgio Cornaro. The remainder of his life was spent by Sansovino at Venice, where he died in 1570, at the advanced age of ninety-one, having embellished that city not only with its most magnificent buildings, but also with many beautiful specimens of sculpture. Temanza, who has written his life, has summed up his character in a few striking words:—"Jacopo era nato per primeggiare ma non ove fosse Michelagnolo."

The Library of St. Mark is said to be indebted for its origin to the generosity of Petrarch. The poet had visited Venice in the character of ambassador from the Visconti, to negotiate peace between the republic and Genoa; and the consideration and respect with which he

was received appear to have produced an impression upon his mind highly favourable to the Venetians. Visiting the city on another occasion, he announced his intention of bequeathing to the republic his library, in the following letter addressed to the council:—"Francesco Petrarca desires to bequeath to St. Mark the Evangelist, the books which he now possesses, or which he shall in future possess. He would impose this condition only, that they shall be neither sold, alienated, nor dispersed, and that some place, secure from water and fire, may be assigned for the preservation of the library, in memory of the donor, to the glory of the patron saint, and for the consolation of studious men, who may frequent it with pleasure and advantage. In forming this wish he does not forget that the books are neither very precious nor very numerous, but he indulges a hope that the collection may increase under the auspices of this glorious republic. The illustrious nobles, the patriotic citizens, and even strangers may in future enrich it by bestowing upon it portions of their own collections, so that at length it may rival the most famous libraries of antiquity. The least enlightened persons will perceive that this monument will not be useless in forwarding the glory of their country; that he has laid the first foundations of the edifice will ever be a source of happiness to the donor." The Venetians gratefully accepted this inestimable present, which became the foundation of the Library of St. Mark. Amongst the manuscripts collected by Petrarch were one of Homer, presented to him by Nicholas Segoros, ambassador from the Emperor of the East; a Sophocles, which he had received from Leontius

Pilate, his instructor in the Greek language; a Latin translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey by the same person, copied by the hand of his pupil Boccaccio, together with the greater part of the works of Cicero, which the poet had himself transcribed. It seems doubtful whether the whole of these manuscripts came into the possession of the Venetian state, since, according to some writers, the library of Petrarch was dispersed at his death. Guinguené supposes that after his donation to the senate he had formed another collection. Various MSS. exist in public libraries, which were formerly in the possession of Petrarch; a fact which proves either that the whole of his books were not presented to the Venetians, or that by their most culpable negligence they were subsequently dispersed.

Indeed the history of the volumes thus munificently presented to the Venetians by Petrarch is involved in much obscurity. It is certain that a mansion was assigned to the poet, the Palazzo delle due Torri, of which he has himself left a description; and it is supposed by De Sade, that in this house the books were deposited. Other writers, again, have stated, that the collection was placed in a small room above the church of St. Mark; a supposition which was strengthened by the discovery of some ancient MSS. in that place in the year 1635. The small number of the volumes thus found would show that the library of Petrarch was by no means extensive. Unless these books formed part of the poet's library, no trace remains of the donation. Certainly, the volumes presented by the poet were not deposited by the senate in a public library, according to the intentions of the

donor, since, in the time of Cardinal Bessarion, no institution of that kind existed in Venice. It is just, however, to add, in the words of Tiraboschi: "Al Petrarca si dee solo la lode di averne concepito il pensiero, e fatto ciò che in lui era per eseguirlo."

The passionate attachment of Petrarch to literature is nowhere more forcibly evinced than in those passages of his works in which he speaks of his library. In a letter to his friend Francesco Nelli, he calls it "the only solace of his soul, the only stay of his life." Similar expressions are profusely scattered throughout his letters. During the poet's residence at Vaucluse his librarian was an old and faithful domestic, whom he has admirably described in one of his familiar epistles. "He knew not how to read, yet he was the guardian of my library. With anxious eye he watched over my most rare and ancient copies, which, by long use, he could distinguish from those which were more modern, or of which I myself was the author. Whenever I consigned a volume to his custody, he was transported with joy; he pressed it to his bosom with sighs; with great reverence he repeated the author's name, and seemed as if he had received an accession of learning and happiness from the sight and touch of a book."

Stimulated, probably, by the example of Petrarch, Cardinal Bessarion, in the year 1468, presented to the republic of Venice his rare collection of Greek and Latin manuscripts. In the letter which he addressed on this occasion to the Doge and senate, he stated that, even from his boyhood, he had exerted all his labour, care, and study, in the collection of books in every branch of

literature. That, in his early youth, he had not only copied several volumes in his own hand, but had expended all the little money he could save in the purchase of manuscripts. That although he had ever been earnestly bent on such acquisitions, yet that, after the destruction of Constantinople, he had consumed his entire strength, care, power, and industry, in increasing his collection of the Greek writers; and that he had now selected the city of Venice as the depository of his library, on account of its admirable government, the number of Greeks who frequented it, and the benefits which he had himself derived from that city. This splendid gift was gratefully received by the Venetians, and by a decree of the senate was lodged in the ducal palace. The learned Sabellicus was the first librarian to whom the care of this collection was confided.

At the period of the extinction of the republic, the books which formed the library of St. Mark were removed from the beautiful edifice of Sansovino, and deposited in the ducal palace. The hall of the Great Council, a large and noble room, was prepared for their reception, and poets, and philosophers, and scholars, now fill the magnificent apartment where the sovereigns of Venice were accustomed to hold their councils. The hall likewise contains a collection of antique statues presented to the republic by Grimani, the patriarch of Aquileia, besides the splendid collection of pictures, of which some notice was taken in the former volume of this work.

The chief benefactors to the library of St. Mark, after its illustrious founders, Petrarch and Bessarion, were

Geronymo Justiniani, Jacopo Nani, several members of the illustrious family of Contarini, Venturi Leonigo, Piero Morosini, and Nicolo Manuzzi. The librarians to whom the literary treasures of St. Mark were committed were of two classes, the superior or honorary librarian, and the acting librarian. In the list of the former, many of the most celebrated Venetian names are to be found—the scholars, the warriors, and the doges of Venice. Of the acting librarians many have been distinguished by their attachment to literature, and by their successful efforts in its cause.

Venice has always occupied an illustrious station in the republic of letters. She claims, though the claim has been disputed, the glory of having been the first to introduce the art of printing into Italy. The manuscript treasures of St. Mark's library, and the learning and munificence of the Venetian nobility, soon drew to that city the most distinguished printers of the fifteenth century. The *editiones principes* of many of the classical writers were ushered from the Venetian press, which also gave to the world the first edition of the Bible printed in Hebrew characters. To Venice also is referred the invention of newspapers, a very remarkable fact, when the nature of the government is considered. The name Gazette is derived from gazetta, the small piece of money paid for the Venetian news-letters. In literature, the annals of Venice present a long roll of splendid names—scholars, poets, and philosophers.

It would be unjust, in noticing the literature of Venice, to omit the name of a man, whose extraordinary powers as a linguist were not inferior to those of the celebrated

Mezzofanti, of whom some account was given in the former volume of "The Landscape Annual." Bonifacio Finetti was born towards the end of the seventeenth century at Venice. Having become a friar of the order of St. Dominic, he availed himself of his religious character and connexions to procure from the missionaries despatched to preach *in partibus infidelium*, specimens of the literature of almost every country in the world. With that intense zeal which such studies seem to inspire, he devoted himself to the acquisition and critical examination of languages, and for sixty years employed himself exclusively in these painful and laborious pursuits. His library presented a strange assemblage of grammars, dictionaries, bibles, and documents in almost every known language; and he meditated, and in part executed, a stupendous work upon all the languages of the world. In his seventieth year he published a specimen of this vast undertaking, comprising a dissertation on the Hebrew, and its derivative tongues. In his preface to this volume he has traced out the course which he intended to pursue in his larger work. The very catalogue of the languages which were to form the subject of Finetti's dissertations is appalling. Amongst the East Indian tongues we have the Malaccan, the Malabaric, the Malegamic, the Tamulic, the Telugic, the Siamese, and some others; amongst the Tartar languages, the Maguric, the Mongulese, the Tanguttan, the Calmucic, and the Crimean. Of the African tongues, were the Tamagzet, the Concoyan, Angolian, Melindan, Hottentotic, Madagascaric, &c. "From Africa," continues the linguist, "we shall sail to America, travel it all over,

listen to the various speeches of those wild nations, and interpret them as far as we shall be assisted by our books. Of the American languages we shall make two chapters: the first, which will be the eleventh in our work, shall treat of the languages of North America; and the second, which will be the twelfth in order, shall comprehend those of South America. In the first of these two chapters we will speak of the Mexican, the Pocomanic, the Virginian, the Algonkine, the Huronic, the Caribbean, and others; and in the second, of the Brazilian, the Chilese, the Peruvian, and others. With this chapter we shall terminate our long and laborious peregrination." Unfortunately Finetti did not meet with the encouragement so noble a design merited, and the only portion of it given to the world was the Discourse on the Hebrew Language.

# ROME.

## GENERAL VIEW.

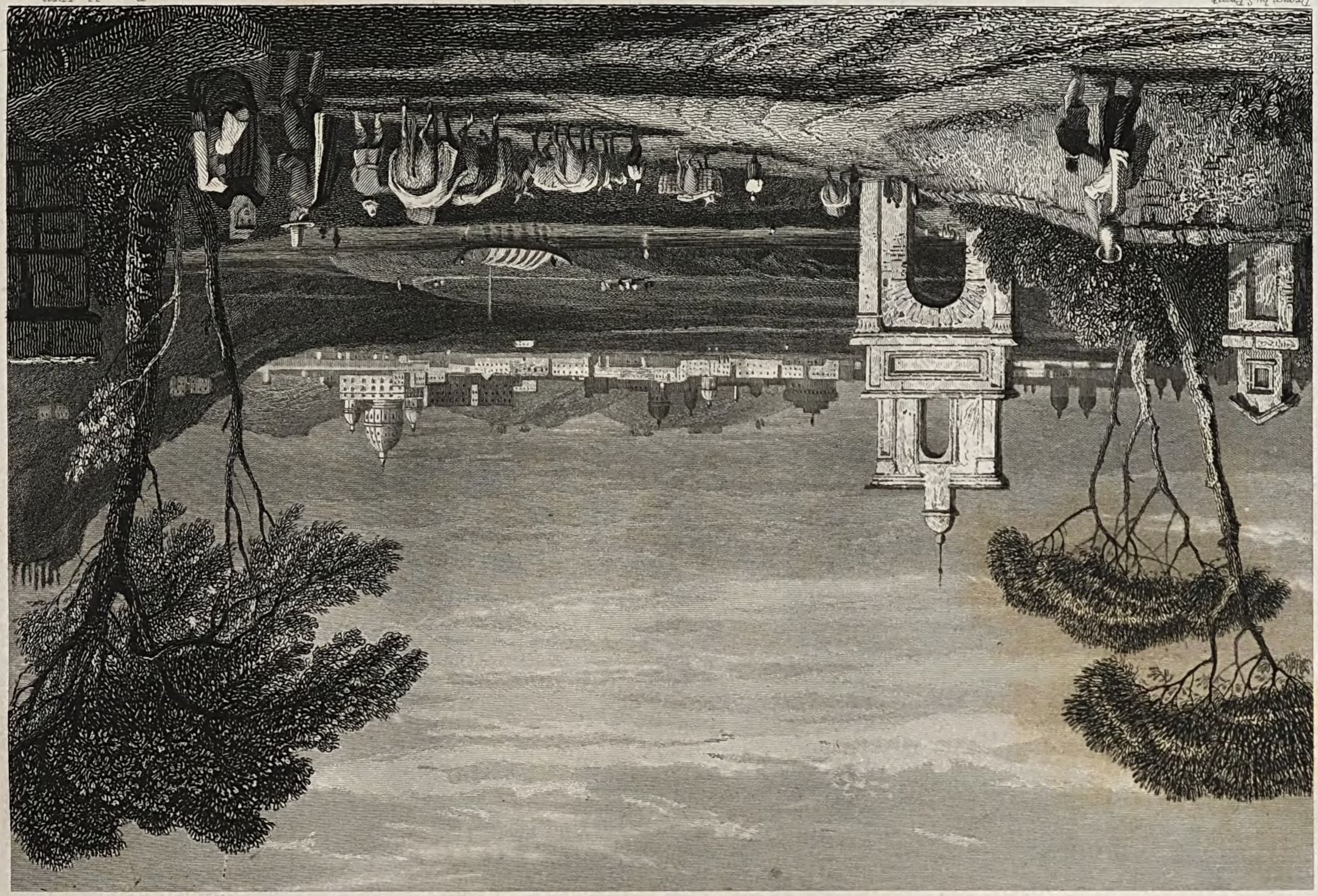
L'antiche mura, ch' ancor teme, ed ama,
E trema 'l mondo, quando si rimembra
Del tempo andato, e'n dietro si rivolve;
E i sassi dove fur chiuse le membra
Di ta', che non saranno senza fama,
Se l' universo pria non si dissolve.

PETRARCH.

ROME, seen at a distance, appears impressed with all the characteristics of its ancient and religious glory dimmed by centuries and revolutions. The country around it is singularly desolate. Nature seems to have left it to man, and man to have left his glory there and departed. The first object which meets the eye is the Vatican mount, with the magnificent and gorgeous pile which rises from its summit. Nor could the stranger behold any thing on his approach to the Eternal City more calculated to awaken the emotions he is prepared to feel. Among the seven hills, that of the Vatican was the most celebrated in the earliest annals of the church. It was on its brow that the first martyrs poured out their blood in testimony of the truth, and the sumptuous edifice, raised over the spots where they suffered, was for ages esteemed the sanctuary of their faith. Not even the temple of Jerusalem, nor the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, rich in all the wonders of eastern art, surpassed, it is believed, the splendour of the

ROME.

Drawn by S.Prout. Engraved by J.Wilmore.



Vatican; and what edifice ever exceeded it in the importance of the events which had their origin within its walls? The castle of St. Angelo, built above the mausoleum of the Emperor Adrian, next bursts upon the sight, and recalls to mind the eventful times when the church waged war with nations and their sovereigns, and the Fathers of Christendom found themselves surrounded, and their lives put in peril by banded legions. With this recollection arises another as the eye rests on the image of the angel which crowns the turrets of the castle, and wonder is mixed up with the remembrance that both the name and ensign of the fortress arose from the pretended visit of an angel to Gregory the Great. Immediately after these prominent objects, the thousand turrets, palaces, obelisks, and temples of Rome rise into view; and the spectator pauses, awe-struck with the crowded grandeur of the scene.

Directly before him is the Campagna, a wide and almost unvaried plain, covered with a kind of rank grass and herbage, which gives it the appearance of a vast burial-place without tombs. Far away in this waste lies the vast city we are contemplating, and beyond it swell the bright and picturesque hills, amid which the Latin muse made her favourite retreat. To the south rises the Alban mount, now Mount Cavo, green and woody as when its shades surrounded the temple of Jupiter Latialis. To the left of this mountain is Frescati, or Tusculum; and to the east swell the Sabine hills and the Apennines, the former adorned with the lovely villas of Tivoli and Palestrina; while between these and the hills of Viterbo,

which form the northern boundary of the scene, the far-famed Soracte stands in wild and lonely beauty, as if proud of its poetical celebrity.

The general appearance of this wide and impressive landscape has been strikingly described by more than one modern traveller. On all, the strange desolation which occupies so large a portion of it left a deep feeling of melancholy, and seems to have given to their details a tone of sadness, which forcibly conveys to the imagination the idea of what Rome must be, seen either in the distance of time or space.

"Over this wild waste," says the author of Rome in the Nineteenth Century, "no rural dwelling, nor scattered hamlets, nor fields, nor gardens, such as usually mark the approach to a populous city, were to be seen. All was ruin. Fallen monuments of Roman days, gray towers of Gothic times, abandoned habitations of modern years, alone meet the eye. No trace of man appeared, except in the lonely tomb which told us he had been. Rome herself was all that we beheld. She stood alone in the wilderness as in the world, surrounded by a desert of her own creation—a desert which accords but too well with her former greatness and her present decay. It may perhaps be soothing to the contemplation of the traveller, or the fancy of the poet, to see the once beautiful Campagna di Roma abandoned to the wild luxuriance of nature, and covered only with the defaced tombs of her tyrants, and the scarce visible remains of the villas of her senators; but it is melancholy to reason and humanity to behold an immense tract of fertile land, in the immediate

vicinity of one of the greatest cities of the world, pestilent with disease and death; and to know that, like a devouring grave, it annually engulfs all of human kind that toil upon its surface. The unfortunate labourers employed in the scanty cultivation occasionally given to the soil to enable it to produce pasturage for cattle generally fall victims to the baneful climate. Amidst the fearful loneliness and stillness of this scene of desolation, as we advanced through the long dreary tract that divided us from Rome, a few wretched peasants, whose looks bespoke them victims of slow consuming disease, occasionally reminded us of the tremendous ravage of human life which this invisible and mysterious power is annually making."

> Once more we look, and all is still as night,
> All desolate! groves, temples, palaces,
> Swept from the sight; and nothing visible,
> Amid the sulphurous vapours that exhale
> As from a land accurst, save here and there
> An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
> Of some dismember'd giant.

The author of the Classical Tour expresses himself in a similar manner respecting the solemn grandeur, blended with an air of desolation, which overhangs this remarkable scene; but he adds to his reflections those which spring from the recollection of what a mighty share Rome has taken in the affairs of Christendom;—at first, and at many times, for good—but, in the progress of her career, for how much evil!

The history of no country in the world is so fraught

with interest as that of Rome, even after her decline and fall. True, she lay prostrate for some time, and seemed to be the mere crouching slave of her rude but valiant conquerors. Her ancient dignity was no more; the spirit of her people appeared to have fled for ever; amid the fallen she was the most fallen! and in the dark ages of European states, the stormiest of the clouds which veiled the horizon was that which overhung imperial Rome.

> In the midst
> A city stands, her domes and turrets crown'd
> With many a cross; but they that issue forth
> Wander like strangers, who had built among
> The mighty ruins, silent, spiritless;
> And on the road where once we might have met
> Cæsar and Cato, and men more than kings,
> We meet, none else, the pilgrim and the beggar.

But while thus divested of all the grandeur which conquest or the pride of her citizens had won, while she thus lay outstretched but the lifeless corpse of Cæsar's capital, a new principle of life was fomenting in her veins, and she was destined again to awe the world by her name, and with a power more irresistible than she had exercised in the very zenith of her former glory. The struggle between Paganism and Christianity had tried the hearts of more than one people; and every conquest which the latter made, imbued the nation where it established itself with strength and fortitude, as well as the love of truth. The moral influence of this religion was thus of incalculable weight in the progress of returning civilization, not merely by the

positive value and rationality of its doctrines, but the effect which the necessary exertion employed in its establishment had on many successive generations. Rome, it is probable, would, but for this, have lain for ever prostrate, and the rank grass of her campagna covered the spots now adorned with temples and palaces.

The triumphs of the truth in this destined seat of spiritual tyranny were productive of a pure and noble heroism, which eclipsed the brightness of human virtues on their own soil. The first scions of the church planted here were men whose minds and hearts were devoted to the welfare of their species, and who as cheerfully shed their blood on the block or the cross for the cause of truth, as the proudest Roman had ever drawn his sword in view of the capitol and a crown. But the contest was scarcely decided when a feeling entirely foreign to the new faith sprung up in the bosoms of its supporters. The shrines in which honour and ambition had been worshipped by suppliant thousands were now open to Christian priests and bishops. It was speedily forgotten that, though the devotees of Jupiter and Mars no longer wielded the sword, the same piety which had wrung it from their hands had still an ample field for labour. Luxury, and the love of pomp—the dagons of every religion—were now the idols; and thinking that Truth must certainly be enshrined in every temple which a golden cross surmounted, and that she was sufficiently safe under that ensign, the self-denying, patient, humble, and laborious men who had planted it at the foot of thrones were succeeded by luxurious and haughty prelates.

Gregory the Second is usually and rightly regarded as

the founder of papal power on subjected monarchy; and the letter commonly quoted to illustrate his temper when addressing the greatest sovereign in Europe is sufficient to establish the position. "During ten pure and fortunate years," says he, "we have tasted the annual comfort of your royal letters, subscribed in purple ink with your own hand, the sacred pledges of your attachment to the orthodox creed of our fathers. How deplorable is the change! how tremendous the scandal! You now accuse the Catholics of idolatry; and, by the accusation, you betray your own impiety and ignorance. To this ignorance we are compelled to adapt the grossness of our style and arguments. The first elements of holy letters are sufficient for your confusion; and were you to enter a grammar-school, and avow yourself the enemy of our worship, the simple and pious children would be provoked to cast their hornbooks at your head." Such was the style in which the bishops of Rome, in the eighth century, dared to address the most powerful monarchs; and such were their sentiments when they were accustomed to say, "The eyes of the nations are fixed on our humility!"

It was to this same Gregory that a conquering king of the fierce Lombards bowed himself, with all the power he had won in his hands, and, standing at the gate of the Vatican, offered to the church the richest spoils of conquest, and even his victorious sword. And the same Gregory it was who inspired the noble Pepin to arm himself in defence of a power which was shortly to overthrow thrones at its will. But the most wonderful circumstance in the history of papal domination is the

violence and depravity which marked the characters of so many of its founders. The history of ecclesiastical Rome is thus sometimes tinged with the deepest hues of tragedy, at others with the strange, uncertain colours of popular legends; and amid the confusion which prevails over its earlier portions, we are only able to discern with certainty, that ambition had too often the upper hand of piety, and passion the mastery over all its fairest graces. Among the doubtful records of the middle, and, in this respect, dark ages, traditionary history has not a more curious passage than that in which is recorded the singular achievement of Pope Joan. This celebrated woman, according to common report, was as remarkable for her various and powerful talents, as for her enterprising courage. She was a native of Mentz in Germany; but having become attached to an English monk, she resolved to devote herself to him through life, and partake in his fate whithersoever his labours might lead him. In order to do this, without scandal to her lover, she assumed the dress of a man, and thus disguised they travelled to Athens. Here she shared in all the pursuits of the monk, profited by every means of instruction which the city afforded, and shortly became accomplished in all the learning and science of the age.

It happened, however, that soon after this, Joan lost her lover, who was taken sick and died. Thus left alone and unprotected in the world, she determined on proceeding to Rome, where she had no doubt her learning and eloquence would readily obtain her respect and support. Still retaining, therefore, her male attire, she hastened to the pontifical capital, and, as she had

expected, was soon rendered an object of respect, by the skill with which she disputed on the most difficult questions of the schools, and the eloquent harangues which flowed from her tongue. Every day brought some addition to her fame; all Rome was astonished at her universal accomplishments; and the increase of her reputation was accompanied by rapid promotion in the favour of the ruling ecclesiastics.

At length, while in the zenith of her glory, Pope Leo breathed his last; and, to render her life the most remarkable a woman ever passed, Joan, it is said, was elected to fill the vacant throne. The confidence which had hitherto supported her did not fail her in this elevated and important station. As she had before manifested all the qualifications necessary to an accomplished scholar, she now seemed to possess the virtues and dignity required in the supreme ruler of Christendom. By the authority vested in the office she possessed, she made bishops and priests, consecrated churches, administered the sacraments, and, to complete the climax with an old writer on the subject, *gave men her feet to kiss.* This, however, was not all. During her popedom Lotharius abdicated the throne of the empire, and Lewis the Second, being elected in his stead, came to Rome to receive the imperial crown at the hand of the pope, and was formally invested with the insignia of his rank by Joan.

So perfectly, according to the tradition, was this extraordinary woman qualified for the part she had to act, that it seems probable the imposture would never have been discovered had she controlled her licentious passions. But having found a new lover in one of the

cardinals of her court, her intrigues proved fatal both to her life and fame. While she was proceeding one day, accompanied by all the pomp and splendour of her state, to the church of the Lateran, she was suddenly taken ill, and, being obliged to stop, was in the sight of all present delivered of a child. Her almost instant death relieved her from the ignominious fate to which she would most probably have been doomed; but she was immediately stripped of all the badges of her former dignity, and was buried with no indication of the conspicuous part she had so lately played.

The character of John the Thirteenth has also rendered him conspicuous in the annals of the pontificate. Besides being accused of every crime which could disgrace him as a churchman, he is likewise charged with having committed those dark and deadly sins, which gave a sort of terrific gloom to the vices of the age. In a synod held before the Emperor Otho, he was publicly accused with having ordained deacons in his stables and among his horses, with having made a mockery of the sacraments, and drunk a cup of wine to the devil. The character, however, of this pontiff is exceeded in deformity by that of the celebrated Hildebrand, or Gregory the Seventh, who is reported, by the old chroniclers, to have exercised, both before and after his elevation, the magical arts, which he is said to have learnt from a professed sorceror in Etruria. By the assistance of this man, it is also supposed that he succeeded in removing several of the popes who preceded him. Having at length succeeded in his purpose, the unbounded ambition of his nature was speedily manifested; and his love

of power being accompanied with considerable talents, and with an utter fearlessness of laws, human or divine, he raised the authority of the popes to an almost absolute power over the world. His first great endeavour was to prevent the marriage of the clergy; by doing which he converted the Roman church into a garrison of ecclesiastical warriors, not prepared by their separation from the world to war against its vices, but to descend, whenever they chose, into the retreats of domestic virtue, and spoil them of their most hallowed treasures. He next resolved to make the power of the emperors and all secular princes bow to that of the church; and Henry of Germany was speedily made the victim of his machinations. But while the contest was yet undecided, he is reported to have suffered the greatest anxiety respecting the issue, and one day determined to try if the sacramental elements would not serve the same purpose as the idols of the heathen. Inquiring, therefore, at the altar, whether he should succeed in his war with the temporal power, but receiving no answer, he took the emblems, in the presence of his astonished and terrified cardinals, and flung them into the fire, exclaiming, at the same time, "Could the idol gods of the heathen give them answer of their success, and cannot thou tell me?" Nor did he content himself with exercising his authority only on the great, whom it might gratify his pride to see humbled at his feet: his cruelty extended to the lowest of his subjects, and he seemed to rejoice in multiplying the victims of his rage. Among the anecdotes related in illustration of this fiend-like quality of his character is the following:—A poor widow, distinguished for her

piety, had a son, who, for some offence or other, had been condemned to a year's banishment. On his return home, the poor woman, anxious that his fault might be wholly expiated, led him with a halter round his neck to Hildebrand, whom she besought to give him absolution, and restore him to her freed from the stain and penalty of his former guiltiness. But her petition was received by the haughty pontiff with contempt, and, freeing himself to a sudden burst of fury, he ordered the penitent to be instantly hung, which would have been done, but for the strong interference of some of his courtiers present. The cruel sentence was, however, only partly revoked, and the young man was not restored to his mother till one of his feet was cut off; and from the sufferings he endured he soon after died.

The ambition and cruelty of Hildebrand were equalled by the pride of Hadrian the Fourth. When the emperor Frederic was approaching Rome to aid this pontiff in a quarrel he had at that time with the citizens, Hadrian went out to receive him. Frederic, on their meeting, descended from his horse, and, walking by the side of the pope's, respectfully held the left stirrup-leather to assist him in dismounting. Hadrian, however, turned scornfully round to the emperor, and with an angry voice exclaimed, "Thou shouldst have held the right stirrup!" on which Frederic mildly replied, "I have not learned to hold a stirrup, and you, holy father, are the first to whom I ever did this service;" and seeing the countenance of Hadrian grow dark under this gentle reproof, "I would know of you whether this be my duty to do it of force, or of my own courtesy. If a man offer it of courtesy,

how will you rebuke him of negligence? if it be not of duty, what need you care on which side he come unto you who comes to do you worship?" But such was either the humility or the fear of Frederic, that the next time he met the pontiff he took care to profit by the lesson he had been so rudely taught.

An anecdote very similar to this is related of Alexander the Third, who, having subdued the emperor's son Otho, and held him prisoner in Venice, compelled the former to appear before him in the cathedral of that city, and there to fall prostrate before him, and in that posture supplicate his forgiveness. The humbled monarch did as he was commanded, and the pontiff placed his foot on his neck, repeating, at the same time, the passage from scripture, "Thou shalt tread upon," &c.

The emperor at this raised his head and said, "It was not said to thee, but to Saint Peter." The pontiff then again stamping on his neck, exclaimed, "Both to me and to Peter!"

In Urban the Sixth we again meet with those traits of barbarous and revengeful cruelty which stained the characters of so many pontiffs. His conduct to the clergy was so severe that he is said, by a contemporary historian (Theodoricus, lib. i. ch. ii.), to have been left almost entirely alone at the commencement of a change in his fortunes. Six cardinals, whom he had thrown into a dungeon for some supposed offence, were, says the same author, tortured in so deplorable a manner, that every spectator was melted with pity at their sufferings. But the more he was besought to have mercy, the more wrathful he was, so that his eyes would sparkle, his face

burn and glow, his throat turn dry for anger. "After sundry examinations," continues he, "the Cardinal of Sanger was first brought unto us, with a pair of iron shackles on his feet, and a short mantle about him, because it was a cold and windy prison; who, when he came to the end of the cellar, and saw above him ropes hanging, where he should be racked, and was by waiters stripped out of his apparel, leaving him scarcely his shirt on, and bound very hard to the rack, Francis, the pope's nephew, stood by and laughed at this miserable spectacle without all measure; but I, that loved this cardinal of old, was sore grieved thereat, but I could not depart the place. But, to be short, the said cardinal was an aged man, of a corpulent body, comely and tall of stature, and being bound, he was thence lifted up from the ground by the strong pulling of those that racked him; so that he waxed very feeble, which, when I beheld, when he was let go to the ground again, I said to him softly, 'O dear father, do you not see how your blood is sought for? I beseech you, for God's sake, confess something to deliver yourself from these tormentors.' He answered, 'I cannot tell what I shall say;' and when they would have racked him again I bad them cease, 'for he hath satisfied me,' said I, 'as I will certify the pope in writing;' and so they loosed him, and carried him out to take air." The persecution of these churchmen by the father of Christendom did not end till they fell martyrs to his vengeance; and the anecdote is valuable, as showing in how fearless a manner the heads of the Romish church indulged their private feelings, even on those who formed the prime support of their state.

We might multiply stories of this kind till they would fill a volume; but the above are amply sufficient to illustrate the too general character of pontifical history, and of Rome in the zenith of her latter glory. There were, it is true, bright exceptions to the constant recurrence of evil men and evil deeds in the course of her rise and fall, for so her state may now almost be termed; and the memory rests with delight on the names of such men as Ganganelli and others of the same class, who strove, in a corrupt court and nation, to preserve the ancient simplicity of christian virtue. But it was not by the actions of these men that Rome became a second time the dictator of the world: the founders of her empire were the dark but powerful spirits whose vices astonish and dismay the imagination, and, could we forget how they corrupted truth and violated the sanctity of their name, whose splendid policy and daring would inspire us with admiration.

The spirits of the Brutuses, the Cæsars, the Alexanders, and Leos are still, to the imagination, hovering over the seven hills;—from the spot where we fancy ourselves standing, the mingled monuments of their fame and ambition rise upon the view—the Colosseum and St. Peter's—the crumbling temples of Mars and Venus—the magnificent shrine of our Saviour—the tombs of emperors by the wayside—the mausoleums of popes, surmounted by splendid churches, are before us! And on what other spot on the globe can we stand and contemplate such a scene?

Drawn by S. Prout.

Engraved by J.B. Allen.

BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF ANGELO ROME.

Printed by Penner Sears & Co.

# THE BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, THE VATICAN, AND ST. PETER'S.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on high,
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles.

BYRON.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.

BYRON.

THE view represented in the plate comprises the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo, the Palace of the Vatican, and the Church of St. Peter's.

The bridge of St. Angelo, which formerly bore the title of the Pons Ælius, or Hadriani, from the name of the emperor by whom it was built, crosses the Tiber opposite to the Moles Hadriani, to which it was designed as an avenue. The piers and some of the arches are ancient; but having given way in consequence of the crowd assembled on it during the jubilee of 1450, an accident by which upwards of 170 persons perished, it was renewed by Nicholas the Fifth, and was again repaired in 1668 by Clement the Ninth, who erected the balustrade, and placed upon it, with the assistance of Bernini, the ill-conceived statues of angels, which flutter over the water.

The castle of St. Angelo, the fortress and the state prison of Rome, is constructed from the remains of the

celebrated Moles Hadriani, the mausoleum erected by the Emperor Hadrian as a sepulchre for the imperial dead. It appears to have been converted into a fortress during the siege of Rome by the Goths, in 537, when the besieged cast down from its walls the statues and other ornaments of the place upon the assailants. The building, which is circular in its form, and about two hundred and nineteen feet in diameter, rests upon a square base composed of large blocks of peperino, the heart of which is traversed by various sepulchral passages and chambers designed to receive the bodies of the dead. During the middle ages the Moles Hadriani continued to be employed as a place of defence, and is mentioned in the annals of that period, sometimes under the name of the Tower of Crescentius, and sometimes of the House of Theodoric.

During the pontificate of Alexander the Sixth, the superstructure of brick which crowns the ancient building was added, and the whole was surrounded by a ditch and rampart with bastions by Urban the Eighth.

When Clement the Seventh was besieged in this fortress by the Imperial troops, the celebrated sculptor Benvenuto Cellini was employed in directing the artillery of the castle. Of the marvellous skill with which he performed this duty he has, in his usual characteristic manner, left an accurate account, which he has embellished with various anecdotes more amusing than credible.

"There passed not a day," he says, "that I did not kill some of the army without the castle. One day, amongst others, the pope happened to walk upon the round rampart, when he saw in the public walks a Spanish colonel,

whom he knew by certain tokens; and understanding that he had formerly been in his service, said something concerning him, all the while observing him attentively. I, who was above the battery and knew nothing of the matter, but saw a man who was employed in getting the ramparts repaired, and who stood with a spear in his hand, dressed in rose colour, began to deliberate how I should lay him flat. I took my swivel, which was almost equal to a demi-culverine, turned it round, and charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed it at him exactly: though he was at so great a distance that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far, I fired off the gun, and hit the man in red exactly in the middle. He had arrogantly placed his sword before him in a sort of Spanish bravado, but the ball of my piece hit against his sword, and the man was seen severed into two pieces. The pope, who did not dream of any such thing, was highly delighted and surprised at what he saw, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece could carry so far, as by reason he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces. Upon this he sent for me, and made an inquiry into the whole affair. I told him the art I had used to fire in that manner; but as for the man's being split into two pieces, neither he nor I were able to account for it. So falling upon my knees I entreated his holiness to absolve me from the guilt of homicide, as likewise from other crimes which I had committed in that castle in the service of the church. The pope, lifting up his hands, and making the sign of the cross over me, said that he blessed me, and gave me

his absolution for all the homicides I had ever committed, or ever should commit, in the service of the apostolical church. Upon quitting him I again went up to the battery, and continuing to keep a constant fire, I scarce once missed all the time; my drawing, my elegant studies, and my taste for music, all vanished before this butchering business; and if I were to give a particular account of all the exploits I performed in this infernal employment, I should astonish all the world; but I pass them by for the sake of brevity."

It was the fortune of Benvenuto Cellini, at a subsequent period, to become a prisoner in the fortress where he had performed these prodigies of gunnery. He contrived upon this occasion to employ his skill in effecting an escape, the particulars of which he has detailed with considerable minuteness in his Memoirs. He succeeded in descending from the battlements of the castle undetected and unhurt; but in attempting to scale one of the outer walls, he fell, and became insensible. On recovering his senses, he imagined he had been beheaded, and was in purgatory. Notwithstanding the injury he had received, he contrived to crawl away; and though the pontiff, Paul III., had himself, in his youth, made his escape from the same confinement, he was again committed to the prison, where he suffered incredible hardships, and witnessed still more incredible visions.

The castle of St. Angelo received the appellation which it now bears in the pontificate of Gregory the Great, who, in crossing the bridge of St. Angelo, as he went to offer up prayers for the deliverance of the Romans from a pestilence with which they were afflicted,

beheld on the summit of the Moles Adriani the figure of an angel sheathing a sword. In commemoration of this vision, the brazen statue which still crowns the castle was erected, and the building, as already stated, received the name by which it has since been distinguished. It has been long used as a public prison, and contains about four hundred wretched criminals, who have been sentenced to the galleys. The upper apartments, which present little worthy of notice, are used as prisons for the confinement of state criminals. In the principal saloon is exhibited a bust of Hadrian; and this apartment was used as a theatre for the representation of a tragedy during the fifteenth century, under the directions of Cardinal Riario. From the summit of the castle a fine view is presented of the windings of the Tiber.

On Easter Monday a splendid display of fireworks is exhibited from the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo, a spectacle which has been represented by the fiery pencil of Wright of Derby. The first discharge of the fireworks consists of upwards of four thousand rockets, producing a fountain of flame, the magnificence of which it is difficult to imagine. Other devices succeed, and the exhibition is terminated with a shower of rockets like the first.

"Tous les evènements de l'histoire de Rome," says Madame de Stael, "depuis Adrien jusqu'à nos jours sont liés à ce monument. Belisaire s'y defendit contre les Goths, et presque aussi barbare que ceux qui l'attaquaient, il lança contre ses ennemis les belles statues qui decoraient l'intérieure de l'edifice. Crescentius, Arnault de Brescia, Nicolas Rienzi, ces amis de la liberté

Romaine, qui ont pris si souvent les souvenirs pour des esperances, se sont defendus long-temps dans le tombeau d'un empereur. J'aime ces pierres que s'unissent à tant de faits illustres. J'aime ce luxe du maître du monde, un magnifique tombeau. Il y a quelque chose de grand dans l'homme qui, possesseur de toutes les jouissances et de toutes les pompes terrestres, ne crainte pas de s'occuper long-temps d'avance de sa mort. Des idées morales, des sentiments disinteressés remplissent l'ame, dès qu'elle sort de quelque manière des bornes de la vie."

At an inconsiderable distance from the castle of St. Angelo stands the palace of the Vatican, the principal residence of the supreme pontiff. The vast and irregular mass of buildings which compose this palace were erected at various periods, as the convenience or the taste of successive popes suggested. The early history of the palace is lost in remote antiquity. About the year 800, it was the residence of Charlemagne. Nicholas the Third and Innocent the Second added to the building; and to Nicholas the Fifth it owes the rooms which were afterwards illustrated by the pencil of Raphael. The triple portico was the work of Leo the Tenth: and a new palace was annexed to the edifice by Sixtus the Fifth. Pius the Sixth completed the structure by the addition of the Museo Pio Clementino. The architecture is various, and the effect, consequently, far from pleasing; its being situated upon higher ground than St. Peter's, which it immediately adjoins, injures in some degree the view of that magnificent temple.

The extent of the Vatican is almost incredible. The number of apartments in it is said, at a low computation,

to amount to 4422. De la Lande states them to be 11,246; while according to Bonanni they are not less in number than 13,000.

As a treasury of art the Vatican is unequalled in its lavish magnificence. Not only does it contain within its limits the walls of the Sistine chapel, stamped with the genius of Michael Angelo; not only does it comprise the loggie and the stanze of Raphael; but it boasts one of the richest collections in the world of ancient sculpture, and a library of manuscripts of unequalled value and rarity. When to these treasures are added its pavements of ancient mosaic, its columns of porphyry and alabaster, its gates of brass, its ceilings of gold, its richly wrought tapestries, and its long succession of galleries, stored with all that is curious and beautiful in ancient or modern art, it must be confessed, that it is a residence worthy of a potentate who claims to be the head of Christendom.

In close juxtaposition with the palace of the Vatican stands the church of St. Peter, the most magnificent temple of the christian world. It rises, according to some antiquarians, from the site of the Circus of Nero. The apostle, having suffered martyrdom under that emperor, was buried, as tradition reports, in a grotto or cave, now covered by the superb edifice which bears his name; but there is reason to believe that the body of the apostle never reposed in this spot.

At a very early period, and, as it is said, by Constantine, a church was dedicated in this place to St. Peter. In the middle of the fifteenth century, a new edifice was commenced by Nicholas the Fifth, but the ancient church

was not entirely removed until the pontificate of Julius the Second, in 1506, when the first stone of the present building was laid.

The history of the building of St. Peter's, and the description of the splendours of its architectural decoration, would literally require volumes to do them justice. The treasures of a succession of pontiffs and the genius of several generations of architects were lavished upon the edifice. During the pontificates of Julius the Second, Leo the Tenth, Adrian the Sixth, Clement the Seventh, Paul the Third, Julius the Third, Pius the Fifth, Gregory the Thirteenth, Sixtus the Fifth, Paul the Fifth, and Alexander the Seventh, the vast work still proceeded; and it was not until three centuries and a half had been consumed in the labour that the mighty mass was completed. The whole sum expended upon the church, before its completion, has been reckoned at forty-seven millions of scudi, upwards of ten millions and a half sterling. It has been said that the building of the church was one of the principal causes of the Reformation, since the expenses of it were so great that the pontiffs were compelled to discredit the Catholic faith by issuing an extra number of indulgences. During the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth, six hundred workmen were employed day and night upon the cupola, which, by this extraordinary exertion, was completed in the space of twenty-two months. In one story only of the dome eleven hundred beams were employed, one hundred of which were of such magnitude that the arms of two men could not embrace them.

The eye of the traveller is generally deceived as to

the vast extent of this edifice, which, from the admirable proportion of its parts, does not present that idea of magnitude which might be expected. So great is the deception, on first entering the church, that the statues of the evangelists appear to be little larger than life, when such in fact is their magnitude, that the pen in the hand of St. Mark is six feet long. It is only gradually, and by comparing the objects before him with himself, that the traveller obtains a correct notion of the colossal temple which he is admiring. The whole length of the church, from wall to wall, is six hundred and nine feet, while our own St. Paul's measures only five hundred and twenty-one. The length of the Duomo at Milan is four hundred and thirty-nine, and of St. Sophia at Constantinople, three hundred and fifty-seven feet. The temples of the ancient world cannot be compared with St. Peter's in point of magnitude. In Rome, the largest of the temples, that of Jupiter Capitolinus, is supposed to have been about two hundred feet in length; and the Parthenon measured two hundred and thirty in length, and ninety-eight in width.

The cupola of St. Peter's has always been represented as one of the most sublime efforts of architectural science. "The cupola," says Mr. Forsyth, "is glorious. Viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration, as a whole, or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on—a sublime peculiar to the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the

spot." Lord Byron has celebrated, in some of his most splendid verses, the glories of the Dome.

> But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
> To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
> Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
> I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
> Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
> The hyæna and the jackall in their shade;
> I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
> Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
> Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;
>
> But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
> Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
> Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
> Since Zion's desolation, when that He
> Forsook his former city, what could be,
> Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
> Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
> Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
> In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.
>
> Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
> And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
> Expanded by the genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal, and can only find
> A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
> Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
> Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
> See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
> His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.
>
> Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
> Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
> Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
> Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
> All musical in its immensities:

Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

Not by its fault—but thine: Our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

Of the interior decorations of St. Peter's—its lavish treasures of marbles, its mosaic ceilings, its statues, its paintings, and its innumerable and splendid tombs and trophies, no narrative can give an adequate idea. Such is the magnificent scale to which the eye grows accustomed, that the *Baldacchino*, or great canopy, over the high altar, and immediately under the dome, though equal in height to the Farnese palace, one of the loftiest in Rome, does not strike the spectator as remarkable for its altitude. The gilding alone of this canopy, which is of bronze, cost forty thousand scudi, upwards of nine thousand pounds sterling.

The spectacle presented by the devout persons who come to worship in this vast temple has been well painted by a lively and popular writer. "A group of peasants, in grotesque and highly picturesque costumes, were flocking round the bronze statue of St. Peter, to give it the pious salutation they had wandered from their distant mountain homes to bestow. * * * Round the confessionals female penitents, clothed in black, and deeply veiled, were kneeling, whispering through the grate into the ear of their ghostly father that tale of human guilt and misery no other mortal ear might hear. Their faces were concealed, but their figure and attitude seemed to express deep humiliation, grief, and compunction. The countenances of the confessors were various. Some fat, lethargic, and indifferent, expressed, and seemed capable of expressing nothing. Others seemed to wear the air of attention, surprise, admonition, weariness, or impatience; but in one only could I trace the tenderness of compassion, and of gentle yet impressive rebuke. It was an old Dominican Monk, whose cowl, thrown back, displayed a pallid cheek, deeply marked with the lines of piety and resignation, and in whose mild eye, shaded by a few thin gray hairs, shone the habitual kindness of christian charity. He seemed, in the beautiful language of scripture, 'A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;' humble and patient, yet tolerant of human frailty, as they generally are, in the highest degree, who the least need toleration from others. In striking contrast to this venerable old monk was a cardinal, whose robe of state was carried by his train-bearer, and whose steps were followed by an immense retinue of servants. He was

going round to all the altars in succession, and kneeling before them to offer up his pompous prayers. The servants, dressed in sumptuous liveries, were on their knees behind, but some of them growing tired of the length of his devotions, were in this posture making grimaces at each other, and cutting jokes, *sotto voce;* and one or two of them in the rear had got up again, when the cardinal's eye glanced round, and down they plumped, more deep in apparent prayer than ever. Near this princely priest, as near as they could get, were some wretched diseased cripples, covered with rags and filth, and crawling on their hands and knees over the marble pavement of this superb edifice, vainly demanding charity in the most abject terms of misery and supplication. One of these unfortunate wretches, finding his petitions disregarded, at last, at a distance and in silence, began to worship at the same shrine, as if to implore from Heaven that mercy which man had denied. * * * Some pilgrims, too, were among the supplicants of the manifold shrines, and it would be a curious task to analyse the motives that led them hither. They were chiefly young, strong men, apparently from the lower classes of society, whose appearance certainly did not denote that they had suffered much from the hardships and privations of the way. * * * Some of them were very fine-looking men. Their large black eyes and expressive countenances overshadowed by their broad-brimmed hats, their oil-skin tippets, cockle-shells, scrip, rosaries, and staff, had to us a novelty that was poetical as well as picturesque. Some of them had come from the moun-

tains of Spain, and seemed resolved to lay in a stock of indulgences to serve them the rest of their lives."

An enthusiastic old traveller, Lassels, concludes his account of St. Peter's with the following remarkable eulogy. "You will, perhaps, wonder, when you hear that this church is the eighth wonder of the world; that the pyramids of Egypt, the walls of Babylon, the Pharos, Colossus, &c. were but heaps of stones, compared to this fabric; that it hath put all antiquity to the blush, and all posterity to a nonplus; that its several parts are all incomparable master-pieces; its pictures all originals; its statues perfect models; that it hath a revenue of above twenty thousand pounds a-year only for the fabric; that it hath cost, till the year 1654 (the accounts being then summed up), forty millions of crowns; that most of the popes since Julius the Second's time (and they have been twenty-three in all) have heartened and advanced this work; that the prime architects of the world, San Gallo, Bramante, Baldassere, Buonarota, Giacomo della Porta, Giovanni Fontana, Carlo Maderno, and now Cavaliero Bernino, have brought it on to this perfection, that the whole church itself is nothing but the quintessence of wit and wealth strained into a religious design of making a handsome house to God, and of fulfilling the divine oracle, which promised that magna erit gloria domus istius novissimæ plusquam primæ."

Engraved by Tombleson.

# MOUNT AVENTINE.

**Là poësie vient encore embellir ce séjour. Virgile a placé sur le Mont Aventin la caverne de Cacus; et les Romaines, si grands par leur histoire, le sont encore par les fictions heroiques, dont les poëtes ont orné leur origine fabuleuse.**

**De Stael.**

If, fatigued with the dry realities of history, the traveller, in his perambulation of Rome, is anxious to refresh himself by visiting the scenes consecrated by classical fiction, he will find ample gratification in exploring the boundaries of the Aventine Mount. The first object of his curious inquiry will be, of course, the den of Cacus, in the discovery of which it is probable that he will not be so fortunate as Hercules. Many an eager traveller has traversed the Aventine in search of the cave, till, like the demigod, he has found his anger excited by his failure;

ter totum fervidus ira
Lustrat Aventini montem; ter saxea tentat
Limina nequicquam: ter fessus valle resedit.

Certainly, the task of pulling up the steep ascent of the Aventine by their tails

Quatuor a stabulis præstante corpore tauros,

was a feat well worthy of the hero to whom it is ascribed. "The cave of Cacus," says a very intelligent traveller, "we are gravely informed, is still extant on the steep

side of the Aventine that overhangs the Tiber; and some of our active friends scrambled about in search of it among the thorns and brushwood that fringe its perpendicular bank, at the imminent peril of breaking their necks, and to the actual demolition of their clothes. But though they found holes in abundance, they never met with any that could contain a single ox, or that by any stretch of courtesy could be dignified with the name of a cave, so that the abode of Cacus, as far as I know, remains undiscovered to this day."

It was upon the Aventine Hill, also, that Numa met the rural gods Faunus and Picus, to whom he insidiously administered an undue quantity of wine and honey, and taking advantage of their intoxication, compelled them to reveal to him their celestial secrets.

The Aventine Hill was added to the city by Ancus Martius, and for a long period, during the early history of Rome, it appears to have been unbuilt upon. It was the scene of those popular nocturnal meetings which, in the infancy of the republic, led to the secession of the people, and, indeed, according to some authorities, the secession of war to Mount Aventine. A little later, the citizens who rose against the tyranny of the decemvirs established their camp upon this hill, and in more modern times Rienzi assembled upon its summit the hardy spirits who conspired to regenerate Rome—an attempt which has excited the genius of Petrarch and of Moore.

At dawn, in arms went forth the patriot band,
And as the breeze, fresh from the Tiber, fann'd
Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see
The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of Heaven—

Types of the justice, peace, and liberty
That were to bless them when their chains were riven.
On to the Capitol the pageant moved,
While many a shade of other times that still
Around that grave of grandeur sighing roved
Hung o'er their footsteps up the sacred hill,
And heard its mournful echoes, as the last
High-minded heirs of the republic passed.

The Aventine was the site of the temple dedicated to Diana by Servius Tullius in imitation of the Ephesian temple. Of this magnificent fabric no trace whatever is now to be discovered; nor, indeed, are the ruins of the other temples which formerly crowned this hill—of Juno, of Liberty, and of the Bona Dea—now visible. Monasteries and churches have succeeded the heathen fanes, amongst the most conspicuous of which are the churches of Santa Maria del Priorato, of S. Alessio, and of Santa Sabina. It ought not to be forgotten, that when Rome was free, the Aventine was the residence of Ennius, and that in later days it was the site of the Palace of Trajan.

A considerable portion of the base of the Aventine is covered with the extensive and magnificent ruins of the baths of Caracalla. With the exception of the Colosseum, there is no remnant of ancient Rome which presents so perfect an idea of the magnitude and splendour of the edifices with which the imperial city was adorned. The length of the building, as measured from the ruins, was 1840 feet, and the breadth 1476. It is said that it was begun by Caracalla, that Heliogabalus added the porticos, and that the whole was completed by Alexander Severus. The number and size of the apartments, which

were devoted to various amusements, strike the stranger with admiration. One of the rooms called the *Cella Solearis*, the length of which was 150 feet, was remarkable for its ceiling, being covered with a flat roof of stone, supported, it is supposed, by flat cross-bands of metal, a work said to have been executed by Egyptian artists. Amongst the ruins of these thermæ many singularly fine monuments of antiquity have been discovered; and it has been much regretted that the excavations have not been carried on with more vigour within these bounds. The celebrated Hercules Farnese was discovered in this place in 1540, but at first the legs were wanting. A sculptor was immediately ordered, under the direction of Michael Angelo, to supply this deficiency; and the result of his labour is still to be seen in the Farnese Palace at Rome. In the mean time the genuine limbs were discovered and came into the possession of the Prince Borghese, who was ultimately prevailed upon, with much difficulty, to resign them to the possessor of the body.

The traveller who ascends the Aventine hill must not neglect the prospect which is open to him from the Belvidere of Santa Maria del Priorato. On one side the Tiber rolls sluggishly along past the ruins of the Pons Sublicius; while on the opposite shore is seen the modern port of Rome, and beyond it Mount Janiculus, with the splendours of St. Peter's at its feet. On the right rise the Capitoline and Palatine hills; and on the opposite side extend the level meadows of the Prati del Popolo Romano, adorned with the tomb of Caius Cestius.

The present view of the Aventine is taken from near

the Ponte Rotto, one of the earliest bridges of ancient Rome. The piles of this bridge were laid during the consulate of Q. Fulvius and L. Manlius (U. C. 573), but it was not finished till the censorship of Scipio Africanus and L. Nummius (U. C. 611). Having been injured by a great inundation, it was restored by Gregory the Thirteenth in 1575. It suffered again from a similar cause in 1598, and has not since been repaired, a circumstance from which it has derived its present name. It was formerly known by the name of the Pons Palatinus or Senatorius, and has sometimes been called the Ponte Santa Maria. At low water the entrance of the Cloaca Maxima may be seen from the spot where the Pons Palatinus formerly crossed the river. Near this bridge is the mansion in which Rienzi is said to have lived, and of which we shall say a few words in another place.

Between the Aventine and the Ripa Grande are seen the remains of the Pons Sublicius, so called from the *sublices,* or wooden piles, of which it was composed. For a long period this was the only bridge across the Tiber. It was built, according to Livy, in the reign of Ancus Martius; and it was upon this bridge that Horatius Cocles "insignis inter conspecta cedentium pugnæ terga, obversis cominus ad ineundum prœlium armis, ipso miraculo obstupefecit hostes;" and it was from this bridge that the hero cast himself into the stream with the invocation, "Tiberine pater te sancte precor, hæc arma et hunc militem propitio flumine accepias!" Livy, in relating the story, speaks of Cocles as "rem ausus plus famæ habituram ad posteros quam fidei:" but it must not from this observation be concluded that the historian himself

entertained doubts as to the truth of his narrative; nor is there indeed any thing incredible in the story itself. The bridge having been partially destroyed to prevent the passing of Porsenna's army, was repaired with wood as before, and was so constructed that it might be taken to pieces immediately, in case it should be desirable to prevent a communication with the opposite shore. In the reign of Augustus it was swept away by a flood, but is said to have been restored, in stone, the following years, during the censorship of P. Æmilius Lepidus, whence it has been sometimes called the Pons Æmilius. It was again injured by inundations during the reign of Tiberius and Otho, and was not restored till the time of Antoninus Pius, when it was rebuilt of marble, and received the name of the Ponte Marmorato. In 780 it was once more carried away by a flood, and was never again repaired. The fragments of a broken pier or arch, visible only at low water, are all that remain of the first bridge of Rome.

Rome, if thou wert a desert, and if none
But ruins clad thy hills and heap'd thy plain,
I could within thy shatter'd walls remain.
But there are Romans in thee not thine own.
Old Tiber rolls, as in the ages gone,
And remnants of those arches chafe his flood,
Where one man 'gainst a host unshaken stood.
What thousands now can match that arm alone!
O Rome, within thy tombs a spirit lurks
That animates afresh their crumbled clay:
'Tis in thy palaces destruction works,
For living man rots there in foul decay:
A ruin that hath made itself, and where
The past is a reproach, the future is despair.

CHARLES JOHNSTONE.

*Drawn by S.Prout.*

*Engraved by H.Jordan.*

# COLONNADE OF S^T PETER'S, ROME.

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# THE FOUNTAINS OF ST. PETER'S, AND PART OF THE COLONNADES.

"Oswald sentit une emotion tout-à-fait extraordinaire en arrivant en face de St. Pierre. C'était la première fois que l'ouvrage des hommes produisait sur lui l'effet d'une merveille de la nature."

DE STAEL.

THE approach to St. Peter's, like that to our own cathedral church of St. Paul's, is very unfavourable to the architectural effect of the edifice. A long and narrow street of mean houses leads to an open space of about two hundred feet square, on passing which the traveller arrives at the colonnades in front of the church. This edifice was not contemplated in the original design of the building; for at the point which is now the entrance of the colonnade stood the house of Raphael, designed by Bramanti, which, with several other buildings, was removed in the year 1660 to afford room for the colonnades. That structure was designed by Bernini, during the pontificate of Alexander the Sixth, with a taste which has been often severely criticised. It consists of a semicircular colonnade of four rows of pillars, enclosing a space of seven hundred and twenty-eight feet by six hundred and six. In number the pillars are two hundred and fifty-six, and they are surmounted by one hundred and ninety-two statues of saints. Some idea of the magnificence of the colonnade may be formed, when we

find that through the centre rows of the pillars two carriages may pass abreast, and that each of the statues which surmount them is eleven feet in height. Undeterred by the criticisms of his predecessors, Mr. Forsyth has spoken in high terms of the colonnade. "How beautiful the colonnades! how finely proportioned to the church! how advantageous to its flat, forbidding front, which ought to have come forward like the Pantheon to meet the decoration! How grand an enclosure for the piazza! how fortunate a screen to the ignoble objects around it! But, advance or retire, you will find no point of view that combines these accessories with the general form of the church. Instead of describing its whole cycloid on the vacant air, the cupola is more than half hidden by the front—a front at variance with the body, confounding two orders in one, debased by a gaping attic, and encumbered with colossal apostles."

In the centre, if it may be so called, of each of the colonnades, rises a magnificent fountain, from the designs of Maderno. The waters, after having been forced into a number of splendid jets, are received into a noble basin composed of a single block of granite.

In the centre of the space formed by the colonnades of St. Peter's rises the obelisk of the Vatican, one of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity preserved in Rome. It appears to be one of the two obelisks mentioned by Herodotus as having been erected by Phero, the son of Sesostris, on his recovery from blindness. So great was the anxiety of the monarch that the pillar should be raised uninjured, that he fastened his own son to the summit in order to render the engineers more

careful in performing this operation. From Egypt it was transported by Caligula to Rome, a vessel being built for the purpose of conveying it. In the construction of this vessel a fir-tree of such enormous bulk was used, that four men could scarcely embrace it in their arms. The pillar was dedicated by Caligula to Julius and Augustus Cæsar, and erected in the Circus of Caligula, afterwards called the Circus of Nero—a position not far from that which it at present occupies. The precise spot falls within the church, and is marked by a square stone in the passage leading from the sacristy to the choir.

In the year 1586, Sixtus the Fifth directed the obelisk to be removed to its present situation. Of the difficulty of this task some idea may be formed from a statement of the magnitude and weight of the monument. The length, exclusive of the pyramid at the apex, is upwards of seventy-seven feet—the transverse section at the middle more than seven and a half feet square; the solid contents are one hundred and sixty-six cubic yards of granite, weighing upwards of three hundred and thirty-two tons; to which must be added four tons, the weight of the pyramid at the top. It has been calculated to be fourteen times the weight of the largest block of stone at Stonehenge, and is the largest wrought stone in Europe.

The operation of transporting this prodigious mass has been described by Fontana, the architect employed by the pope to superintend its removal. A *castellum* or frame, composed of eight upright beams of oak and walnut, was erected around the obelisk, which was covered with mats and planks bound together with iron and ropes to preserve it from injury. It was then raised, by

means of capstans and blocks, upon a platform resting on wooden rollers, and was thus removed to its present site. Six hundred men and a hundred and forty horses were employed in the transportation, the expense of which amounted to about nine thousand pounds. As a reward for his successful labours, the pontiff bestowed upon the architect the materials used in the removal of the obelisk, which were valued at twenty thousand crowns.

A singular anecdote with regard to the erection of the obelisk is related by some Italian writers. The pope, whose anxiety for the successful elevation of the pillar appears almost to have equalled that of Phero, is said to have issued a command that, during the progress of raising the monument, no person should venture to speak under the penalty of death. A member of the Bresca family (of the ancient republic of S. Remo), who was intently watching the progress of the operation, observing that the ropes were on the point either of breaking or of taking fire from the extreme friction, forgetting or disregarding the pontiff's order, called aloud for water. Sixtus, who saw the danger to which the machinery had been exposed, instead of threatening him with the infliction of the punishment, desired him to name his reward. He did so, and selected the office of supplying the papal chapel with palms on Palm Sunday; a privilege still claimed by the Bresca family. In the Vatican a painting may be seen representing the removal of the obelisk, and the seizure of this person by the papal guards.

Madame de Stael, who is never more eloquent than in her descriptions of the works of art which Rome exhibits,

and who gives such admirable expression to the sentiments which such exhibitions inspire, has embodied in her own beautiful language the feelings with which the traveller surveys the magnificent fountains and the obelisk of St. Peter's:—"Un obelisque de quatre-vingts pieds de haut, qui parait à peine élevé en presence de coupole de Saint Pierre, est au milieu de la place. La forme des obelisques elle seule a quelque chose qui plait à l'imagination: leur sommet se perd dans les airs, et semble porter jusqu'au ciel une grande pensée de l'homme. Ce monument, qui vint d'Egypte pour orner les bains de Caligula, et qui Sixte Quint a fait transporter ensuite au pied du temple de Saint Pierre, ce contemporain de tant des siècles, qui n'ont pu rien contre lui, inspire un sentiment de respect. L'homme se sent si passager, qu'il a toujours de l'émotion en présence de ce qui est immuable. A quelque distance des deux côtés de l'obelisque, s'élevent deux fontaines dont l'eau jaillet perpetuellement, et retombe avec abondance en cascade dans les airs. Ce murmure des ondes qu'on a coutume d'entendre au milieu de la campagne produit dans cette enceinte une sensation toute nouvelle; mais cette sensation est en harmonie avec celle que fait naître l'aspect d'un temple majestueux.

"La peinture, la sculpture, imitant le plus souvent la figure humaine, ou quelque objet existant dans la nature, réveillent dans notre âme des idées parfaitement claires et positives; mais un beau monument d'architecture n'a point, pour ainsi dire, de sens déterminé; et l'on est saisi, en le contemplant, par cette réverie, sans calcul et sans but, qui mene si loin la pensée. Le bruit des eaux con-

vient à toutes ces impressions vagues et profondes: il est uniforme comme l'edifice est regulier.

"L'éternel mouvement et l'éternel repos sont ainsi rapprochés l'un de l'autre. C'est dans ce lieu surtout que le temps est sans pouvoir; car il ne tarit pas plus ces sources jaillissantes, qu'il n'ébranle ces immobiles pierres. Les eaux qui s'élancent en gerbes de ces fontaines sont si légères et si nuageuses que, dans un beau jour, les rayons du soleil y produisent de petits arcs-en-ciel formés des plus belles couleurs."

*Drawn by S. Prout.* *Engraved by James B. Allen*

# TEMPLE OF PEACE, ROME.

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# TEMPLE OF PEACE.

O Thou who bad'st thy turtles bear,
Swift from his grasp, thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies!
. . . . . .
Oh Peace, thy injured robes upbind!

COLLINS.

BUILDINGS, like books, have sometimes a disputed authenticity; and it often happens that the question as to their true founders is agitated with more vivacity than in the case of authors and their writings, inasmuch as all their present value and interest depend on our knowledge of their origin. This is particularly the case with regard to the Temple of Peace. If the date and purpose of its foundation, as popularly described, be correct, it is one of the most interesting remains of antiquity; but if tradition can be fairly convicted of error in this instance, there is scarcely a ruin in Europe which possesses less claim to regard.

According to the commonly received opinion, the dilapidated and almost rude structure we are contemplating was begun by the Emperor Claudius, but completed by Vespasian, and dedicated to the goddess of peace, on the successful termination of the Jewish war. Josephus, after describing the pomp of the triumphs which celebrated the final overthrow of his nation, says that the conqueror determined on building a temple to

Peace; and that he finished it in so short a period, and in a style of such unexampled magnificence, that it astonished every beholder. The prodigious wealth which he had accumulated in the late wars assisted him in his design; and the rarest statues and paintings, with the most curious productions of every quarter of the world, were collected under its roof. Thither also he brought the spoils of the temple of Jerusalem; and the golden vessels and sacred instruments of its altars graced, as once before of old, the festive rites of idolaters.

Such was the celebrity which the Temple of Peace acquired by the splendour of its ornaments, and the vast sums expended on every part of the structure, that it was regarded as the noblest edifice in the world. A curious custom also, which prevailed at a very early period in Greece, appears to have added considerably to its grandeur. In the temple at Delphos, rendered sacred to all the land by the mysteries of religion, both states and individuals deposited their accumulated wealth. Neither fraud nor violence dare approach a treasure which had been placed under the immediate guardianship of a deity; and in times when the weak had little protection against the strong, and one republic was always on the watch to surprise another, it contributed not a little to the general good that such an institution existed. It is not easy to discover so weighty a reason for the same custom being prevalent at Rome, at least not in the time of Vespasian or Titus; but, whatever was its origin, the Temple of Peace received an immense increase of wealth by its prevalence, and every citizen of rank and opulence rendered himself a sort of guardian of its sanctity by

placing within its walls some valuable portion of his property.

From the scanty records which remain respecting the original plan of this famous edifice, it is hardly possible to give an idea of its former grandeur. Three massy walls are all that now exist of the sumptuous temple which astonished the haughty Persian ambassador by its magnificence. The last of the eight pillars which adorned its front was removed, by the order of Pope Paul V., to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where it supports an image of the Virgin. The whole length of the building was about three hundred feet, and its breadth about two hundred. In the interior the walls were lined with gilded bronze and paintings by the most celebrated artists. Among the latter was the famous one of Protogones, who, in endeavouring to finish the figure of a dog and to add the foam which was supposed to have fallen from its mouth, was almost driven mad himself by finding all his efforts unsuccessful. At length losing all patience, he flung his brush with great fury at the picture, when, to his delight, he saw that he had, by that means, painted the foam to admiration. There is also said to have been an extensive library in this temple, which obtained for it the respect of the learned, as its other riches did the admiration of the curious.

The goddess of Peace was worshipped in very early times by the Greeks; and she had a temple in Athens, built, it is said, by Cimon, in commemoration of his victory over the Persians. It is a singular circumstance that the Romans should not have had a place for her worship till so late a period as the reign of Vespasian, or

at earliest as that of Claudius; that is, not till after they had conquered the world, and established their empire on a foundation formed of the crushed arms, and ensigns, and slain bodies of myriads of enemies. In neither case, however, was the Temple of Peace erected till the respective nations had acquired the greatest military glory they ever possessed; but the Greeks worshipped the deity through the best and happiest periods of their history. The most enduring monuments of their fame were raised under her fostering hand; and as the twin sister of their own Athenæ, the power and beauty of her spirit was felt in the breathing of their zephyrs, in the tranquil loveliness of their vine and olive mantled hills, and in the reposing majesty of their marble temples. With the Romans this was not the case. Peace set up her altars among them when both their vigour and genius were on the decline. There was never any thing grand in the tranquillity of the Roman empire but once, and that was in the time of Augustus, when the repose seemed miraculous, and the whole world lay like a mighty ocean hushed into silence by Heaven.

Great doubt, however, has existed in the minds of modern antiquaries as to the identity of the present ruins with the real Temple of Peace; and the ingenious author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century" has collected into a short compass most of the objections urged against their claims to veneration. "It can neither be made out," says that agreeable writer, "to be a hypœthros, like the Pantheon; nor a circular peripleros, like the little Temple of Vesta; nor a prostylos, nor an amphiprostylos; nor a dypteros, nor a pseud-dypteros; nor

any of Vitruvius's fourteen orders of temples; nor any description of temple whatsoever. Nor can they find out any possibility of its ever having had any of the three necessary constituent parts of a temple—the cellar, the portico, and the area; not to mention that it had windows, which they will by no means allow to any temple, except those of Vesta. Certainly its form and the disposition of its parts bear no resemblance to any known temple of antiquity. But how few are there of which the ruins or the description have come down to the present time! Nor did the ancients bind themselves so slavishly to these general rules as modern critics pretend. A thousand aberrations from architectural laws might be instanced; and why should not the form of a temple be one?

"Winkelman, who seems never to question the identity of this ruin with the Temple of Peace, gives it as one instance of temples with three names, and mentions Jupiter Capitolinus as another; adding, that such temples had always vaulted roofs. But even if it were a temple, the antiquaries will not allow that it could be Vespasian's Temple of Peace, because, they say, the style of architecture and the clumsiness of the brickwork prove it to have been an erection of a much later period; and because—which is a much more incontrovertible reason—the Temple of Peace was burnt down in the time of Commodus. I am sorry I cannot remember the authority that was given me for this assertion, nor recover the antiquary that made it. Even if correct, the Temple of Peace might have been rebuilt after that period; and though Procopius speaks of it as a ruin in his time, that does not prove that it is not a ruin in ours. To my humble thinking,

however, this ruin bears a decided resemblance to a basilica; and as the Forum of Peace, like every other forum, must have had a basilica, I thought this might be it, and plumed myself upon the notion. But when I communicated it to some learned antiquaries, they declared, that though the ruin bore every appearance of being the remains of a basilica, it must, from the style of the architecture, be the basilica, not of Vespasian, but of Constantine, who built one on the Via Sacra, and near the Temple of Venus and Rome; and, as its situation exactly corresponds with this, they maintained that, *sit curamente*, it was the remains of Constantine's *basilica*, which was pompously described by one of his panegyrists, and adorned with all the magnificence which the arts at that degraded period were capable of exhibiting." In support of the opinion thus hazarded it is further observed, that both the poverty of the architecture and the badness of the masonry-work, for excellency in which the Romans of an earlier age were famous, tend strongly to establish the opinion that the building, whatever was its original character, was erected at a period far posterior to the reign of Vespasian.

If this edifice, however, was in truth the Temple of Peace, it was not only the most splendid in Rome, but the most frequented. Besides the crowds who visited it through curiosity, and the number of learned men who employed themselves in its library, nearly all the sick people of the city, or their relations, frequented it, in order to petition the goddess for a speedy restoration to health. It thus happened, says an old author, that from the great multitudes who were always crowded together

in the courts, the Temple of Peace was not unfrequently a scene of most "uproarious discord."

The attributes ascribed to this deity were nearly the same both in Greece and Rome. In the shrines of the former, she was represented as holding a little image of Plutus in one hand, and some ears of corn, intermixed with olive-leaves, in the other, both wealth and plenty being considered the produce of her smiles. The Romans ornamented her image in a similar manner, and put a caduceus in her hand to indicate her power and divine authority. But in the reign of the Emperor Commodus both the goddess and her temple were suddenly stripped of their glory by lightning, which set fire to the building, and nearly burned it to the ground. All the treasures which had been placed there for security were destroyed with the edifice; and the people regarded the visitation as a prelude to those fearful convulsions which were so shortly to overwhelm the empire itself.

The excavations which were carried on a few years since by the Duchess of Devonshire and some other zealous antiquarians, whom the excellent example of her grace prompted to the design, laid more of this building open to inspection than former inquirers had the opportunity of observing. According to the discoveries thus made, it is supposed to have been erected on the site of some more ancient edifice, the brick-work of which, said to be of much superior workmanship, is traced in an oblique direction across the line of the walls, as is also a portion of antique basaltic pavement. "This vast hall," says the editor of the Classical Tour in his preface to that work, "measures about two hundred and seventy

by eighty-two feet. It was almost precisely similar in dimensions and decorations with the great saloon in the baths of Diocletian; and, like it, the ceiling was supported by eight gigantic columns, except that the material was here of white marble instead of granite. This hall opened, by three arches on each side, into two aisles. The entrance to the building was by means of a low vestibulum at one end of the saloon, towards the Colosseum, or east: at the other end is a semicircular recess or tribunal. The external wall of the north aisle was pierced by six arches, in two tiers, under each of the three great openings connecting it with the nave; but the centre of these three divisions had undergone an alteration, apparently in the progress of the work, and its straight wall was thrown out into a semicircular tribune, with a half cupola ceiling, like that before alluded to at the west end, opposite the original entrance: and this change seems to have been made in consequence of an alteration in the approach; for although the south aisle no longer remains, yet the excavations have laid open a flight of steps, and foundations of a portico of entrance, in the centre of this south side of the building."

This is as full a description, perhaps, as could be given of this ruin; to which we would fain ascribe the honours of its ancient fame, and contemplate it as the remains of the only edifice in which imagination can picture the severe genius of Rome assuming a bland and gentle aspect, and laying aside the splendours of her imperial glory for the simple olive wreath and the white robes of Peace.

*Drawn by S. Prout.*

*Engraved by Brandard.*

FORUM AT ROME.

Printed by Penner Sears & Cº

# THE FORUM.

The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes, burns with Cicero.

BYRON.

Porta est, ait, ista Palati
Hic Stator, hoc primum condita Roma loco est.

OVID.

THE associations connected with childhood and early youth are infinitely more powerful than any that are formed in maturer years. How various and interesting are the recollections which the name of ROME excites, connected as they are with the happy studies of our earlier days! Montaigne has described, in his own inimitable style of simplicity and sincerity, the revival of his youthful enthusiasm on visiting the ruins of Rome. "I was acquainted," says he, "with the affairs of Rome long before I knew any thing of those of my own family. I had the Capitol and its whole figure in my mind when the Louvre was quite unknown to me, and had heard of the Tiber before the Seine. My thoughts have run more on the condition and fortunes of Lucullus, Metellus, and Scipio than of any of my own countrymen. Finding myself useless to this age, I recur to that other, and am so taken with it, that this old Rome, in its free, just, and flourishing state (for neither am I delighted with its

infancy or old age), affects and warms me so, that I cannot see the situation of their streets and houses, and those ancient ruins, without all the powers of my soul being stirred."

Gibbon has delineated, with equal fervour, the enthusiastic feelings which animated him as he gazed upon the *Forum*. "At the distance of twenty-five years I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum. Each memorable spot—where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation." Even the unimpassioned Middleton, when "rambling about in the very rostra of old Rome, and in that Temple of Concord where Tully assembled the senate," confesses that his imagination was warmed to a degree almost equal to that of the orator's "old audience."

In no part of the city are these classical recollections more feelingly excited than in the Forum Romanum, —"locis ipsis in quibus, eorum quos admiramur adsunt vestigia"—where we gaze, as it were, upon the present footprints of those who, in our youth, were our admiration and delight. How infinite the variety of never-forgotten incidents that crowd upon the mind in surveying this centre-seat of Roman greatness! how magnificent the multitude of images which the history of the republic presents! and how awful the vicissitudes of the city

from the period when Æneas found the herds grazing in the Forum,

Passim armenta videntur
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire carinis,

to our own days, when the Forum once more echoed with the lowings of the herd! The seat upon which the Roman people sate enthroned in their majesty was converted by their degenerate descendants into a mart for cattle. The market was constructed amongst the ruins of the Temple of Peace, and the name of the Forum Romanum was lost in that of the Campo Vaccino. It is only within a very late period that its ancient name has been restored to the Forum.

The principal monuments of antiquity represented in the plate are the remains of the temple formerly supposed to have been that of Concord, the three pillars of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, the Column of Phocas, and the Arch of Septimius Severus. The round portico on the left was long believed to have been the entrance to the Temple of Concord; and the classical traveller delighted to indulge in the idea that he stood on the threshold of that edifice which had so often echoed with the eloquence of Cicero. Later discoveries, however, proved that the Temple of Concord was situated nearer the Quirinal Hill, between the Temple of Jupiter Tonans and the Arch of Septimius Severus. In the same manner the three beautiful columns near the Palatine Mount were conjectured to have formed part of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, the "munitissimus habendi senatûs locus," in which Cicero assembled the senate in that time

of extraordinary emergency when he delivered the first of his orations against Catiline. These ruins, however, have had so many names assigned to them, that their only unexceptionable title has become that of "The Disputed Columns." They are generally ascribed to the Augustan age, and have been long regarded as perfect specimens of the Corinthian order.

The three pillars nearly adjoining the portico of the Temple of Fortune, at the very foot of the Capitoline Hill, are conjectured to have formed part of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus to commemorate his escape during a thunder-storm on his return from Spain, when one of his slaves was killed by the side of his litter. By some antiquaries these columns are supposed to have belonged to the Temple of Julius Cæsar, *Divus Julius.*

Nearly in front of these columns stands an isolated pillar, which for a considerable time was the *opprobrium* of the antiquaries. By some it was said to be a portion of the Temple of Jupiter Custos; others maintained that it had formed a part of the Temple of Vulcan; while a third party stoutly contended that it had belonged to the Bridge of Caligula. The lower part of the column was buried in the earth; but it never occurred to the disputants that an examination of the pedestal might put an end to their controversies. At length, under the directions of the Duchess of Devonshire, the ground around the pillar was excavated, and an inscription was discovered, from which it appeared that the column was dedicated, in the seventh century, by the Greek exarch, Smaragdus, to the Emperor Phocas.

The Arch of Septimius Severus is situated at the foot of the Capitoline Hill. Like most of the triumphal arches of Rome, it consists of a large arch, with a smaller one on each side. It was erected about the year 200, in honour of Septimius Severus and of his sons, Caracalla and Geta, to commemorate the triumphs of the emperor over the Parthians. The bas-reliefs represent the achievements of Severus in the east in sculpture which too plainly indicates the decline of art. The ruins with which the Forum is covered formerly buried this arch to almost half its height; and though attempts were made under the directions of Leo the Tenth, and at subsequent periods, to disinter it, the whole of the structure was not laid open to the eye until the year 1804, when, by the command of the pontiff, the excavations around the arch were completed. It is to be regretted that the excavations hitherto made in the Forum have been so imperfectly carried on, and that they should have been abandoned, for the most part, to the caprice or cupidity of strangers. Nor is it a pleasing spectacle to see gangs of criminals, who, under the direction of the Roman government, are employed in those labours. Until lately, the mounds of soil and ruins thrown out in the excavating of the ground were suffered to encumber the Forum; but these unsightly excrescences are now removed.

It is impossible, within the limits of these pages, even to sketch the history of the Forum, or to enumerate the various magnificent structures which at different periods crowded its surface. Indeed, so much uncertainty attends its history, that the conjectures of antiquaries are, for the most part, all that we have to guide us in tracing

the site of many of the celebrated buildings with which it is known to have been filled. Besides the temples, columns, and arches which once rose proudly from its surface, it contained porticos and shops, thus forming a sort of market-place for the people. That, in the time of the decemvirs, a portion of the Forum was occupied with shops, we learn from the graphic pages of Livy. We are told that Virginius "seducit filiam ac nutricem prope Cloacinæ ad tabernas, quibus nunc Novis est nomen, atque ibi ab lanio, cultro arrepto, *Hoc te uno, quo possum,* ait, *modo* filia *in libertatem vindico.*"

In traversing the Forum, the stranger looks in vain for some traces of the gulf of Curtius; though, as it is said to have closed upon the hero, it is scarcely to be expected that we should find it still yawning. That some particular spot in the Forum retained the name of the Lake of Curtius appears from the account given by Tacitus of the death of Galba, who is said to have perished there. Mr. Forsyth was so fortunate as to have all doubts as to the locality of the Lake of Curtius cleared away by his *valet de place.* "On my first visit to the Campo Vaccino, I asked my *valet de place* where the Lake of Curtius was supposed to have been. 'Behold it!' he cried, striking with his cane an immense granite basin, called here a *lago.* 'Was this, then, the middle of the Forum?' 'Certainly.' 'Does the Cloaca Maxima run beneath?' 'Certainly.' 'And was this really the lago where the ancients threw the money?' 'Certainly.' Thus was the lacus of some ancient fountain (probably one of those which M. Agrippa had distributed through the streets) transformed by a *cicerone*'s

hand into the Curtian Lake, and thus are thousands cheated by sounds."

In viewing the Forum, nothing is more striking than the air of desolation that reigns over a scene anciently so full of animation.

> Now all is changed! and here, as in the wild,
> The day is silent, dreary as the night;
> None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
> Savage alike; or they that would explore,
> Discuss, and learnedly; or they that come
> (And there are many who have cross'd the earth)
> That they may give the hours to meditation,
> And wander, often saying to themselves,
> "This was the *Roman Forum!*"

The boundary of the Foro Romano on one side is the Capitol, so long the stronghold and sanctuary of the Roman powers—

> The citadel
> Of great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth!
> So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
> Of nations.

No portion of the ancient city possesses more illustrious claims to distinction than the Capitoline Hill. Within its narrow circuit the whole hope of Rome was enclosed, when, on the approach of the Gauls, the "juventus militaris, senatûsque robur," the strength of the Roman soldiery, and the wisdom of the Roman senate, sought refuge within its limits. In gazing on its ascent, the traveller would fain track the footsteps of the adventurous barbarians, who, "tradentes arma, ubi quid cuique esset, alterni innixi, sublevantesque invicem et trahentes

alii alios, prout postularet locus," climbed in silence and secrecy to the very summit of the hill. On the top of the Capitoline Mount the eye of the curious traveller may still trace the remains of ancient walls, which are supposed by some to be the ruins of the fortress from which Manlius cast his barbarian enemies. In the pages of the Roman historians and poets the Capitoline Mount is always mentioned as something sacred and eternal. Horace, in the height of a poet's ambition, does not venture to propose to himself a longer date of fame than while the Capitol is devoted to its sacred ceremonies :

Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacitâ virgine pontifex.

Nor has Virgil dared to indulge a fonder hope :

Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo;
Dum domus Æneæ Capitolî immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

To an Englishman it is not amongst the least interesting of the associations with which the Capitol is invested that it was the scene of Gibbon's meditations when he conceived the vast design of becoming the historian of the ruins around him. "It was at Rome, on the 15th October, 1764, as I sate musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, whilst the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to my mind." The Temple of Jupiter, to which the historian alludes, is the church of Aracæli, where Marc Anthony Colonna was

received in triumph on his return from the victory of Lepanto.

The precipitous side of the Capitoline Mount, looking towards the Tiber, and at the back of the palace of the Conservators, is supposed to be the site of the fatal Tarpeian Rock—

> The promontory where the traitor's leap
> Cured all ambition—

an object by no means answering the formidable ideas of it, which our classical studies inspire. Bishop Burnet, who expected to find a death-place worthy of a Roman, was much disappointed with the actual appearance of the rock. "The Tarpeian Rock is now so small that a man would think it no great matter, for his diversion, to leap over it." According to an admeasurement given by Dr. Moore, it is exactly fifty-eight feet perpendicular; and, from the appearance of the ground at the foot of it, it is probable that the accumulation of ruins has raised it about twenty feet, which would certainly afford a very respectable precipice of nearly eighty feet. According to Tacitus, the ascent to the Tarpeian Rock was by a hundred steps. The criminals, cast from its summit, fell at its base in the Campus Martius. It is suggested by an ingenious traveller, that probably the criminals were thrown from the summit of the arx or citadel, the lofty walls of which were founded on the Tarpeian Rock; and that, consequently, the height must have been much greater than that of the precipice itself.

The summit of the Capitoline, or rather the space between its two summits (intermontium)—the asylum of

Romulus—is now occupied by the Piazza di Campidoglio, surrounded by buildings erected from the designs of Michael Angelo. In the front is the Palazzo Senatorio, or the palace of that single Roman senator upon whom the degraded title is conferred at the will of the pontiff. The other sides of the piazza are formed by the buildings devoted to the treasures of the Museum Capitolinum.

Near the base of the Capitoline Hill, and under the church of S. Pietro in Carcere, are the remains of the Tullian or Mamertine prisons, originally constructed under the kings. To these dark and awful chambers the accomplices of Catiline were led when condemned by the senate to instant death. Here Jugurtha perished, and here Sejanus met his ignominious end. According to tradition St. Peter was confined in one of these dungeons by the command of Nero, and the chamber has been accordingly consecrated as a chapel.

Another boundary of the Forum is the Palatine Hill, on the brow of which formerly stood the splendid palace of the Cæsars. Until the commencement of the last century, the ruins of the Palatine Mount, so rich in the most magnificent remains of imperial Rome, had been very imperfectly explored. About the year 1720, an antiquary of the name of Bianchini devoted himself to the examination of these ruins, and from the discoveries then made composed his "History of the Palace of the Cæsars." During his zealous labours in this rich field of antiquity, an alarming accident happened to Bianchini. Attended by his servant, he was exploring with a pick-axe one of the most promising spots on the hill, where the hollow sound returned from his blows denoted the

existence of some subterraneous chamber, when suddenly the ground gave way beneath his feet, and the unfortunate antiquary was plunged up to his shoulders in the cavity. His own efforts and those of his servant were exerted in vain to extricate him from his perilous situation. Their attempts only widened the aperture; and the pious antiquary well knowing that he must be plunged into the abyss below, whatever might be its depth, calmly repeated the prayers appointed for those who are in the article of death. The servant's strength being at length spent in endeavouring to uphold his master's weight, Bianchini fell the depth of thirty feet upon a heap of ruins. Regardless of the contusions he had received, the joyous antiquary called loudly for a lamp, to view the treasures amidst which he had fallen; and on being furnished with lights he found himself in a vast saloon ornamented with frescoes. The discovery, however, cost him dear; for within the space of two years the consequences of his accident carried him to the grave.

The Palatine Hill possesses a better claim to the notice of the traveller than that which it derives from its having been the site of Nero's Golden House. Here stood the mansion of Cicero, situated on the declivity of the hill, overlooking the Forum—that mansion, for the restoration of which the orator put forth the whole soul and strength of his eloquence in his immortal oration "Pro Domo." Upon the Palatine also the orator Hortensius possessed a house, which subsequently became the residence of Augustus, and was afterwards the site of Nero's palace.

The Palatine Hill is now little more than a deserted

tract of ruins. "The most populous part of Rome," says Mr. Forsyth, "is now but a landscape. Mount Palatine, which originally contained all the Romans, and was afterwards insufficient to accommodate one tyrant, is inhabited only by a few friars. I have gone over the whole hill, and not seen six human beings on a surface which was once crowded with the assembled orders of Rome and Italy. Raphael's villa, the Farnesian summer-house, Michael Angelo's aviaries, are all falling into the same desolation as the imperial palace, which fringes the mount with its broken arches."

Mr. Hobhouse, also, has drawn a striking picture of the desolation which reigns over the Palatine Hill. "Your walks in the Palatine ruins, if it be one of the many days when the labourers do not work, will be undisturbed, unless you startle a fox in breaking through the brambles in the corridores, or burst unawares through the hole of some shivered fragments into one of the half-buried chambers which the peasants have blocked up to serve as stalls for their jackasses, or as huts for those who watch the gardens."

—— All that learning reap'd
From her research hath been that these are walls.
Behold the imperial mount!—'tis thus the mighty falls!

Drawn by S. Prout.

Engraved by T. Jeavons.

TEMPLES OF THE VESTA AND FORTUNA VIRILIS, ROME.

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# THE TEMPLE OF VESTA, AND HOUSE OF RIENZI.

Quæ nunc ære vides, stipula tunc tecta videres
Et paries lento vimine textus erat.
Hic locus exiguus, qui sustinet atria Vestæ,
Tunc erat intonsi regia magna Numæ.

OVID.

The friend of Petrarch, hope of Italy!
Rienzi, last of Romans!

BYRON.

UPON the "pulcrum littus," or "beautiful shore" of the Tiber, as this portion of the city was formerly termed, stand the remains of a temple which for centuries has passed under the name of the Temple of Vesta. It is chiefly upon poetical authority that the building has received this appellation. We learn from Ovid that Numa dedicated a temple to this goddess, and that the edifice was circular in shape; while from Horace we know that it was injured in the overflow of the Tiber.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis
Templaque Vestæ.

From this passage it has been conjectured, and certainly with much plausibility, that the temple of which the poet speaks is no other than that represented in the

plate; which is situated between the Arch of Janus and the river, and therefore exposed to the swellings of the tide. On the other hand, we are told that it appears, from numerous and unquestionable authorities, that the Temple of Vesta stood in the Forum; and, moreover, that there was not more than one temple dedicated to that goddess in the city. It is said, also, that the passage of Horace is perfectly reconcileable with this hypothesis, since it is known that the floods from the Tiber have occasionally reached the Forum. The opponents of Vesta have bestowed the temple upon Hercules. But amidst the variety of conflicting arguments and proofs, tradition is, perhaps, the safest guide; and the goddess may fairly be left in possession of the fane over which she has presided for so many centuries.

Whatever disputes may exist with regard to the name of the edifice, one opinion only prevails on the subject of its elegance and beauty. It is a circular building, composed entirely of Parian marble, with a colonnade, consisting formerly of twenty fluted Corinthian columns, one of which is now wanting. The entablature and the ancient roofs have long since disappeared; and instead of the latter, a covering of coarse tiles rests upon and defaces the beautiful pillars of the building. The columns are thirty-five feet high, and the whole circumference of the building is one hundred and seventy feet. Until lately the intercolumniation was filled by a brick wall; but this odious deformity was removed by the French. Within the colonnade is a circular cella of white marble, the stones of which are so skilfully joined as to give to the whole the appearance of one mass. It was con-

secrated, as a christian church, to St. Stephen, and afterwards to the Madonna, under the title of "La Madonna del Sole."

Of the age to which this building is to be referred, it is difficult to form a judgment. If those antiquarians are right, who have bestowed upon it the name of the Temple of Vesta, we learn from Tacitus that it was burned in the fire of Nero. It suffered again from a conflagration in 191, under Commodus, and was restored by Julia Pia, the wife of Septimus Severus. This it is supposed is the structure, the remains of which we now see.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Temple of Vesta is that of Fortuna Virilis, now the church of Santa Maria Egeziaca. The scepticism of the antiquaries has extended to this as to most of the other remains of ancient Rome, and the name of the presiding deity has been frequently changed. A temple was certainly dedicated to Fortuna Virilis by Servius Tullius, but that building was destroyed by fire. Whether the present structure was erected on the site of the ancient temple is very uncertain. It is said, indeed, that the Temple of Fortuna Virilis was situated in the Foro Boario, while these ruins appear to be without the limits of that forum. The remains of the temple consist of seven fluted Ionic columns, forming the side of the building; and of the four columns of the portico, now partly concealed by the wall of the church. The fact that this temple is constructed of stone, while the remains of all the other temples are marble, has, together with the plainness and solidity of the structure, induced a belief that it was a work of the republic. Winkelman has passed a severe

censure upon the architecture of this building, terming it "il piu peggio di tutti."

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Temple of Vesta, and opposite to the Ponte Rotto, stands a house built of brick, and fantastically ornamented with fragments of ancient architecture. This building, from what cause it is extremely difficult to say, has long been known by the name of "the House of Pilate." From an inscription still remaining upon the walls, it appears that it was formerly the habitation of the celebrated Nicola or Cola di Rienzi, the Tribune of Rome, whose singular and romantic history forms one of the most interesting episodes in the annals of modern times. We find him a patriot, inflamed with the love of freedom, inspired by the ancient history of his country, haranguing his fellow-citizens, and preparing them for the mighty change which he afterwards accomplished.—We find him the successful leader of a popular insurrection, the founder and head of a system which was to restore to Rome her ancient liberty and greatness—we see him, in his character of tribune, repressing the violence of the nobles, restoring order in every department, and wielding the energies of the state with dignity and with wisdom. Such was Rienzi before the possession of power intoxicated his brain; but the adulation of his adherents, and the folly and supineness of the people, seem totally to have changed his character.

In the next stage of his career we find him arrogating to himself an imperial pomp, surrounding himself with the guards and the ensigns of royalty, and summoning to the fantastic ceremony of his knighthood all the splen-

dour and nobility of Rome.—We see him, at the extremity of his despotic vanity, citing to his presence emperors and kings, and indulging in the wild imagination of an universal empire. But a more extravagant ceremony still remained to be performed. Rienzi, who to the fervour of the patriot added the enthusiasm of the fanatic, pretended to a communion with the Holy Ghost, a gift typified in the ceremony of his coronation, when, to denote the seven gifts of the spirit, he was crowned successively with seven crowns of various leaves or metals.

In the disgrace and deposition of Rienzi, after a reign of seven months, there was little to regret; for from the dream of liberty, in which, at the commencement of his career, good men had indulged, they had long awakened. The subsequent history of the tribune has cast upon his memory a well-grounded suspicion of his sincerity, even when his professions in favour of freedom were at the highest. After an imprisonment of some months, he condescended to accept from the hands of the pontiff the name and the office of senator, and to become a part of that government which he had so successfully laboured to overturn. But they whom he had so grossly misled could not forgive the apostate. The Roman nobles fomented against him the natural feeling of popular indignation, and Rienzi fell on the very spot which had been the scene of his vain and wicked pretensions to despotic authority. The picture of the tribune's death has been painted by the hand of Gibbon. "In the death as in the life of Rienzi, the hero and the coward were strangely

mingled. When the capitol was invested by a furious multitude, when he was basely deserted by his civil and military servants, the intrepid senator, waving the banners of liberty, presented himself on the balcony, addressed his eloquence to the various passions of the Romans, and laboured to persuade them that in the same cause himself and the republic must either stand or fall. His oration was interrupted by a volley of imprecations and stones; and, after an arrow had transfixed his hand, he sunk into abject despair, and fled, weeping, to the inner chamber, from whence he was let down by a sheet before the windows of the prison. Destitute of aid or hope, he was besieged till the evening: the doors of the capitol were destroyed with axes and fire, and while the senator attempted to escape in a plebeian habit, he was discovered and dragged to the platform of the palace, the fatal scene of his judgments and executions. A whole hour, without voice or motion, he stood amidst the multitude, half naked and half dead; then rage was hushed into curiosity and wonder: the last feelings of reverence and compassion yet struggled in his favour; and they might have prevailed, if a bold assassin had not plunged a dagger in his breast. He fell senseless with the first stroke: the impotent revenge of his enemies inflicted a thousand wounds, and the senator's body was abandoned to the dogs, to the Jews, and to the flames. Posterity will compare the virtues and failings of this extraordinary man: but, in a long period of anarchy and servitude, the name of Rienzi has often been celebrated as the deliverer of his country, and the last of the Roman patriots."

Lord Byron has dedicated to Rienzi a beautiful stanza in the fourth canto of his Childe Harold.

> Then turn we to the latest tribune's name,
> From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
> Redeemer of dark centuries of shame,
> The friend of Petrarch, hope of Italy—
> Rienzi!—last of Romans! While the tree
> Of Freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
> Even for thy tomb a garland let it be:
> The forum's champion, and the people's chief,
> The new-born Numa thou, with reign, alas! too brief.

It may well be questioned whether the tomb of Rienzi has any claim to the garland of freedom. The substitution of one oppression for another; the destruction of the tyrannical few in order to exalt the despotic one; the abuse of the name and of the weapons of freedom in the erection of a power independent of the people; the heaping of contempt and derision upon efforts which ought to be consecrated as most honourable and glorious; if, indeed, these be services to the cause of freedom, Rienzi may merit the chaplet! The eulogistic epithets which Petrarch applied to his friend—"vir magnamine! vir fortissime! Junior Brute!"—seem to have had greater weight with Lord Byron than the sober relations of history. Even Mr. Hobhouse has spoken in very, very measured terms of Rienzi's apostasy from the cause of freedom. "The fall of this abortion of fortune was the fruit rather of his own intemperance than of the inconstancy of the Romans. As the overthrower of the usurpation of the nobles, as the assertor of justice, as the punisher of violence, and the projector of a splendid system which was to restore the freedom of Rome and

of Italy, he did indeed 'redeem centuries of shame.' When the republican aspired to perpetuate his own power; when the tribune imitated the fopperies of royalty; when the reformer declared himself the champion of superstition and the church, he lost his distinctive character, and, like a more celebrated personage of our own times, left a convincing proof that a revolution can be maintained only by the maxims and even the very forms by which it was first ushered into life."

Drawn by S. Prout.

Engraved by Woolnorth.

TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR, ROME.

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# TEMPLE OF MARS.

Circondaro più volte
I miei Genj reali
Di Roma i gran natali:
E l' aquile superbe
Sola in pria avvezzai di Marte al lume.

GUIDI. LA FORTUNA.

IT was natural that the worship of the God of war should call forth all the wealth and pomp of the Roman empire; and the temple which is said to have been raised to that deity by Augustus was one of the most magnificent in the world. It is a curious but well-established fact, that the Greeks had no temple consecrated to the honour of Mars. This is the more remarkable, as the details of his actions form as conspicuous a portion of the Iliad as those of almost any of the deities to whom Homer may be said to have given a bodily form and immortality among men. It is, however, probable that he never attained to the honour of a strictly tutelar deity, till the people of Rome found it convenient to adopt him as their sire. The days which their descendants devoted to his service were marked by extraordinary festivities. Sports and combats of every kind were exercised in his honour, and more wild beasts were slaughtered in the arena at those periods than at any other. The bull, the ram, and the boar, were his peculiar offerings; the horse and the wolf also bled upon his altars, and the vulture

and the magpie obtained by their attribute of voracity the same distinction.

Few ceremonies were more imposing than the processions of the Salii, when they issued from their temple in honour of the god. On their left arms they bore the sacred shields, or ancilia, which were regarded as the palladium of the country. In their right hands they carried a javelin, and their habits, striped with purple, were fastened round the waist by broad belts, ornamented with brass buckles. Loud and triumphant martial music accompanied them as they proceeded, singing at intervals and in chorus the praises of their deity. Whilst the Salian festival lasted, no business of private concern was to be undertaken. Even marriages at that time were unlawful, and the most religious of the people considered it a species of crime to let their minds be burdened with any thing more serious than that of keeping the season with as much gaiety as possible. So sumptuous were the feasts with which the priests regaled themselves when the ceremonies were ended, that to sup like a Salian was a common Latin expression to describe the most luxurious mode of living.

The Romans were taught by the pacific Numa to regard the waging of war unlawful till they had proclaimed their intention with the solemnities of religion. A special order of priests was therefore instituted, whose business it was to treat with the nations against which hostilities were deemed necessary. When any particular cause of complaint existed, two of these ministers, or *feciales*, as they were called, were chosen from the rest to proceed immediately to the offending state. Of these one was

endowed with the chief authority, and was magnificently clad, bearing in his hand a caduceus, in testimony of the supreme importance of his functions. On arriving near the hostile territory, he acquainted the first stranger he met with the nature of his mission, and the solemn oaths he had taken to act with impartial justice. He repeated this form on entering the city, and again in the most public place of resort. A conference with the magistrates was next demanded, and to them he declared the resolution of Rome to exact satisfaction for the alleged injury. Ten, twenty, or thirty days were allowed for deliberation; after which time, if the answer returned was not satisfactory, he called upon the celestial and infernal deities to bear witness between the parties, and then took his departure homewards. Having informed the senate respecting the issue of his mission, he and his colleague were sent back with the formal declaration of hostilities, which he published in the presence of three witnesses, and then began the war by hurling a bloody javelin towards the city, exclaiming, that thus the Romans would revenge the violence they had suffered.

The worship of Mars seems not to have been so general in ancient times as might have been expected; but the traditions and mythological fables respecting this god have been spread far and wide over every region of the earth.

"The identity of Mars," says Mr. Faber, "with the war-god of the Scythians, whom we know to have been the Woden, is not purely fanciful and imaginary, amounting to no more than this, that the war-god of one pagan nation may always in some sort be deemed the same as

the war-god of another. There is sufficient of an arbitrary nature to prove that Mars and Woden are truly and properly of one primeval character, and that their worship among the Romans, the Greeks, and the Goths, must have originated from a common source. We learn from Herodotus, that the Scythians or Goths venerated Mars, that is to say Woden, under the symbol of a sword, which they placed on the top of a rude pyramid constructed of faggots, and to which they sacrificed not only sheep and horses, but likewise every hundredth captive. The Thracians, who were of the Scythic race, or who at least were under the government of Scythic chieftains, used the same hieroglyphic to represent their god of war, who was doubtless no other than Wod or Woden: for Ammianus Marcellinus tells us that they worshipped a naked sword fixed upright in the ground, considering it and Mars as the guardian of the countries through which they roved. Now the Romans, whose ancestors, I have little doubt, were of Scythic origin, adored their god Mars precisely in the same manner; for, we are informed by Varro, Plutarch, and Arnobius, that he was worshipped under the form of a spear; and Arnobius and Clemens very naturally mention this mode of worship in "the very same sentence in which they speak of the Scythian veneration of a sword."

Rome made ample amends to Mars for the neglect with which his worship had been treated in Greece and other ancient nations. The splendour which attended all his rites; the devotion which inspired the whole people at his festivals; the care with which every tradition which regarded his name was handed down from

generation to generation; and the honour bestowed on all whom he was supposed to favour, placed him in the highest niche of that vast temple which victory built for the gods of Rome. The greatest glory which can invest the shrine of a deity, whether true or false, is bestowed by worshippers who imitate his attributes; and could Venus herself, in her own Paphian bowers, or amid the laurel groves of Eastern Antioch, boast of adorers more faithful than the Roman devotees of Mars?

Besides the stated seasons for the special service of this deity, there were others, in which he was honoured either for the assistance he had rendered the republic, or the glory he had bestowed on some of its members. Of the latter kind were those magnificent triumphs, to which no modern spectacle can be compared, either for splendour or solemnity—the pride of conquest having never dared, since the fall of Rome, to display both the wealth of a ruined nation and its fallen people for the amusement of a rabble. But forgetting the insult which these spectacles put upon humanity, nothing could have been better calculated to inspire a martial city with enthusiasm than the triumph of a victorious general.

The procession commenced in the Campus Martius, and proceeded through the most public streets to the capitol, all the avenues through which it passed being strewed with flowers. A large band of musicians preceded the cortége, alternately playing martial airs and singing the praises of the conqueror. The oxen intended for the sacrifice, adorned with fillets and with their horns gilt, came next, and these were followed by chariots filled with the spoils taken in the war, splendid armour, sumptuous

ornaments of gold and silver, statues and pictures, and whatever could impress the mind with an idea of the grandeur of the victory. Then came the prisoners—generals, princes, and even kings—placards being carried before them, describing their rank and the circumstances of their capture. The lictors followed these unwilling and melancholy sharers in the show, with their fasces bound with laurel, and accompanied by numbers of dancers in various fantastic dresses, some wearing crowns of gold, others the garb of satyrs; while one, habited like a pantomime, had the office of insulting the fallen by every kind of gesticulation which his wit could prompt. A train of persons next followed carrying the richest perfumes which the tributary provinces of the empire could produce, and lastly came the victor himself, dressed in purple and gold, crowned with laurel, bearing a branch of the same tree in his right hand, and a sceptre in his left, surmounted by an eagle. His face was painted with vermilion, a golden ball hung from his neck, enclosing an amulet, and he rode in an ivory chariot drawn by elephants or four white horses; his car was surrounded by all his private friends and relations, but immediately at his side came a slave, who, while carrying a crown in his hand, as emblematical of the high honour to which the chief had arrived, repeatedly whispered in his ear the solemn admonition, "Remember, thou art but man!"

For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,

To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell king
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while;
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends!—SHAKSPEARE.

The procession was closed by the legions who had won the victory—their helmets adorned with laurel, and their horses covered with the richest housings. The description which Josephus has left of Vespasian's triumph is the most perfect picture which remains of these spectacles, and fills the imagination with wonder at the immense wealth displayed on the occasion. "Almost all the curiosities," says the Jewish historian, "which the most happy men ever got by piecemeal were here, heaped one upon another, and those both admirable and costly in their nature; and all brought together on that day, demonstrated the vastness of the dominions of the Romans; for there was here to be seen a mighty quantity of silver and gold, and ivory, contrived into all sorts of things, and did not appear as carried along in pompous show only, but, as a man may say, running along like a river. Some parts were composed of the rarest purple hangings, and so carried along; and others accurately represented to the life what was embroidered by the arts of the Babylonians. There were also precious stones that were transparent, some set in crowns of gold, and some

in other ouches, as the workmen pleased; and of these such a vast number were brought, that we could not but thence learn how vainly we imagined any of them to be rarities. The images of the gods were also carried, being wonderful as well for their largeness as made very artificially, and with great skill of the workmen; nor were any of these images of any other than very costly materials: and many species of animals were brought, every one in their own natural ornaments. The men also who brought every one of these shows were great multitudes, and adorned with purple garments, all over interwoven with gold: those that were chosen for carrying these pompous shows having also about them such magnificent ornaments as were both extraordinary and surprising. Besides these, one might see that even the great number of the captives was not unadorned, while the variety that were in their garments, and their fine texture, concealed from the sight the deformity of their bodies. But what afforded the greatest surprise of all was the structure of the pageants that were borne along; for indeed he that met them could not but be afraid that the bearers would not be able firmly enough to support them, such was their magnitude; for many of them were so made that they were on three or even four stories, one above another. The magnificence also of their structure afforded one both pleasure and surprise, for upon many of them were laid carpets of gold. There was also wrought gold and ivory fastened about them all; and many resemblances of the war, and those in several ways and variety of contrivances, affording a most lively portraiture of itself; for there was to be seen a happy coun-

try laid waste, and entire squadrons of enemies slain, while some of them ran away and some were carried into captivity; with walls of great altitude and magnitude overthrown and ruined by machines; with the strongest fortifications taken, and the walls of most populous cities upon the tops of hills seized and an army pouring itself within the walls; as also every place full of slaughter, and supplications of the enemies when they were no longer able to lift up their hands in way of opposition.''

Of the temple of the god thus magnificently honoured too little remains of the original building for the spectator to determine precisely its first extent and appearance. A large vault, however, with an immense pillar in the centre is supposed to afford sufficient proof that the edifice was circular. In its neighbourhood formerly stood the temples of Bellona and Apollo, but ruin has ravaged every quarter of the once crowded Appian Way, and the stranger contemplates with amazement the solitude that prevails where the ruling divinities of Rome were worshipped by their millions of devotees.

# THE TEMPLE OF PALLAS.

Quivi tempio sublime
Sacro all' eternità con aurea chiave
Vertù gli aprio; quindi spiegò le penne
E luogo in ciel fra gli altri numi ottenne.

FULVIO TESTI.

THE same doubts have been started by antiquaries respecting the proper designation of this temple as of most others in the eternal city—a title to which, were it not for the immortality of her people, and the unfading lustre which memory casts upon the spot, would be less properly applied to Rome than to any other city of the earth; for where has ruin so wrought her perfect work? where is time seen the conqueror and man the victim so clearly and so awfully as there? The death of a strong man fills us with a deeper sense of human frailty than that of a weaker being; and Rome in ruins—the mightiest and the proudest monument of the earth crumbled into dust—makes us feel as if the pillars of the round world itself were unloosened. The image of eternity seems to have been raised of adamant to be dissipated in air, and dreaming of Rome as clothed in her bridal garments and the spouse of hundred-throned victory, we wake to tread upon her ashes, her name only remaining immortal.

Of the almost infinite number of temples which adorned this city, not a dozen can be said to exist even in ruins;

and of those of which vestiges remain, a very few are known for certainty to be ascribed to the right deities. So numerous were these edifices during the flourishing times of the empire, that some antiquaries have excused themselves from naming them all by saying that such a task were endless; and those who have commenced the undertaking have ended with fixing the names to two or three ruins as temples, which the next generation of critics has determined to be basilicas, baths, or palaces. "The antiquarian disputes began at an early period," observes Mr. Hobhouse; "and where nothing but a name was left, there was still some pleasure found in the struggles of conjecture. The *mica aurea* has not been seen since the ninth century; but it afforded an opportunity of quoting Plutarch, Ammian, and Martial, to show that it might have been a *Greek girl*, or a *bear*, or a *supper-house*. The actual remains were soon found to be no less uncertain. The two vaults of the church of St. Maria Nuova were believed by Pomponius Lætus the fragments of a temple of Æsculapius and Health; by Martianus, of the Sun and Moon; by Blondus, of Æsculapius and Apollo; by Poggio, of Castor and Pollux. They are now called the Temple of Venus and Rome." In the same manner the Temple of Maria Egizziaca has been at different times supposed to be a chapel of Patrician Modesty; a basilica of Caius and Lucius; a temple of Good Fortune; a temple of Manly Fortune; while at the time Mr. Hobhouse was in Rome it was generally believed to be, as at first supposed, the Temple of Modesty. And thus it has been for ages past with almost all the ruins on which the antiquary gazes with

most pleasure; each having his own opinion, and delighting himself sometimes with his favourite theory, at others, with the splendid visions which belong to the spot, if that theory be true. The temple, however, we are at present contemplating is one of the most beautiful ruins in Rome. It consists of two Corinthian columns, eleven feet in circumference, and supposed to be thirty-one feet high; but the soil has been so long suffered to accumulate around them that but half their height is to seen. The architrave supported by these columns is strikingly beautiful, as well as the frieze, which is magnificently adorned with bas-reliefs, descriptive of the mythological character of the goddess to whom the temple is thought to have been dedicated. Above the whole rises an attic story, but in a totally dilapidated state; all that remains, in any degree of preservation, of this part of the building being a supposed statue of the deity.

How different are the religious associations now connected with the name of Minerva's temples and the seats of her former grandeur! How changed is the spectacle which throngs the way to the spots where stood her ancient fanes, and the feeling with which the adoring multitudes hallow them as sacred to divinity! Speaking of the customs prevalent in the sacred city during Lent, the author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century" thus describes the procession to one of these consecrated spots, now the site of a christian church. "Before the Holy Week," it is said, "our sufferings began. We were disturbed the very morning of our return from Naples with the information that it was a grand festa—the

festa of the Annunciation; and that a grand funzione was to take place at the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, preceded by a still more superb procession; and that we must get up to see it, which we accordingly did, and drove through streets lined with expecting crowds, and windows hung with crimson and yellow silk draperies, and occupied by females in their most gorgeous attire, till we made a stop near the church, before which the pope's horse-guards, in their splendid full-dress uniforms, were stationed to keep the ground; all of whom, both officers and men, wore in their caps a sprig of myrtle as a sign of rejoicing. After waiting a short time the procession appeared, headed by another detachment of the guards, mounted on prancing black chargers, who rode forward to clear the way, accompanied by such a flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums that it looked at first like any thing but a peaceable or religious proceeding. This martial array was followed by a bare-headed priest, on a white mule, bearing the Host in a gold cup; at the sight of which every body—not excepting our coachman, who dropped down on the box—fell upon their knees, and we were left alone, heretically sitting in the open barouche.

"The pope, I understand, used formerly to ride upon the white mule himself; whether in memory of our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem on an ass, or no, I cannot say; and all the cardinals used to follow him in their magnificent robes of state, mounted either on mules or horses; and as the *eminentissimi* are, for the most part, not very eminent horsemen, they were generally fastened on, lest they should tumble off. This cavalcade must

have been a very entertaining sight. I understand that Pius VI., who was a very handsome man, kept up this custom; but the present pope is far too infirm for such an enterprise, and so he followed the man on the white mule in his state coach, at the very sight of which he seemed to have made a jump back of two hundred years at least. It was a huge machine, composed almost entirely of plate-glass, fixed in a ponderous carved and gilded frame, through which was distinctly visible the person of the venerable old pope, dressed in robes of white and silver, and incessantly giving his benediction to the people by a twirl of three fingers, which are typical of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the last being represented by the little finger. On the gilded back of this vehicle—the only part, I think, that was not made of glass—was a picture of the pope in his chair of state, and the Virgin Mary at his feet. This extraordinary machine was drawn by six black horses, with superb harness of crimson velvet and gold. The coachman, or rather postilions, were dressed in coats of silver stuff, with crimson velvet breeches, and full-bottomed wigs well powdered, without hats.

"Three coaches, scarcely less antiquely superb, followed, with the assistant cardinals and the rest of the train. In the inside of the church, the usual tiresome ceremonies went on that take place when the pope is present. He is seated on a throne, or chair of state; the cardinals in succession approach and kiss his hand, retire one step and make three bows or nods, one to him in front, and one on the right hand and another on the left, which, I am told, are intended for him (as the

personification of the Father), and for the Son, and for the Holy Ghost, on either side of him; and all the cardinals having gone through these motions, and the inferior priests having kissed his toe—that is, the cross embroidered on his shoe—high mass begins. The pope kneels during the elevation of the Host, prays in silence before the high altar, gets up and sits down, reads something out of a great book which they bring to him with a lighted taper held beside it (which must be eminently useful in the broad daylight), and having gone through many more such ceremonies, finally ends as he began with giving his benediction with three fingers all the way as he goes out. During all the time of this high mass, the pope's military band, stationed on the platform in front of the church, played so many clamorous martial airs that it would have effectually put to flight any ideas of religious solemnity—if any there had been."

# THE BORGHESE PALACE.

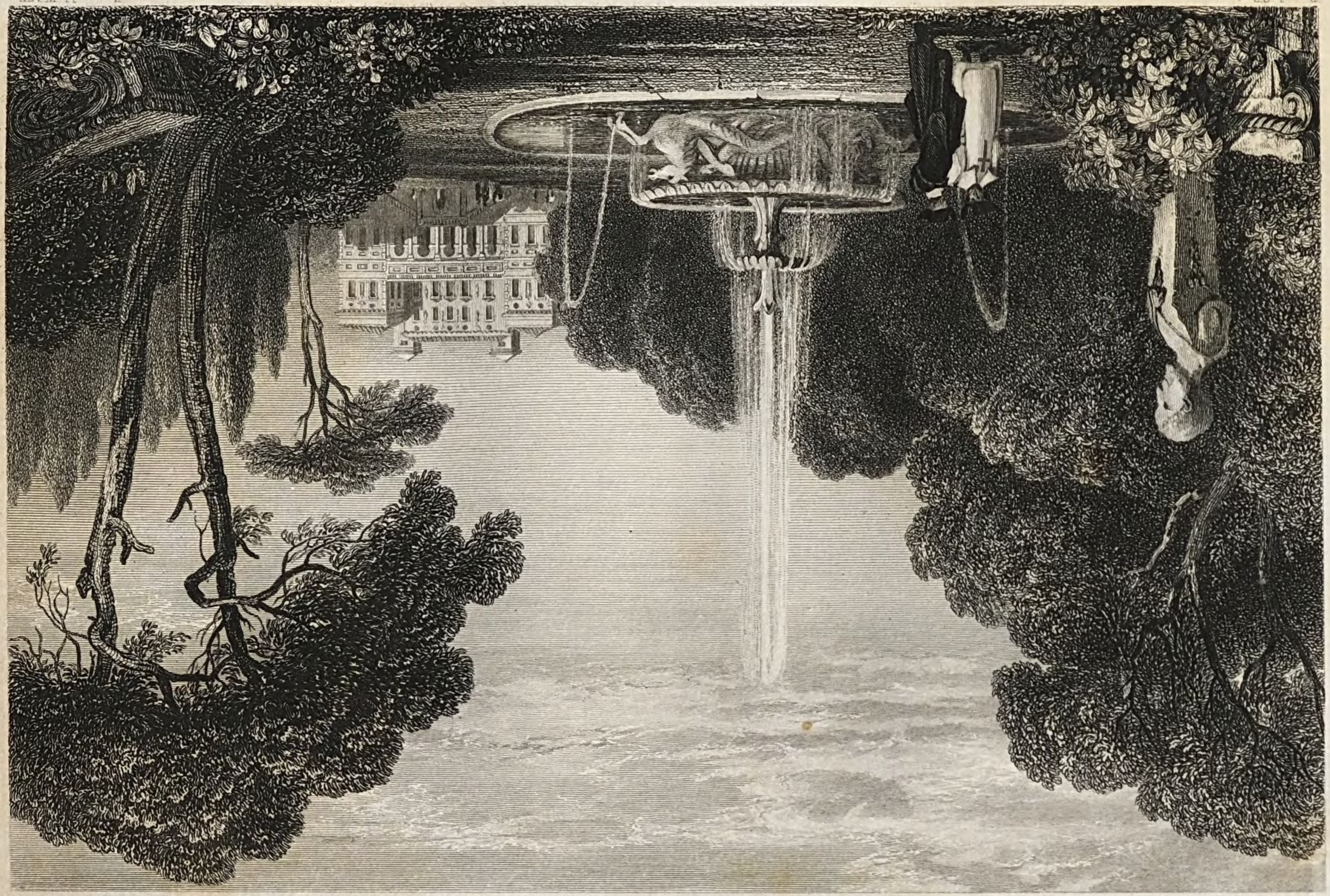
Ma quantunque di gloria animi accensi
Faccian splender quaggiù mirabil cose,
Ch' argin segnino al tempo invan tu pensi.
Caggion le solid' opre e le famose.
E pria dell opre, ahi! che al colpir suo grave
Si consuma la man che le compose!

SALOMONE FIORENTINO.

THE palace and villa of the Borghesi are among the most celebrated in Rome. The former was founded by the Cardinal Dezza in the year 1590, and after the plans of the distinguished architect, Martini Lunghi the elder. In extent and magnificence it has the air of an imperial residence, rather than of an edifice belonging to a private family. It is divided into three great apartments, the communication between which is formed by a double gallery, running across the court of the garden. This noble entrance is surrounded by an elegant double portico, supported by a hundred massive granite columns of the Doric and Ionic orders, and ornamented by several statues, of which the most conspicuous are those of Faustina and of an Amazonian. The principal room in the ground floor was formerly filled with one of the largest collections of sculpture, both ancient and modern, to be found in the world; but the present possessor of the palace having married Paulina, sister of the late Emperor of the French, bartered it away to his brother-in-law; and the

THE BORGHESE PALACE ROME.

Drawn by S.Prout.



Engraved by W.Miller.

residence of his ancestors, so long the boast of the family and of Rome in general, has been thus deprived of its chief attraction. Among the paintings were many of the most admired productions of Titian, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Caravaggio, and others of the great masters. In smaller rooms belonging to the same apartment were two fountains of alabaster, various busts of the ancient Cæsars in porphyry, and a number of minute paintings, regarded by amateurs as the most precious relics of Italian genius. The friezes of the rooms in the principal apartments are decorated with designs from the hand of Cosmo Piazza; and the richness of the drapery and golden ornaments with which the walls are in many parts covered dazzle and astonish the spectator. Among the chief curiosities of the latter kind is a beautiful ivory cabinet, splendidly embossed with golden basso-relievos, and covered with jewels of the most costly description. The private oratory is another portion of the edifice which wins admiration by the richness of its decorations; while in a different quarter of this magnificent palace the eye is attracted by a superb gallery, ornamented with gold, crystals, and paintings of the most admirable kind; the pavement throughout being formed of various precious woods, and the attention every where attracted by marbles and the valuable porcelain of Saxony.

The Villa Borghese is as celebrated for its extensive gardens as the palace is for its noble apartments, its sculptures, and paintings. This beautiful retreat is situated just beyond the walls, and extends to a considerable distance over the Pincian Hill. The manner in which it is laid out is professedly English, the trees

being uncut, and the walks left shaded on each side by the luxurious foliage of noble evergreens. The drive through the grounds, which are usually considered rather a park than a garden, as they are called, is said to be one of the most pleasant about Rome; and as they are always open to the public, they form the usual promenade on Sundays and other holidays. At the extremity of the garden is the casino, the usual ornament of Roman villas; and the splendour of its decorations, its numerous specimens of sculpture—among others a Curtius on horseback, and two groups by Bernini—render this peculiarly attractive.

Some degree of bad taste, however, is evident in the ornaments of these gardens, otherwise so excellent a copy of the champaign estates of rural England. Artificial ruins and mythological temples destroy the simple beauty of its thick shades; and fountains and waterfalls, left neglected, and choked up with weeds and rubbish, give an air of desertion and decay to some parts of the grounds which ill agrees with the life and freshness of nature. But few persons find themselves in a humour to criticise the arrangements of this extensive garden if once fairly surrounded by its bowers and labyrinths, almost impenetrable even to southern suns. Nothing can exceed their beauty when the varied foliage of the plantations is seen under the strong light of a summer's day. Every tint to be found in the forest or the garden meets the eye; and the graceful disposition of the trees—of pines, laurels, and cypresses—is as refreshing to the fancy as the coolness they breathe around is to the heated frame.

The Borghese Villa was founded by the Cardinal Borghesi, nephew of Pope Paul the Fifth, who expended upon it a large portion of his princely revenue; and succeeding members of his noble house continued to add new treasures of art to those he had already collected, till the present possessor left Rome to reside in Florence, and resigned it, consequently, to comparative neglect. The palace was occupied by the favourite sister of Napoleon till her death; and it is a curious circumstance, that in one of the chambers of the edifice is a statue of this beautiful woman by Canova; but the prince never suffers it to be seen, and keeps the key of the apartment with him at Florence.

When that amusing old traveller Lassels visited Rome, the Borghese Palace and Villa were in their splendour, and called forth a full share of his wonder and criticism :—

"From hence I went to see the palace of Borghesi, which is hard by. This is one of the noblest palaces in Rome. It gives you a fair broadside of windows, three stories one over another; and its length is prodigious. Mounting up to the chambers, I found a fair open gallery built upon arches and pillars round about the court. This gallery lets you into several apartments; and on that side which overlooks the piazza I saw a row of ten or twelve great chambers, through which I looked at once. In these chambers and the other rooms I observed these things:—1. Rich hangings, and over them rare painting made by a Capuchin lay-brother. The history of the Queen of Sheba coming to visit Solomon's court, and the rape of the Sabines, which make this fregio over the hangings, are so rarely well done, that

Raphael and Michel Angelo would not have mended them for colours. 2. A great cabinet of ebony, set with histories cast in gold, and set with rich precious stones; it is valued at threescore thousand crowns. 3. A rare picture of Hercules and Anteus. 4. Raphael's own picture. 5. The Last Supper, by Titian. 6. The terrace and garden, with box-knots and fountains of water; all at the very top of the house, and overlooking the street, river, meadows, and St. Peter's. 7. The little back gallery of pictures, where, among others, I was shown the pictures of Martin Luther, Nicolas Machiavel, and Cæsar Borgia; the two last great corruptors of policy and manners. 8. The low cool gallery full of statues and pictures, especially of the Borghesian family. That of Paulus Quintus, in a small mosaic work, is scarce to be discovered from painting: as also the Assumption of our Lady in the same work. There I saw also Titian's own picture, and the rare Crucifix made by Michel Angelo, so to life, that some men have fabulously given out that he drew it after a crucified man."

Of the villa he thus speaks:

"From hence crossing over the fields, I went to Borghesi's villa and garden, which are a little half mile from the town. This is the greatest villa that is about Rome. For here you have store of walks, both open and close, fish-ponds, vast cages for birds, thickets of trees, store of fountains, a park of deer, a world of fruit-trees, statues of all sizes, banquetting-places, grottoes, wetting sports, and a stately palace, adorned with so many rare statues and pictures, that their names make a book in octavo, which I refer you to. As for the palace itself, it is com-

passed on both sides by a fair demicircle of statues, which stand before the two doors, like old Penates and Lares. The wall of the house is overcrusted with a world of *anticallie,* or old marble pieces of antiquity; as that of Curtius spurring into the vorago, that of Europa hurried away by Jupiter become a bull, with a world of such like fables. Entering into the house, I saw divers rooms full of curiosities.

"In the great hall stands the statue of Diana in oriental alabaster, which was once a deity adored by Augustus Cæsar. Here also hang two great pictures: the one representing a *cavalcata,* when the pope goeth abroad in ceremony; the other a *cavalcata,* when the great Turk goeth abroad in pomp.

"2. In another room stands the statue of one of the famous gladiators anciently, who fought alone against twenty others, and being wounded to death seems to threaten with his looks all his beholders. It is terribly well made.

"3. In one of the chambers above is the head in profile of Alexander the Great cut in marble.

"4. In another room below I saw the statue of Seneca bleeding to death. It is of a black stone like jet; than which nothing can be blacker but the crimes of Nero the magistricide, who put this rare man his master to death.

"5. The statue also of Daphne and Apollo in alabaster; Apollo running after Daphne, and she stiffening into a tree, being overtaken;—her fingers shooting into branches, and her toes into roots, are admirably well done. It must be Bernini's work.

"6. The statue also of Æneas carrying his old father Anchises upon his back out of burning Troy. The young man is brawny and strong; the old man is made lean and weak: as also the young man shows a great deal of tender affection towards his father, and the father as much fear in his looks.

"7. The statue also of David slinging at Goliath. He frowns so terribly as he slings, that you would swear he intends to fright him with his looks, and then kill him with his sling. These two last statues are also of the hand of Cavalier Bernini.

"8. In another chamber above I saw the great chair which locketh fast any man that sitteth down in it. It is said to be a chair of revenge, or a trap-chair for an enemy; but methinks it would be a fine chair for a restless student, or a gossiping wife.

"I saw here also some toys for young men; as the clock, which being wound up playeth a tunable dance, and little men and women of iron, painted handsomely, dance in a ring to the tune by virtue of the wheels. The fool's paradise—representing, first, a fine green garden of flowers, then a palace, and, lastly, a neat library—is made also to recreate children."

*Drawn by S. Prout* *Engraved by R. Wallis*

# RIMINI.

Printed by Penner Sears & C°

# RIMINI.

Vedi Ginevra, Isotta e l'altre amanti,
E la coppia d' Arimino.

PETRARCA.

Heu, miser, exagitans immiti corde furores,
Sancte puer, curis hominum qui gaudia misces,
Quæque regis Golgos, quæque Idalium frondosum,
Qualibus incensam jactastis mente puellam
Fluctibus, in flavo sæpe hospite suspirantem!
Quantos illa tulit languenti corde timores!
Quantum sæpe magis fulgore expalluit auri!

CATULLUS.

RIMINI, or Arimino, the Ariminum of the Romans, is a place of great antiquity. Tradition has even assigned its origin to the times of Hercules. Here terminated the Via Flaminia, being joined to the Via Æmilia. The labours of Augustus, the great road-maker of Italy, are still visible in the magnificent bridge over which the traveller enters the town. This bridge, which consists of three arches, built entirely of solid blocks of white marble, is one of the most perfect monuments extant of the Augustan age. The proportions of the arches are said to be the same as those recommended by Palladio. From the inscriptions still legible upon the marble, it appears that the work was not completed until the time of Tiberius. Rimini also exhibits other remains of antiquity, inviting the attention of the traveller: a triumphal gate with one arch, raised in honour of Augustus; and the ruins of an amphitheatre, in the garden of the Capuchins.

In the square, or market-place, stands an antique pedestal of marble, which, according to a modern inscription upon it, was the *suggestum* from which Cæsar harangued his army after passing the Rubicon. It is to be regretted that so classical an association is not supported by better evidence than that of mere tradition.

At the distance of about twelve miles from Rimini is situated the little republic of San Marino, whose singular fortune it has been, in the midst of despotic governments, to maintain its independence for upwards of twelve hundred years. The traveller who passes through Rimini, from which place alone the territories of the republic can be entered, ought not to omit to visit this little state, celebrated, as it has been, in the prose of Addison and in the verse of Collins.

But Rimini is more interesting to the lovers of Italian literature, on account of its being connected with the tragical deaths of Francesca da Polenta and Paolo Malatesta, which form the subject of one of the finest episodes in Dante's poem.—(*Inferno*, c. v.) Here it will be only necessary to remind the reader that Gianciotto Malatesta, married to Francesca da Polenta, killed her and his own brother Paolo, under suspicion that an unlawful attachment existed between them. A few words in illustration of that passage of Dante will not, perhaps, prove unacceptable to our readers.

The house of Malatesta were lords of Verucchio, a small castle near Rimini, which was bestowed upon them by that city, as a reward for services performed by that family on behalf of the people of Rimini. This added great consideration to the Malatestas, whose head, Mala-

testa il Vecchio, displayed great talents, and was acknowledged as chief of the Guelphs in that part of Italy. He commanded the Guelphic League when they were defeated by Guido da Montefeltro, the leader of the Ghibellines; and eventually succeeded, after several vain attempts, in making himself lord of Rimini, by treacherously seizing and murdering Montagna de' Parcità, the head of the Ghibellines of that city.

Malatesta the old was thrice married. By his first wife he had Malatesta dall' Occhio, so named because he had only one eye; by the second were born Giovanni and Paolo; by the third he had one Ramberto, of whom we have no need farther to speak. Giovanni was lame; hence he was surnamed *Ciotto*, a word which being united with his christian name, pronounced in dialect *Zan* or *Gian*, the name *Zanciotto* or *Gianciotto* was formed, sometimes changed into *Lanciotto*. Paolo, on the contrary, must have been a fine-looking man, he being surnamed *Paul the Beautiful*, or *Paolo Bello*. Giovanni was the father of three sons, probably by his wife Francesca; and it is to be concluded that Paolo was married, since from him descended the counts of Ghiazzolo.

Guido da Polenta, the father of Francesca, was Lord of Ravenna, and a Guelph. He contrived to render himself master of that city, by driving from it the two powerful Ghibelline families, Traversari and Atanagi. He succeeded, chiefly by the assistance of the Malatestas, with whom he was strictly allied. After the murder of Francesca, the two houses continued to support each other, but the persons more nearly connected with the two victims seem never to have been afterwards on friendly

terms. The history of these two families is an uninterrupted narrative of treachery and murder, particularly in that of the Malatestas; of whom Villani says, that "it seems the curse of that race, of that province, and of Romagna, that the members of the same family are traitors to each other." The Count of Ghiazzolo attempted to murder Malatestino dall' Occhio, who had become Lord of Rimini after Malatesta il Vecchio. The Malatestas of Rimini assisted the relations of Guido and Rinaldo da Polenta in seizing upon Ravenna, and murdering Rinaldo, who was then its archbishop. Hence Dante, although a Ghibelline, was well received by Guido da Polenta, whose hatred for the Malatestas found a kindred feeling in the breast of the poet, who never omits an occasion of branding them with infamy. Thus, he first speaks of the two Malatestas, il Vecchio and dall' Occhio, as "two mastiffs eating Rimini" (*Inf.* xxvii. 46); and then he records the treachery of that felon, "who sees but with one eye," who murdered the two best persons of Fano (*Inf.* xxviii. 81). The poet's dislike for the Malatestas, who were Guelphs, and particularly for Malatestino dall' Occhio, is easily accounted for. Of this tyrant, a contemporary chronicler says, that he was "bold, wise, and honest as ever man was. He had only one fault—he would neither see nor hear a Ghibelline; he persecuted them fiercely." Dante, placed between his political principles and his gratitude for Guido, does not abuse him, but praises highly the Atanagi and the Traversari, and weeps over their misfortunes; which was an indirect, but bitter and decisive condemnation of Guido's conduct towards them.

The history of the Polentas and Malatestas, as well as

that of the love of Francesca and Paolo, has been sadly confused, and turned into a mere romance, by Dante's commentators. There is but one old chronicler who incidentally mentions the tragical death of the two relations in the following few words: "It happened that Zanne *Sciancato* (that is, John *the Lame*, Zanciotto) found his lady with his brother Paolo and killed them both." Their guilt is not even hinted at, and seems to be implicitly denied by Dante himself, who says that Zanciotto is destined to fall into hell's pit as a murderer of his relations. Boccaccio, who was not likely to extenuate their guilt, admits that Francesca and Paolo were partial to each other, but adds: "I never heard them accused of a criminal act, and I rather think the supposition a fiction founded on what was likely to have happened, than on what actually took place." Even the partiality of Francesca for Paolo might be excused, were it true that she was deceived in her marriage, either by being induced to consent to the match, believing that her hand was to be bestowed on Paolo, or by being in fact betrothed to Paolo, from whom Gianciotto tyrannically separated her. Both these versions are to be found in old, although not contemporary, writers; but neither story is founded on good authority, any more than the enmity of the Malatestas against the Polentas, their wars, the rank of Zanciotto, and other circumstances, which originated only in the fancy of commentators. Dante supposes that Paolo and Francesca fell in love on reading how Sir Lancelot's passion was returned by Genevre; a circumstance purely imaginary, as we may easily guess, but which has nevertheless been received as a fact

by some good-natured annotators. The Romance of Sir Lancelot being a very rare book, we shall here transcribe part of the passage to which Dante alludes, in its original and charming old language. To render it intelligible, a few circumstances from the romance must be previously mentioned.

Sir Lancelot had been knighted by King Arthur, at the request of the Lady of the Lake, and then set out in quest of adventures. On a solemn tournament being held at the court of King Arthur, Sir Lancelot entered the lists *incognito,* and performed such wondrous feats of arms, that every body wished to learn who he was. Sir Galehault, who knew the secret, as the most intimate friend of Sir Lancelot, knew, likewise, that this brave knight was in love with Genevre, Arthur's queen, and had undertaken to inform her of this fact. Ladies and knights were speaking of the great valour of the unknown champion, when the question was individually proposed to every one of the party: "What would you do to have that warrior for your friend?" Each of them answered according to his or her fancy, when Sir Galehault, turning to Messire Gauvain, who was in very poor health, said, "Et vous, Messire Gauuain, si Dieu vous doint sante que tant desirez, quel meschief en feriez vous pour auoir compaignie a si preudhomme. Et quant Messire Gauvain lot, si pense ung petit, comme celuy qui ne cuyde iamais avoir sante. Se Dieu me donnoit la sante que ie desire ie vouldroye orendroit estre une des plus belles dames du mond, par conuenant quil me aimast tous les iours de sa vie. Par ma foy, fait Gallehault assez y auez mis. Et vous, madame, quel meschief feriez

vous par conuenant que ung tel cheualier fust tousiours en vostre seruice. Par Dieu, fait elle, Messire Gauuain y a mis toutes les offres que dame y peult mettre. Et Monseigneur Gauuain et tous aultres se commencerent a rire."

Having thus broken the ice, Sir Galehault next informed the queen that he would introduce to her the unknown champion in a garden, where she would meet them. Sir Galehault went with his seneschal and Sir Lancelot, and the queen came with La dame de Mallehault et Dame Core de Cardueil, " une sienne pucelle." Sir Galehault advised these two ladies and the seneschal to move on, and he remained behind with the queen and Sir Lancelot, who was very bashful. " Et Gallehault qui le voyt si honteux, pense quil veult dire a la royne son pense seul a seul," and he therefore discreetly joined Dame Mallehault and " la pucelle," and his seneschal. A long dialogue (which must have seemed very short to the interlocutors) then follows, when Sir Lancelot, by reminding the queen of several particulars which were known to both, at length discovers himself. Then they proceed in the following manner.

" Et auant hier pourquoy feistes tant d' armes comme vous feistes. Et il commenca a souspirer. Dictes moy seurement ; car ie scay bien que pour aulcune dame ou damoyselle le feistes vous, et me dictes qui elle est par la foy que vous me deuez. Haa, dame, ie voy bien qu'il le me conuient dire, c'estes vous. Moy, fait elle . . . . . Et combien a il que vous me aymez tant ? De le iour que ie fus tenu pour chevalier et ie ne l'estoye mie. Par la foy que vous me deuez, dont vindrent ces amours que

vous auez en moy mises. Dame, fait il, vous le me feistes faire, qui de moy feistes vostre amy, se vostre bouche ne me a menty. Mon amy, fait elle ; comment. Dame, fait il, ie vins devant vous quant ie eu pris congie a monseigneur le roy. Si vous commanday a Dieu, et dis ie estoye votre cheualier en tous lieux. Et vous me dictes que vostre amy et vostre cheuallier vouliez vous que ie feusse. Et ie dys : adieu, dame. Et vous distes : Adieu, mon beau doulz amy. Ce fut le mot que preudhomme me fera (perhaps *fit*) si ie le suis ; ne oncques puis ne fus a si grand meschief qu'il ne m'en remembrast. Ce mot m'a conforte en tous mes ennuys ; ce mot m'a de tous maulx guary ; ce mot m'a fait riche en mes pouvretez. Par ma foy, fait la royne, ce mot fut en bonne heure dit ; et Dieu en soit aoure, ne ie ne le prenoye pas a certes comme vous feistes ; et a maint preudhommes ay ie ce dist, ou ie ne pensay oncques rien que le dire. Mais la coustume est telle des cheualiers, qui font a mainte dames semblant de telles choses dont a gueres ne leur est au ceur. Et ce disoit elle pour voir de combien elle le pourroit mettre en malaise. Car elle veoit bien qu'il ne pretendoit a autre amour que en la sienne ; mais elle se delectoit a sa malaisete veoir ; et il eut si grant angoisse que par un pou qu'il ne se pasma ; et le royne eut paour qu'il ne cheist, si appella Gallehault ; il y uint accourant. Quant il voit que son compagnon est si courrouce, si en a si grant angoisse que plus ne peut. Haa, dame, fait Gallehault : vous ne le pourrez bien tollir, et ce seroit trop grant dommaige. Certes, sire, seroit mon. Et ne scauez vous pour qui il a tant fait d'armes, faict Gallehault. Certes nenny, faict elle ; mais s'il est vray

ce qui m'a ete dit c'est pour moy. Dame, se m'aist Dieu, bien l'en pouez croire; car aussi comme il est le plus preudhomme de tous les hommes, aussi est son cueur plus vray que tous aultres. Voirement, fait elle, diriez vous qu'il seroit preudhomme, se vous scauiez qu'il a fait d'armes puisqu'il il fut cheualier. Lors luy compte tout ainsi comment vous auez ouy; et saichez qu' il a ce fait seullement pour moy, fait elle. Lors luy prie Gallehault et dit: Pour Dieu, dame, ayez de luy mercy, et faictes pour moy ainsi comme ie fis pour vous quant vous m'en priastes. Quelle mercy voulez vous que ie en aye. Dame, vous scauez qu' il vous aime sur toutes, et il a fait pour vous plus que oncque cheualier ne fist pour dame . . . . . Certes fait elle il a plus faict pour moy que ie ne pourroye desseruir, ne il me pourroit chose requerre dont ie le puisse esconduire: mais il ne me requiert de riens: ains est tant melencolieux que merueilles. Dame, faict Gallehault, ayez en mercy: il est celluy qui vous ayme plus que soy mesmes. Si m' aist Dieu, ie ne scauoye rien de sa voulente quant il uint fors . . . . . Je en auray, fait elle, telle mercy comme vous vouldrez. Dame vous auez fait ce que ie vous aye requis; aussi doy ie bien faire ce que vous me requerrez. Se, dit la royne, il ne me requiert de riens. Certes, dame, fait Gallehault, il ne ose, car l'en ne aymera ia riens pour amours que l'en ne craigne: mais ie vous en prie pour luy; et se ie ne vous en priasse, si le deussiez vous pourchasser; car plus riche tresor ne pourriez vous conquester. Certes, fait elle, ie le scay bien, et ie en feray tout ce que vous commanderez. Dame, fait Gallehault, grant mercy. Je vous prie que

vous luy donnez vostre amour, et le retenez pour vostre cheualier a tousiours, et devenez sa loyalle dame toute vostre vie: et vous le aurez fait plus riche que si vous luy auiez donne tout le monde. Certes, fait elle, ie lui octroye qu' il soit myen, et moy toute sienne et que par vous soyent amendez tous les meffaitz. Dame, faict Gallehault, grant mercy. Or conuient il commencement de seruice. Vous ne deuiserez riens, fait le royne, que ie ne face. Dame faict il, grant mercy; donc baisez le deuant moy pour commencement de vrays amour. Du baiser, fait elle, ie ne voy ne lieu ne temps, et ne doubtez pas, fait elle, que ne le voulsisse faire aussi voulentiers qu' il feroit; mais ces dames sont cy qui moult se merueillent que nous avons tant fait, si ne pourroit estre que ilz ne le vissent. Nompourtant se il veult ie le baiseray voulentiers. Et il en est si ioyeulx, que il ne peult respondre si non tant qu'il dit: Dame, faict il, grant mercy. Dame, fait Gallehault, de son vouloir n'en doubtez ia; car il est tout vostre bien le saichez, ne ia nul ne s' en apperceuera. Nous trois serons ensemble ainsi comme se nous conseillions. De quoy me feroye ie prier, fait elle; plus le vueil ie que vous. Lor se trayent a part et font semblant de conseiller. La royne voyt que le cheualier n'en ose plus faire si le prent par le menton et baise deuant Gallehault assez longuement."

The dialogue between the party is interrupted, in the romance, at the moment at which the reading of Paolo and Francesca is supposed by the poet to be broken off; and the circumstance, which was so fatal to the two lovers, seems to have been the most celebrated of all the story long after the time of Dante. In the very rare

edition of "Sir Lancelot," printed at Paris 1520, 3 vols. folio, there is a very clumsy wood-cut at the beginning, representing that scene which the poet supposes to have so strongly affected the lovers of Rimini. We farther learn from the romance itself, that when Lancelot was prisoner of Morgain the Fay, he amused himself with painting the same occurrence on the walls of his place of confinement. Arthur, on going to see Morgain, who was his sister, observed these paintings, as well as some inscriptions which accompanied them. "Le roy," says the romance, "scavoit bien tant de clergie qu' il pouoit bien cognoistre les escriptures qui la estoyent." This excited some unpleasant doubts in his mind, and, having asked from his sister some farther information, she, being jealous of Sir Lancelot, and on bad terms with the queen, who had once imprudently promulgated some weakness of Morgain, gladly communicated the unwished-for information, beginning *ab ovo*, from the scene of the garden, and informing Arthur how Gallehault "prya tant la royne qu'elle octroya du tout en tout son amour a Lancelot du Lac et l'en saisist par ung baiser, tout ainsi comme ces peintures le vous monstrent tout clerement. Assez, feist le roy, m'en auez dit, belle seur: ie n'en vueil plus ouyr maintenant, car ie voy ma honte trop evidamment et la trahison de Lancelot."

In a work like the present, we should consider it pedantry were we to enter into critical remarks on the beauty of the passage, and more particularly of the delicate manner in which it is interrupted by the poet. Wishing to confine ourselves to facts, to leave the pleasure of making such reflections as will undoubtedly

present themselves to the reader of taste, we shall here only add, that the line,

Soli eravam e senza alcun sospetto,

seems to have been suggested to Dante by another romance, that of "Sir Tristram," which we know was very popular in his time, as we learn from the oldest of his commentators, his contemporary, who says, "Every body speaks of the death of Tristram and Iseutte." When their mutual love was discovered for the first time, among other circumstances, it is remarked in the old romance: "Ils sont tous deux seul a seul, qu' ilz n'ont nul destourbier, ne paour ni d'ung ni d'autre."

*Drawn by S. Prout.* *Engraved by J.T. Willmore*

# SIBYLS TEMPLE TIVOLI.

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# TIVOLI.

Parvum parva decent. Mihi jam non regia Roma
Sed vacuum Tibur placet.

HORACE.

TIVOLI, the *Richmond* of Rome, is situated about eighteen miles distant from that city. It is the Tibur of the ancients, and was considered, from the number of villas by which the road to it was lined, as a sort of suburb of Rome. Those edifices have now disappeared, and the road lies through pasture lands, occasionally exhibiting the ruins of the aqueducts which formerly conveyed the waters of the Anio to the city. It also displayed, some years since, the unsightly spectacle of the limbs of mangled malefactors who had been executed for the numerous robberies committed in the neighbourhood of Tivoli, which was long remarkable for such outrages. Before arriving at Tivoli the traveller twice crosses the Teverone or Anio over the two bridges, the Ponte Mamolo and the Ponte Lucano. Near the latter stands the circular monument of the Plautia family, a structure resembling in plan the Moles Hadriani. It is a picturesque object, and has been frequently represented by landscape painters.

The town of Tivoli is situated upon a mountain, forming part of the range of the Apennines. The rocks of which this mountain is partially composed owe their origin to the calcareous deposit of the waters of the

Teverone, which, in situations exposed to their influence, leave an annual incrustation of about half an inch. The impression of a cart-wheel is shown in the rock, formed by the incrustation of the deposit round the wheel. This substance is precisely similar to the Travertine or Tiburtine stone, quarries of which are worked in this neighbourhood, and of which the most magnificent edifices of ancient and modern Rome, the Colosseum, and St. Peter's are built. In a block of this stone an iron crow was discovered, left in all probability by some Roman quarry-slave, and in process of time encrusted by the waters of the Teverone.

The most remarkable objects near Tivoli are the Temple of the Sibyl, the Cascades, and the Grotto of Neptune. Many curious remains of antiquity are also found in its neighbourhood, amongst which are the celebrated villa of Hadrian and the Sabine farm of Horace.

Upon a rocky eminence, opposite to the cascades, is situated the Temple of the Sibyl. Such is the traditional name by which these beautiful ruins have been long distinguished. Some antiquarians, however, have been of opinion that Vesta was the goddess to whom the edifice was dedicated, and have given the name of the Temple of the Sibyl to some inconsiderable ruins in the neighbourhood. There appear, however, to be no very cogent reasons for rejecting the name which tradition (no uncertain guide in such difficulties) has assigned to the circular temple. The only inscription on the ruins are the letters L. GELLIO L. F., from which it has been conjectured that the temple was at some period restored by L. Gellius. The architecture has been referred to

the age of Augustus. Only ten of the eighteen Corinthian columns which formerly encircled the cella now remain. The late Lord Bristol having purchased this beautiful relic from the keeper of the adjoining inn, upon whose ground it stood, had formed the design of transporting it to England, and was actually proceeding to take it to pieces, when his sacrilegious attempt was frustrated by the Roman government, who prohibited its removal.

From the temple of the Sibyl, a path, constructed some years ago by the orders of General Miollis, and presenting in the course of it a variety of beautiful prospects, leads to the celebrated grotto of Neptune, a cave formed by the action of the waters dashing against the rocks. The falls, which add so much beauty to this scene, are formed by the waters of the Anio, which, being confined between two hills as it approaches Tivoli, is driven with augmented velocity over the rocks which it there encounters. Numberless beautiful cascades are formed by the division of the river into various streams, which refresh the orchards and gardens through which they are led. The contrast between the sparkling and brilliant volumes of water which rush to the cave, and the dark and solemn air of the cavern itself which receives them, render the view from the grotto of Neptune one of the most beautiful and singular that Italy affords. Lower down the falling waters are viewed from another cavern called the Syren's Cave, where they present another magnificent picture.

The falls of Tivoli have been described by Gray in a letter to his friend West :—" It is the most noble sight in

the world. The weight of that quantity of waters, and the force they fall with, have worn the rocks they throw themselves among into a thousand irregular crags and to a vast depth. In this channel it goes boiling along with a mighty noise till it comes to another steep, where you see it a second time come roaring down (but first you must walk two miles farther) a greater height than before, but not with that quantity of waters; for by this time it has divided itself, being crossed and opposed by the rocks, into four several streams, each of which, in emulation of the great one, will tumble down too; and it does tumble down, but not from an equally elevated place; so that you have at one view these cascades, intermixed with groves of olive and little woods, the mountains rising behind them, and on the top of one (that which forms the extremity of one of the half circle's horns) is seated the town itself. At the very extremity of that extremity, on the brink of the precipice, stands the Sibyl's temple, the remains of a little rotunda, surrounded with its portico, above half of whose Corinthian pillars are still standing and entire. All this on one hand; on the other, the open Campagna of Rome; here and there a little castle on a hillock, and the city itself, on the very brink of the horizon, indistinctly seen (being eighteen miles off), except the dome of St. Peter's, which, if you look out of your window, wherever you are, I suppose you can see." "The Hill of Tivoli," says Mr. Forsyth, "is all over picture. The town, the villas, the ruins, the rocks, the cascades in the foreground; the Sabine hills, the three Monticelli, Soracte, Frascati, the Campagna, and Rome in the distance:

these form a succession of landscapes, superior in the delight produced to the richest cabinet of Claude's. Tivoli cannot be described: no true portrait of it exists: all views alter and embellish it: they are poetical translations of the matchless original."

Amongst the antiquities of Tivoli are some extensive ruins near the town, which have received the name of the villa of Mæcenas. They are beautifully situated on the highest ridge of the heights, and present, on the one side, a view of Rome in the distance, and on the other the Teverone with its magnificent rocks and falls. The ruins are remarkable for the range of lofty doric arcades which they display, and which add greatly to the beauty of a scene which attracted the admiration and employed the pencil of Wilson. All the remains of the Tiburtine villas have been appropriated, by the ingenuity of antiquarians and guides, to various classical owners, and the traveller is conducted to the villas of Lepidus, of Archias, and of Propertius, without the expression of a doubt with regard to the proprietorship. A few of the ancient edifices have a better title to the names which they enjoy, as the villa of Quintilius Varus, still called Quintiliana, and celebrated in the verse of Horace:

> Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem
> Circa mite solum Tiberis, et mænia Catili.

Tradition has assigned to the poet himself a villa at his favourite Tibur, in a site worthy of a poet's habitation. The frequent passages in which the beautiful scenery of Tivoli is referred to by him, and his assertion

that he was accustomed to compose his poems there, have induced a belief that he must have possessed a residence

> Where the precipitate Anio thunders down,
> And through the surging mist a Poet's house
> (So some aver, and who would not believe it?)
> Reveals itself.

The following is the beautiful passage usually cited in corroboration of the opinion that the poet's mansion was situated at Tibur:

> —— Ego apis Matinæ
> More modoque
> Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
> Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
> Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
> Carmina fingo.

> But as a bee which through the shady groves,
> Feeble of wing, with idle murmurs roves,
> Sits on the bloom, and with unceasing toil
> From the sweet thyme extracts its flowery spoil,
> So I, weak bard! round Tibur's lucid spring,
> Of humble strain, laborious verses sing.

"Horace," says Gray, in his Letters, "had another house on the opposite side of the Teverone, opposite to Mæcenas's; and they told us there was a bridge of communication, by which 'andava il detto signor per trastullarsi coll' istesso Orazio.'" Later critics have doubted the fact of the poet's residence at Tibur, and have conjectured, that while he composed his verses there, he was an inhabitant of Mæcenas's villa. His Sabine farm at some distance from Tibur, amongst the Sabine hills, has

been minutely described by Mr. Eustace, and forms a delightful excursion from Tivoli.

Not far from the villa of Mæcenas stands the villa D'Esté, built by the Cardinal Hippolito D'Esté, the nephew of Ariosto's patron. Though most delightfully situated, it is deformed by the bad taste in which the gardens and grounds around it are disposed. "The palace," says Mr. Forsyth, "is empty and forlorn. The garden affects both regularity and confusion: rock work and girandoles of water, grottos and rows of perspective temples, mathematical mazes and a theatre of stairs." Gray has given, in a letter to his friend West, a whimsical description of this villa. "This day, being in the palace of his highness the Duke of Modena, he laid his most serene commands upon me to write to Mr. West; and said, he thought it for his glory that I should draw up an inventory of his most serene possessions, for the said West's perusal. *Imprimis*, a house, being in circumference a quarter of a mile two feet and an inch; the said house containing the following particulars, to wit, a great room; *item*, another great room; *item*, a bigger room; *item*, another room; *item*, a vast room; *item*, a sixth of the same; a seventh ditto; an eighth as before; a ninth as aforesaid; a tenth, see No. 1.; then ten more such, besides twenty, besides which, not to be too particular, we shall pass over. The said rooms contain nine chairs, two tables, five stools, and a cricket."

In proceeding from Rome to visit Tivoli, the traveller usually diverges to the ruins of Hadrian's villa, situated near the bottom of the eminence upon which Tivoli

stands. A remnant only of the imperial architect's labours is to be seen. In the amplitude of its original magnificence the villa of Hadrian is said to have extended three miles in length and one in breadth, comprising, within its city-like limits, imitations of all the most celebrated edifices and scenes in the world. The Lyceum, and the Academy, the Serapeon of Canopus, and even a mimic vale of Tempe were found within its borders. Numerous temples, three theatres, a naumachia and a hippodrome contributed to the magnificence of the scene. But the splendors which formerly adorned the imperial edifice have been long scattered over Europe. Goths and pontiffs, antiquarians and masons have plundered, or reduced to dust and ruins, those wonders of architecture and sculpture which the villa of Hadrian once exhibited. Its site has become a farm, and strangers with difficulty find a shelter within the ruins which formerly afforded a luxurious residence to the whole imperial court, and its numerous bands of guards. The villa of Hadrian, like that of Mæcenas, has given to the classical pencil of Wilson a subject for one of his most celebrated pictures.

Drawn by S. Prout.

Engraved by Barber.

CIVITA CASTELLANA.

Printed by Penner Bearne &c.

# CIVITÀ CASTELLANA.

Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.

VIRGIL.

INDEPENDENT of the classical associations which throng the imagination on approaching this ancient town, the mind is impressed with the most romantic feelings as the precipitous and lonely rock on which it is built rises into view. In no part of Italy, perhaps, can the eye rest on wilder or more romantic scenery than is to be found in this neighbourhood. The hill over which the town is scattered abruptly descends, on all sides, into a deep and thickly wooded dell. Along the bottom of this solitude runs a small stream, pellucid, constantly murmuring, and forming a pleasing contrast to the wild and almost savage aspect of the surrounding scenery. The fortifications of the town and citadel are built along the very edge of the rock, and are believed to have been formed out of the ruins of a more ancient city.

Antiquaries have not been successful in their inquiries respecting the original occupation of this remarkable site. For many years the favourite opinion was, that here Veii stood, and the idea was strongly supported by the peculiarity of the situation, and the natural advantages it afforded a warlike people.

" Some masses of rubbish," says Mr. Eustace, " are

pointed out as the remains of a city once superior, even to Rome, in magnificence, and capable, like Troy, of resisting, for ten years, the efforts of an army of fifty thousand men. But how vain is it to explore the situation of a place which has been a solitude for more than two thousand years!

> Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina lenti
> Cantat, et in vestris ossibus arva metunt.
>
> Within thy walls his tuneless horn
> Now slowly winds the shepherd swain,
> And where your bones neglected lie,
> Unheeding mows the golden grain.

The flocks had fed in the streets, and the ploughshare had furrowed the sepulchres of the fallen Veientes: a melancholy observation, applicable not to Veii alone, but to all the early rivals of Rome, Fidenæ, Cœnina, Corioli, Ardea, Alba. Not the site only but almost the memory of Veii was obliterated in the time of Florus:—'Who now remembers that Veii ever existed?—What remains —what vestige is to be found?'"

So perfectly have time and the ravages of war done their work in this region, and so impossible does the traveller find it to resolve those questions which in such situations are ever pressing upon the mind! To scarcely any district in the neighbourhood of Rome do the words of the poet more aptly apply than to this:

> The double night of ages and of her,
> Night's daughter, Ignorance, have wrapt, and wrap
> All round us: we but feel our way to err:—
> The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
> And knowledge spreads them on her ample lamp;

But Rome is as the desert, where we steer,
Stumbling on recollections: now we clap
Our hands, and cry "*Eureka!*" it is clear,
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

The opinion respecting Veii was controverted by another, which proved that city to be much nearer Rome; and it is now more commonly supposed that Fescenium was the precursor of Cività Castellana. Whatever was the precise situation of these towns, or the former name of the spot on which we suppose ourselves standing, the eye here embraces within the circle of its vision many a scene which old heroic daring or Roman virtue has rendered sacred to the imagination. By some it has been believed that Cività Castellana is the ancient Falerium, which is known to have stood somewhere in this neighbourhood; and, if so, it is justly hallowed by the memory of as noble an action as any that grace the history of the world. The reader will, it is probable, recollect, that it was at a short distance from that town that the patriotic Camillus received the proposals of one of its citizens to put such a prize into his hands that his fellow-townsmen would at once surrender the place to recover the lost possession,—that this traitor was the schoolmaster of the town, who had decoyed his pupils, the children of the chief persons of the city, to the Roman camp,—that he there offered to leave them with the general for a reward, which he had no doubt of receiving; and that his infamous offer was received by Camillus with angry contempt, the brave Roman exclaiming, that though at war with his townsmen, the laws of nature were still sacred between them; and then ordering his

soldiers to bind the traitor's hands, and tear off his cloak, he desired the children to flog him back to the city.

About two leagues distant from this interesting spot, Soracte towers against the horizon; and at about the same distance extend the mountains and lake of Ciminus, which equal, for romantic and picturesque appearance, the historical celebrity of the rest of the neighbourhood. The account which Livy has left of the loneliness and savage wildness of this district in ancient times leads us to believe that it was formerly the most unfrequented of any in Italy, and that popular opinion had peopled it with dangers which the bravest even of Romans were unwilling to dare. The following passage, from the ninth book of his history, affords a curious and not unamusing illustration of this general feeling respecting the forests and fastnesses of Ciminus. It refers to the period when the Romans were at war with the Tuscans, a party of whom, after a battle, had set the former at defiance, by retreating into the forest:

"The Ciminian wood," says he, "was in those days more impassable and dreaded than the German thickets in later times; for never till that day had it been frequented or travelled through, so much as by merchants; nor had any one scarcely, but the general himself, the courage to advise a march into it. Whereupon the consul's brother offered himself to go out, a scout or spy, and in a short time to bring them a full account of all things necessary to be known. He had in his youth been bred up, with some friends to his family, at Cære, where he was taught the Tuscan learning, and spoke readily their language. Some authors I have met

with that tell us, the Roman children were wont to be instructed in the Tuscan letters in those days, as they are now in Greek. But it is more probable that this gentleman had some special accomplishment, or else he would not in so bold a manner have hazarded himself amongst the enemy. His only companion is said to have been his servant, that had been bred up with him, and so not ignorant of the language. In their journey, they made it their main business to get, in a summary way, the nature of the province they were going into, and the names of the chief persons therein, that when they fell into discourse they might not be taken tardy in any gross ignorance or mistake. They went in shepherds' habits, armed with the usual weapons of country boors, each of them with a falchion and two javelins; yet was it not their tongue, their garb, or their arms, that kept them from being known; so much as that presumption the enemy had, that no stranger would be so mad as to venture into the Ciminian woods. Well, forwards they went as far as to the Camertines in Umbria, where the Roman adventured to discover who they were, and being admitted into the senate they obtained promises of alliance and assistance. The consul hesitated no longer what measures to pursue: he attacked the enemy in their fastnesses, and having completely routed them returned to the camp, where by that time were arrived five commissaries and two tribunes of the commons, with peremptory orders from the senate to the consul, that he should not offer to pass through the Ciminian forest."

Such was formerly the solitary and uncultivated condition of a large portion of this romantic district, and

such almost is the whole of it at the present day. From the eminence on which Cività Castellana now stands, the eye wanders over a wide extent of country—rich in the beauties and promises of nature, but unpeopled and uncultivated. No vestiges remain of the wealthy people who once inhabited it; of the towns and fortresses which could defy armies by the strength of their walls and the resolution of their little garrisons: all is hushed and solitary as when the gloomy woods and mountains of Ciminia sheltered hordes of half-barbarous enemies, and frightened the traveller and merchant from the gloomy road.

The town, however, of Cività Castellana itself is far from being the most insignificant of Italian cities. Besides containing several churches, it has an excellent square, adorned with a fountain, a bridge, and citadel, together with many architectural relics of the remote period when it is supposed to have been in its most flourishing state. Close to the gates there is also an aqueduct, said to be still in good repair, the whole appearance of the town being strikingly in contrast with the loneliness of the country which surrounds it.

*Drawn by S Prout.*

*Engraved by J.T. Willmore.*

# CASCADE AT TERNI.

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# TERNI.

O qui me gelidis in vallibus sistat,
Et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra !

VIRGIL.

Del monte corsero i ruscelli
Mormorando, e la florida riviera
Lambir freschi e scherzosi i venticelli.

MONTI.

THERE are few places in Italy more deserving the admiration, or more calculated to rivet the attention, of the tourist than Terni and its romantic neighbourhood. Situated in the centre of a plain, to which the wild, murmuring, and picturesque Nera imparts fertility and beauty, encompassed by mountains clothed to the summit in continual verdure, and abounding in objects rendered interesting by their antiquity or beauty, the environs of Terni may justly be allowed pre-eminence, even in a country so renowned for its magnificent scenery, and the surpassing interest created by its monumental remains.

The inhabitants of Terni claim for their city the distinction of high antiquity, dating its foundation from the latter end of the reign of Numa Pompilius, second king of Rome. The Romans sent a colony thither in the year U. C. 441, and called the city Interamna, from the circumstance of its being situated between two branches of the Nera or Nar, a river of considerable beauty and importance, which rises in the Apennine mountains, and

discharges itself into the Tibur a little above Rome. It must have been originally a place of some importance, if an opinion may be formed from the appearance of its ruins, and the mention made of it by the earlier historians.

There are now, however, but few traces of its former splendour. Its extent and situation are alone marked by a few mouldering remains which time has yet spared from destruction. In one part of the town there are some old walls and a few arches, which are partly stopped up, forming part of what is supposed to have been an ancient temple to Hercules. Among these ruins may be still distinctly traced in very large characters the following inscription: *Domus Herculi Sacra,* a house consecrated to Hercules.

In other parts of the town there are various antique marbles, let into the walls to preserve them from farther injury, bearing curious inscriptions, one of which is the basis of a statue erected by L. Licinius, in honour of Aulus Pompeius, for his having extricated this municipal city from some pressing danger. There is also a fine pedestal, which anciently supported a statue of Titus Flaminius. Near the cathedral is an antique marble, with a mutilated inscription, from which may be gathered that the inhabitants of Terni, wishing to compliment Tiberius, caused this inscription to be set up after he had destroyed his insolent favourite Sejanus. The ruins of the amphitheatre are still shown in the gardens of the episcopal palace; they only consist of some vaults and other trifling remains, from which not enough can be traced of its former proportions to convey the slightest interest.

Terni, insignificant as it now assuredly is, has the honour of being the birth-place of the Emperors Tacitus and Florian, and likewise of Tacitus the historian. Their names are inscribed over the gate known by the name of Spoleto. We are assured, by the guides of Terni, that, formerly, three monuments attested the claims of the city to the honour of having produced such illustrious citizens, but that during a violent storm they were destroyed by lightning, and the fragments having, from time to time, been purloined by travelling virtuosi, nothing now remains but faith in the traditionary intelligence of the natives to determine the exact site, or whether indeed they ever existed.

The city, however, shorn as it is of grandeur, still boasts of some handsome palaces, and, still better, of what time cannot deprive it—a most enchanting situation. The necessaries, and even luxuries of life, are likewise abundant; the wines are good; and the fertility of its soil was so remarkable, in ancient times, that Pliny boasts of the turnips of Interamna weighing between thirty and forty pounds! He adds, likewise, that the meadows were so luxuriant that four crops of grass could be obtained from them within the year.

But the object from which Terni derives its principal reputation, and to which the visits of travellers are chiefly directed, is the beautiful and celebrated cascade in its vicinity. Though generally known by the name of the Cascade of Terni, its more classical appellation is that of "*La cascata delle marmore,*" so called from the mountain and rock over which the water is precipitated being chiefly composed of a kind of yellow marble. The river Velino,

whose course is thus so abruptly yet magnificently terminated, rises at some distance—an insignificant brook in the Apennine mountains. It flows quietly along till it reach the lake of Lugo, whence it emerges with increased force, and continuing its course along the plain of Rieti, and gathering a deeper stream in its descent, it becomes at last a resistless torrent, bearing away every thing opposed to its progress, until arriving at the brink, it is precipitated to the depth of three hundred feet, and forms a cascade, which, by the combination of its own sublimity, with the picturesque beauty by which it is surrounded, can hardly be said to be equalled in the world.

The cascade is about three miles from Terni, although the guides aver it to be considerably more, merely to increase their hire; and there are three situations to which tourists are directed as the principal points from which it is seen to the greatest advantage. The way to the cascade lies through the valley of Nar. Sometimes overshadowed by the mountains, clothed to the summit with evergreen groves of pine and ilex, and then emerging into an open space, whence may be descried all the varieties of a richly featured landscape, with its beautiful characteristics of rocks, woods, and waters. The first view of the cascade is obtained by climbing the opposite hill, whence the second fall is more distinctly seen. The water emerging from the time-worn cavities occasioned by its first precipitation, tumbles over a ridge of jagged rocks, indistinctly seen through a continual misty spray by which it is enveloped, and then pursues its way, in foaming agitation, to join the Nar.

The upper road to the cascade is also eminently beautiful. Having surmounted some slight difficulties in the passage, the eye is regaled with a prospect of which no description can convey more than a faint idea. The loud flowing Nar foaming along through the valley, "sulfurea albus aquâ," as described of old—the ruined village of Papignia rising in the centre, the city of Terni and its plain—the Velino bursting from its umbrageous concealment over the precipice upon the rocks below, forms a picture which cannot be contemplated without wonder and admiration.

Addison supposes this to be the spot represented by Virgil as the gulf into which the fury Alecto is received on her passage back to the infernal regions, and founds his conjecture on the following passage in the seventh book of the Æneid:—

> Est locus Italiæ in medio sub montibus altis
> Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
> Amsancti valles: densis hunc frondibus atrum
> Urget utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
> Dat sonitum saxis et torto vortice torrens:
> Hic specus horrendum, et sævi spiracula Ditis
> Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
> Pestiferas aperit fauces.

> In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
> There lies a vale, Amsanctus is its name,
> Below the lofty mounts: on either side
> Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide;
> Full in the centre of the sacred wood
> An arm ariseth of the Stygian flood;
> Which falling from on high, with bellowing sound,
> Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
> Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
> And opens wide the grinning jaws of Hell.

Servius, in his notes on the Æneid, thinks a place in Apulia agrees better with Virgil's description; but it must be recollected that Apulia does not lie in "*Italia media*," and Horace, who was a native of Apulia, does not mention a word of any such natural curiosity. Swinburne, however, says, that not far from Friuli is a lake called Ansancto, which emits a sulphureous vapour; and, indeed, agrees far better with Virgil's description of the entrance to Pluto's domains than the beautiful cascade of Terni, which would inspire any thing but unpleasing associations.

This splendid cataract, which forms so important a feature in the scenery of Terni, is produced solely by the hand of man, and is one of those few instances wherein human industry rivals in its effect the magnificent works of nature. Great injury was sustained by the inhabitants of the vale of Rieti from the waters of the lake of Lugo, or, as it was originally called, Pie de Lugo, overflowing its banks, and rendering the country around little better than a marsh. An artificial vent was proposed and executed during the consulship of Curius Dentatus. Expensive legal contests were the consequence during the time of Cicero between the citizens of Rieti and those of Interamna, who strenuously opposed the discharge of the Velino into the Nar. The artificial vent, however, performed its duty but ineffectually, the river still continuing to overflow its banks until the pontificate of Pius VI., who considerably enlarged the channel, and completed the work as it at present remains.

It can hardly be supposed, while gazing on the torrent, and the awful gulf into which it is plunged, that

any living being could have been precipitated from its summit without being dashed into as many particles as the watery spray which enshrouds its base; and yet, some years since, an aged guide was in the habit of recording a solitary instance to the contrary, which, he affirmed, occurred during the lifetime of his father, and was never doubted by any other than heretics.

This story, at all events unique in its kind, being the only marvel connected with the place which any one has ever had the hardihood to relate, may not be considered unamusing.

It is as long since, the story goes, as the year 1700, in the month of March, that a worthy burgher of the city of Sienna received private intelligence that bargains might be made of sufficient importance to insure the fortune of any adventurous trader who might be bold enough to undertake a journey to Naples.

In those days the comforts of travellers were not so well understood as at the present period of posting, of vetturinos, and diligences; besides, the roads were in a terrible condition by the small streams from the Apennines, and beset by hordes of ferocious banditti, who dwelt in the mountains. It, therefore, became a matter of serious debate with the honest trader and his wife whether fortune should be tempted, and it required all the glittering prospect of gain to stimulate his resolution to the enterprise. To be sure, the courage of Messer Pietro Boni was further excited by certain emblems of municipal dignity, which had from time to time floated before him, in rather indistinct visions, it is true, but which an increase of wealth, he shrewdly conjectured,

might, at no distant period, realize. His wife, on the contrary, not being tempted by such inordinate ambition, was contented with the competence which a long-continued career of honest industry had procured them, and thought the chance of official dignity but too remote to incur the certain danger of a long and perilous journey; yielding, however, to the continued importunities of her ambitious helpmate, and perhaps, in spite of her judgment, not wholly free from those little sparks of female vanity which the title of *lady mayoress* could not but gratify, she granted her permission to Messer Pietro to undertake the journey. One condition, however, accompanied her consent, and with which she would on no account dispense—that her spouse should, before proceeding on his way, make a detour of no inconsiderable importance to the shrine of the most miraculous of all ladies, that of Loretto, and implore her protection on his journey, and assistance in the dealings which were to ensue. Seeing that he could make no better terms, Messer Pietro was fain to consent to this arrangement, more particularly as his wife affirmed that such a proceeding would render the success of his mission no longer doubtful.

It was with some degree of pride, though not unmixed with grief, that the wife of honest Pietro surveyed her spouse on the morning of his departure for distant lands. The handsome and ample cloak, made of the best cloth of the looms of Padua, defended his portly person against the elements, from whose unceremonious assaults the comfortable burgher knew himself to be as little exempted as the goatherd on the Apennine mountains; a hat of

capacious brim, ornamented with a feather of no insignificant proportions; a short blade suspended from his side, hitherto guiltless of strife; with pistols in his holsters, never yet having been discharged since they were proved by the maker, completed his outward equipment. He bestrode a nag, that was in every respect the counterpart of his master. His sleek comely sides bore abundant testimony to the care with which he had been treated; and his whole appearance betokened a life of ease very much at variance with the serious service into which he was now for the first time called.

Behold, then, Messer Pietro mounted, his adieus made to wife, family, and friends, and fairly on his way to Loretto! We will not follow him through the little adventures of his journey, but join him on his arrival at the holy city. He had a letter recommending him to the care of Father Urban, a pious Jesuit, and who, moreover, officiated at the *holy house*. The good father took the worthy burgher under his especial protection, and set forward with him to unfold the mysteries of the *santa casa*. On his road, the Jesuit explained how, after the destruction of Ptolemais in Palestine by Malech-Seraph, sultan of Egypt, the Virgin Mary, fearing lest the infidels should treat her dwelling with disrespect, caused a band of angels to transport it, in one night, from its foundation to a place in Dalmatia. Thence it made a second trip to the territory of Ancona, and was removed for the third time to a neighbouring mountain, where, its possession being disputed by two brothers, to avoid such scandal, the Virgin caused its transportation to the spot where it at present stands. To prevent its any

farther decamping, the pious Jesuits built a church over it, and thus made it a prisoner to their holy zeal. Pietro was no bigot, though a religious man, and had even created some scandal at Sienna by his jokes respecting certain modern miracles, which was indeed one reason why his wife was strenuous that he should prove his faith by the present pilgrimage. But the miracle of the holy house was too well attested for him to doubt; and it was with no heretical feelings that, on entering the church, he beheld the Virgin's hut, and the numerous pilgrims who had flocked thither, of all nations, anxious to prostrate themselves at the sainted shrine.

It was with no slight edification, too, that Messer Pietro beheld all these devout pilgrims, having finished their Latin litanies, of which they understood not a word, enter the holy cottage, fall on their faces, and kiss the floor in the most pious ecstasy; then making the tour of the hut on their knees, all the while licking the walls with the most profound devotion, and uttering the most pitiful sighs and groans, capable of touching the heart of a much sterner votary than our friend the burgher. As he was about to enter the holy cottage and pay his offering to the Virgin, who is made of cedar-wood, and, as the Jesuit swore on his honour, was constructed by the hands of no less a workman than St. Luke himself, he was tapped on the shoulder by his ghostly conductor.

"But, my good son, Pietro," quoth the Jesuit, "before you enter this holy cottage, it would be as well to confess. If thou hast any thing on thy mind, any little peccadillo in trade, or secret unbefitting thy present state, it would be better for thee to make me thy confidant."

"Holy father!" replied Pietro, with a profound reverence, though unable altogether to conceal a waggish twinkle of his eye; "seeing that I have not had the pleasure of your reverence's acquaintance for more than half an hour, perhaps you will not take it amiss if I keep my secrets to myself."

"Ah! friend Pietro, I see thou 'rt a wag," returned the Jesuit; "but go in, and I pray to God thou mayst come out a better man."

The walls of the holy cottage the burgher found to be built much as other walls, but that the bricks were ill-joined and clumsily put together, which plainly evinced the structure had been raised with greater expedition than skill. And it might so happen; for the Jesuits have been accused before now of building an entire mill in one night, near Grenada in Spain, in comparison with which the holy cottage is but a trifle. Over the window by which the angel Gabriel is said to have entered is a crucifix of incorruptible wood, placed there by the apostles, which, the legend says, it is impossible to carry away. Behind the altar is what is called the sanctuary, where, Father Urban assured the burgher, the Virgin Mary was in the habit of drying the clothes of the infant Jesus; and here the swarthy specimen of St. Luke's workmanship is placed for the adoration of her votaries. Pietro was astonished at the richness of her apparel, which was valued at fifty thousand crowns, besides a diadem on her head, covered with jewels of immense price. The eyes of Messer Pietro glistened at the sight of so much wealth, and, with the true spirit of a trader,

instead of paying adoration he began to calculate the amount in specie. Father Urban checked the cupidity which, spite of his better feeling, began to steal over him by relating the story of a soldier, who narrowly escaped with his life for fancying one of the ear-rings of the Virgin. He had been detected whispering, as he said, to the Virgin; but in reality effecting the transfer of one of her ear-rings to his pocket. He excused himself by swearing it was a free gift of the Virgin; and as no one could question her right and power to dispose of her own property, it was enacted, to prevent similar acts of generosity, that no one should in future accept presents from Our Lady under pain of death.

On each side of the Virgin was a golden angel, one of which was presented to her by the queen of James the Second, king of England; and the other by the Duchess of Modena, her mother, as a token of gratitude for the bounty of Our Lady in giving a Prince of Wales to the English in such a miraculous manner that it surprised all Europe. There was likewise a stomacher covered with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, sent by the queen of Charles the Second, king of Spain, hoping a similar favour; but whether the English queen had taken her measures better, or that the prayers of the Spanish princess were not equally devout, it is certain that the Virgin did not accede to the request. Pietro likewise beheld a statue of solid gold sent by Ladislaus, king of Hungary, which however did not prevent the destruction of himself and his army near Varna by the Turks, in 1444; a just reward for his perfidy in breaking a solemn truce

with Amurath the Second, at the instigation of the pope, Eugenius the Fourth, who declared all treaties with heretics to be void. We are told by history that Amurath seeing the fortune of the day going against him, lifted his hands to heaven and cried aloud—"Oh, Christ! if you are the true God, as your worshippers assert, punish this villanous treachery of theirs in breaking their faith with me." He had scarcely said the words, when Ladislaus, instigated by a sort of madness, spurred his horse to the spot where Amurath was posted, and cutting his way through the ranks of the Turks dealt such a blow on the head of the infidel prince as to render him incapable of defence; but at that moment the horse of the king failed him, and so critically, that before he could recover himself the Pacha Chererbeg cleft his head from his body with a stroke of his scimitar, and presented it to the prostrate sultan. At this terrible loss the Christians were dismayed, and fled; and upwards of 40,000 were killed on the field of battle and during the pursuit. The Turks still consider the battle of Varna, which happened on the eve of St. Martin, as one of the fortunate events of their history.

It would be impossible to enumerate the different costly articles which Messer Pietro at that time beheld in the possession of our Lady of Loretto, but which the Emperor of the French, in after times, with a very indiscreet zeal appropriated to what he considered more beneficial purposes. It is sufficient to say, that Messer Pietro made his offering, the true value of which will be more fully appreciated in the sequel of our story, and

after thanking the Jesuit for his attention, set forward on his journey to Naples.

It was on the evening of the day on which he set out that, wishing to make his road a little shorter, he followed the direction of a peasant, who told him that by crossing the ford of a river he would be enabled to save a considerable distance. On arriving at the ford, Messer Pietro found the river considerably swoln; but as it was apparently often passed, the burgher entered without hesitation. On approaching the middle of the stream, however, Messer Pietro found he had been too rash, and turned his horse's head to return, but the action was fatal; for on endeavouring to turn, the animal could not hold his footing, and with his unfortunate rider was carried away by the rush of waters. One cry of distress escaped from poor Pietro as he sunk in the stream; but rising again, he endeavoured to make towards the bank, but in vain! the rapidity of the torrent was such that he was borne along without the possibility of human aid. In a short time the unhappy burgher reached the edge of the fatal precipice, and with one terrific plunge was hurried into the awful gulf below.

Some peasants, who were wandering along the banks of the Nar in the Vale of Terni, descried a human body lying on the grass by the side of the river. It was that of a drowned person, whom they carefully removed to Terni, where, after proper attention, he was happily restored to life. It was no other than our friend the burgher of Sienna. It appeared from Messer Pietro's own account, that on approaching the precipice, being fully aware of

his situation, he closed his eyes, devoutly recommending himself to our most merciful and miraculous Lady of Loretto. The efficacy of such an appeal can best be understood by the fact of Messer Pietro's being found unhurt on the banks of the Nar, with no other injury than a severe drenching. The poor dappled beast which looked so sleek the morning he left Sienna was never more heard of, doubtless because his master, in the critical situation in which he found himself, forgot to include him in his invocation. It is needless to say that Messer Pietro Boni declined the further prosecution of his journey, and returning to Sienna, became from that time an altered man.

# NARNI.

Narnia sulphureo quam gurgite candidus amnis
Circuit, ancipiti vix adeunda jugo.

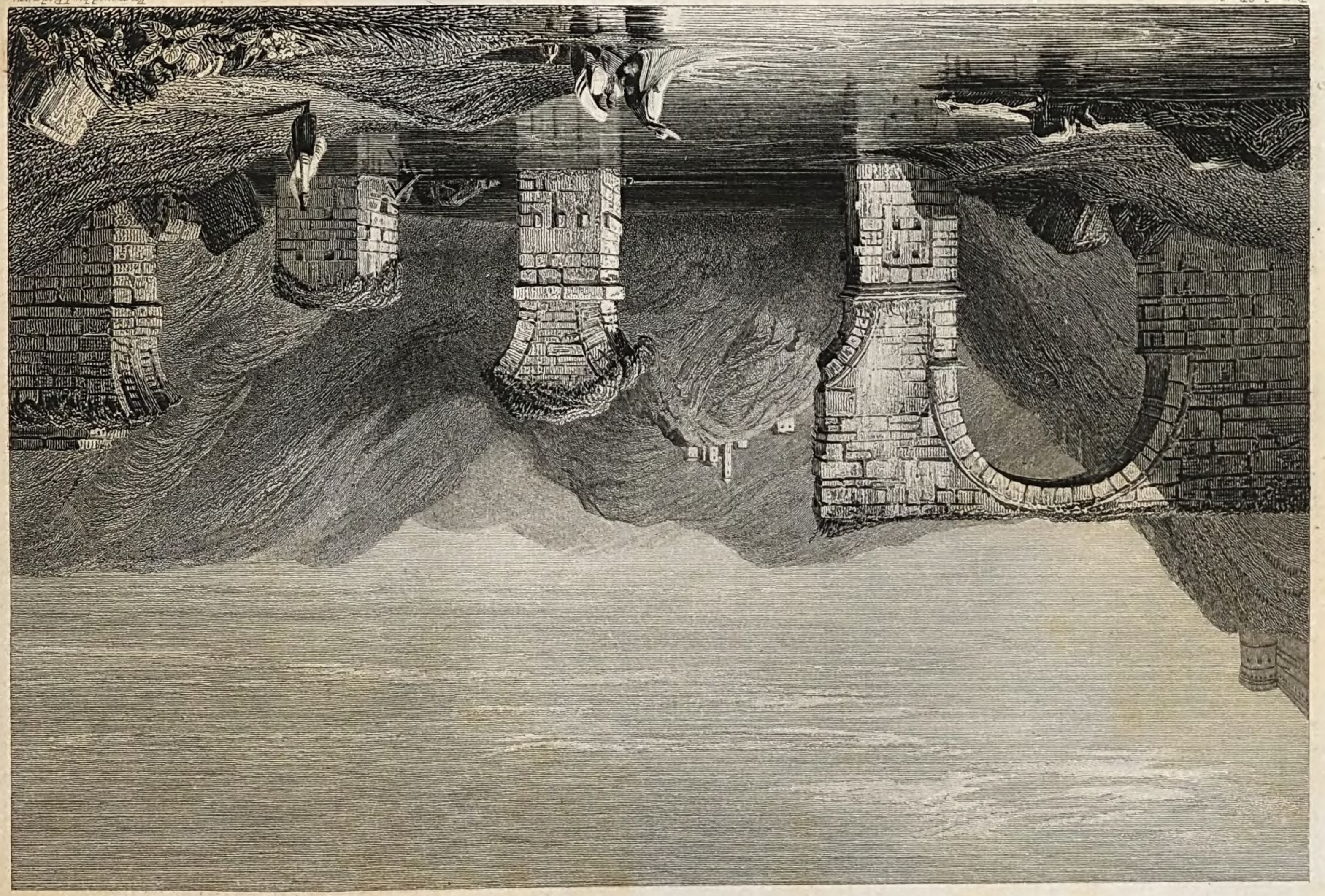
MARTIAL.

IT would be difficult to find, throughout Italy, or, indeed, in all Europe, a spot more truly beautiful than that on which stands the town of Narni. It is situated on the declivity of a steep hill, as it is elegantly expressed by Silius Italicus,

—— et duro monti per saxa recumbens
Narnia,

and on approaching it from Terni, it resembles a magnificent amphitheatre, surrounded by rich rising grounds clothed with cypress, ilex, and laurel. On ascending the hill towards the town the view which presents itself is surpassingly beautiful. In the vale below, the river Nar foams along, having traversed a space of about nine miles since its junction with the waters of the cascade of Terni. On the opposite side the Apennines arise in their mildest and most beautiful form—clothed to their summits with evergreens, and spotted here and there with little white hamlets. The ruins of the ancient Roman bridge likewise impart a peculiarly interesting feature to the landscape; few travellers, indeed, pass this romantic spot without regretting, in their moments of

# BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS, AT NARNI.



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enthusiasm, that fortune had not cast their lot in such "pleasant places."

Narni was made a Roman colony in the year of Rome 452, under the consulate of T. Manlius Torquatus, and, according to Claudian, in his sixth consulate of Honorius, was then called by the name which it now bears, after the river which flows at the foot of the hill on which it stands. The town itself has but little to boast. The cathedral has a handsome chapel underground, where is preserved the entire body of the blessed Juvenal, not the satyrist, but a certain Bishop of Terni, of whose relics the inhabitants think much more highly than of those of the ancient heathen.

The attention of the tourist who visits Narni is principally directed to the remains of an ancient Roman bridge, which crosses the river Nar on the approach to the town from the side of Terni. This bridge was one of the four which Augustus ordered to be built on the Flaminian road. The first was Pons Milvia, over the Tibur, about a mile and a half from Rome; the second, over the same river near Otriculum; the third, of which we now speak, at Narni; and the fourth was erected over the Marecchia, near Rimini, which joins the Flaminian and the Æmilian roads. The bridge at Narni had four arches; and Procopius, in the first book of his history of the Gothic war, says they were the highest arches he had ever seen. One only now remains to attest its former magnificence; but, if we may judge of the largest from the distance of the piers, it must have been of considerable breadth. The stones of which it is built are of surprising thickness; they are joined together

without cement or cramps, and from their extreme solidity might have defied the attacks of time, had not the foundation of one of the centre piles given way, which shattered the whole fabric. It is the Bridge of Augustus of which the poet Martial speaks in one of his epigrams, in which he thus addresses the city of Narni :

> Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia Quinto,
> Perpetuo liceat sic tibi Ponte frui !
>
> Preserve my better part and spare my friend,
> So, Narni, may thy bridge for ever stand.
>
> ADDISON.

It is now, however, notwithstanding the good wishes of the poet, dwindled into a mere object of research to the curious traveller.

The town of Narni is not half inhabited, and there is something peculiarly impressive in the loneliness and silence of its streets. It has suffered considerably from war, and has had but too good reason to regret its vicinity to the "Eternal City." What Virgil said of Mantua and Cremona may, with a little variation, be well applied to Narni and Rome : "*Narnia væ miseræ nimium finitima Romæ.*" After Rome was sacked in 1527 by Charles the Fifth's army, under the Constable of Bourbon, the inhabitants of Narni refused provisions, which they greatly wanted themselves. The town was therefore besieged, taken by assault, and its defenceless inhabitants butchered under circumstances of the greatest atrocity. In ancient times Narni was celebrated for the wit and roguery of its inhabitants, and during the time of the Roman republic was humorously called *Nequinam,* from the word *nequam,* a

rogue, though by others the name is differently accounted for. Narni is celebrated for having brought into notice the Fescenian verses, so called from their having been invented at Fescenino, a small town in the neighbourhood of Narni, and which afterwards became so popular at Rome. They consisted in epigrammatic personal attacks; and at one time were indulged in so bitter a manner at Rome as to occasion the most inconceivable animosity. They are so beautifully described by Horace, in his fine epistle to Augustus, that we cannot resist transcribing a short version of the poet's muse. Horace's epistle begins—

Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati, &c.

and ending

Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti, &c.

Our rural ancestors with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual gain
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain.
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Eased of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smoothed every brow and opened every soul;
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature ill inclined,
Produced the point that left a sting behind:
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged through private life;
Who felt the wrong, or prudent took the alarm,
Appealed to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learned to please and not to wound!

POPE.

The Emperor Augustus sometimes amused himself with these Fescinine verses, when they were so much the vogue at Rome. Macrobius tells us, in his Saturnals, that during the triumvirate, this prince wrote some very sharp lines against Asinius Pollio; but when the friends of Pollio advised him to answer them, he very wittily and wisely replied—"*At ego taceo; non est enim facile in eum scribere, qui potest proscribere.*" "No, silence is my motto: it is no such easy thing to turn *scribe* against him who can turn round on one again and *proscribe.*"

In his "Voyage of Italy," it is observed by that quaint old writer Lassels, on his way to Narni: "Here it was I saw Tibur first; and I wondered to find it such a small river, which poets, with their hyperbolical ink, had made swell into a river of the first rate. Following on (the Flaminian Way) we passed by Castel Nuovo, Città Castellana, Utricoli, and so on to Narni, so called from the river Nar. It was anciently called Nequinum (Wicked Town) because of the inhabitants, who, being pressed with hunger in a siege, resolved to kill one another rather than fall alive into the hands of their enemies. They began with their children, then their sisters, mothers, wives, and at last fell upon one another, leaving the enemies nothing to triumph over but bare walls and ashes. This town is an ancient bishop's seat, and S. Juvenalis (whose body lieth in a neat low chapel in the domo) was the first bishop of it. A little out of the town are seen high arches, belonging anciently to an aqueduct."

TOWN AND LAKE OF LUGO.

Drawn by S.Prout

Engraved by R. Wallis.

# LAKE AND TOWN OF LUGO.

Hic ver assiduum atque alienis mensibus æstas.

VIRGIL.

Figlie di Nereo, che inghirlandate
Di verdi canne sul flutto argenteo
I sollazzevoli balli guidate.
Voi che riempiere le torte conche,
Triton, godete di suon festevole
Cui ripercuotono l' ime spelonche.

MAZZA.

THE Lake of Lugo, or, as it is sometimes called, of Pie de Luco, was the Lacus Velinus of the ancients, and is situated in the pleasant Vale of Rieti, a few miles from the Cascade of Terni. It forms the basin, or reservoir, into which the torrents and rivulets that descend from the Apennines are continually flowing, and which, by their frequent inundation, before the channel was cut for the Velino that forms the cascade, proved so detrimental to the inhabitants of the vale of Rieti, and reduced that naturally fertile district to little better than a mere swamp. This useful work was undertaken, as stated, by the Roman consul Curius Dentatus.

Tourists are generally so well satisfied with viewing the beauties of the cascade of Terni, that they seldom wish to deviate further from their route. Yet the quiet beauties of the Lake of Lugo would amply reward them for the trouble of seeking it. Having the advantage of some notes, obligingly submitted to us by G. Morant, jun. esq., who was recently tempted to explore the source of the

Velino in the Apennine mountains, we obtained from them the following account of the lake.

"After proceeding about three miles from the cascade of Terni, we were obliged to leave our carriage, and walking to the side of the rapid river Velino, we were ferried across. The venerable appearance of our aged conductor, his crazy bark, and the turbid stream, reminded us of that prince of ferrymen, Charon. After traversing some short distance we soon had a charming view of the beautiful little lake and village of Lugo. It is surrounded by the richly wooded Apennines; the foliage of aged trees overhanging the lake, and forming one of the most placidly beautiful and secluded scenes we had ever witnessed. The village is but scantily inhabited; and the few who reside there trust principally to the fish of the lake for their subsistence. On a great height commanding the town are the ruins of an ancient feudal castle, the mutilated towers and battlements of which produced a truly wild and picturesque effect at the distance from which we beheld them.

"We again embarked in a very rude and primitive sort of boat, and our ancient Charon availed himself of the assistance of his daughter in its management. They rowed us across the lake; and, landing near a wood, we heard a most extraordinary echo, which I never heard surpassed except by that at Simonetta near Milan. Our boatman had provided himself with a large tube, through which he made various noises to show the effect and the repetition of the sound. We departed on our adventure quite delighted with the quiet and sequestered beauty of the romantic lake of Lugo."

The following description of the lake of Lugo and the adjacent scenery is from the pen of the author of "The Classical Tour :"—"Ascending still higher, you come to an angle, where the road is worked through the rock, and forming a very elevated terrace, gives you a view of Terni and its plain; of the dell below with the Nar; of the mountains around with their woods; and of the Velino itself, at a considerable distance, just bursting from the shade, and throwing itself down the steep. The road still continues along the precipice, then crosses a small plain bounded by high mountains, when you quit it, and follow a pathway that brings you to a shed, placed on the point of a hill just opposite to the cascade, and so near to it, that you are occasionally covered with its spray.

"Here we sat down, and observed the magnificent phenomenon at leisure. At a little distance beyond the cascade, rise two hills of a fine swelling form, covered with groves of ilex. The Velino passes near one of these hills, and suddenly tumbling over a ridge of broken rock, rushes headlong down in one vast sheet, and in three streamlets. The precipice is of brown rock; its sides are smooth and naked; it forms a semicircle, crowned with wood on the right, and on the left it rises steep, and feathered with evergreens. On the one side it ascends in broken ridges, and on the other sinks gradually away, and subsides in a narrow valley, through which the Nar glides gently along till its junction with the Velino, after which it rolls through the dell in boisterous agitation. The artificial bed of the Velino is straight, but before it reaches it, it wanders through a

fertile plain spread between the mountains, and extending to the lake Pie de Lugo.

"This beautiful expanse of water, about a mile in breadth, fills the defile, and meanders between the mountains for some miles. The way to it from the fall is by a path winding along the foot of the mountain, and leading to a cottage, where you may take a boat, and cross to a bold promontory opposite. There, seated in the shade, you may enjoy the view of the waters, of the bordering mountains, of the towns perched on their sides, the village Pie du Lugo, and rising behind it the old castle of Labro, whose dismantled towers crown a regular hill, while its shattered walls run in long lines down the declivity. We were here entertained with an echo the most articulate, the most retentive, and the most musical I ever heard, repeating even a whole verse of a song, in a softer and more plaintive tone indeed, but with surprising precision and distinctness. We sat for some time on the point of the promontory, partly to enjoy the view, and partly to listen to the strains of this invisible songstress, and then crossed the lake to the village now called Pie di Luco, or 'ad Pedes Luci*.' This name is probably derived from a grove which formerly covered the hill, and was sacred to Velinia, the goddess who presided over the 'Lacus Velinus†.' Around and above the lake are the 'Roscida rura Velini‡,'" so celebrated for their dews and fertility, and always so interesting for their variety and beauty.

* The foot of the grove. † The Velinian lake.

‡ The dewy fields of the Velinus.

"We would willingly have followed the banks of the Velino up to its source, and visited Reate, now Rieti, with its vale of Tempe, alluded to by Cicero; but the day was on the decline, and it would have been imprudent to have allowed ourselves to be benighted, either amid the solitudes of the mountain, or on its declivity. We therefore returned, again visited the cascade, ranged through a variety of natural grottos and caverns, formed in its neighbourhood by the water, before the present spacious bed was opened to receive it; and then descending the hill we hastened to Terni."

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BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

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The tourist in Italy

Bd.: [1]

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